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X

THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS
FOR
1809.

50630

BEING
AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION
OF THE MOST INGENIOUS
ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS
THAT APPEAR IN THE
NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES
OF
MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. XIII.

To be continued Annually.

LONDON;

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, NO. 170, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE BOND STREET.

1810.

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CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
A NTICIPATION of an Ode for the New Year	1
An Eccentric Ode on the New Year	3
Ministerial Triumphs	4
New Year's Gifts	5
General Agency	6
All the Talents	8
Epigrams, 10, 48, 54, 55, 56, 70, 81, 122, 191, 196, 239, 251, 265, 274, 325	
Twelfth Night	10
The New Year—1809	11
Last Scene in the last Act of a Farce called the Cabinet	13
Boney's Proclamation	14
New Reading in Othello	15
Advertisement Extraordinary	16
The Capability of Ministers	17
Impromptus, 18, 51, 142, 146, 196, 238, 244, 252, 302, 305, 329, 372	
A Tried Administration	19
The approaching Season	21
The Knights' Errand	22
Hint on Chimney-sweeping	ib.
Important Intelligence	24
Sympathy	25
Parliamentary Intelligence Extraordinary	28
The Moon-struck Warrior	38

	Page
Glee in the new Tragedy of Much ado about Nothing	39
Lines on Sir John Moore — — —	40
Lines in Answer to some libellous Stanzas falsely fathered upon John Bull — — —	41
On Bonaparte's Abuse of England in the Moniteur	ib.
A Dirge over the Hero who fell at Corunna —	42
The Soldier's Grave — — —	43
Calamities and Consolations — — —	ib.
More Consolations — — —	46
Lines worked on a Hearth-rug — — —	48
Compliments to a Captain of Eton — — —	49
The Soldier to his Horse — — —	ib.
Song: The sweet Mrs. Clarke — — —	51
Impromptu, on a late Inquiry — — —	ib.
Protection — — —	ib.
Verses on seeing the Statue of Apollo fall during the Conflagration of Drury Lane Theatre — —	52
The Mysterious Note. — — —	ib.
On Mrs. Clarke being called a "Baggage" in the Committee of Inquiry — — —	53
The Prudent Resolve — — —	ib.
On our Metropolitan Review — — —	ib.
Epigram on O'Meara's going in Search of Preferment	54
Such Extraordinary — — —	ib.
Epigrams on going into a certain House after some recent Circumstances — — —	55
Epigrams occasioned by the Inquiry — — —	56
To the Memory of Sir John Moore — — —	ib.
Ode composed for the 21st of March 1809, the Annii- versary of the Highland Society, and the Day on which the 42nd Regiment carried, in Egypt, the Standard of the Invincibles — — —	57
To the Memory of Sir John Moore — — —	59

CONTENTS.

				Page
The Turf Extraordinary	—	—	—	59
The Flower of the City	—	—	—	69
The Rage of the Day	—	—	—	70
Impromptu on the Morning Post	—	—	—	ib.
Charade — —	—	—	—	71
An Ode à la Shenstone	—	—	—	ib.
Lines on the notorious Mr. C——t being kicked out of a Hell, in St. James's Street, by Major G——d, for Mal-practices	—	—	—	72
Soliloquy — —	—	—	—	ib.
arma Virumque cano	—	—	—	73
New Hunting Song	—	—	—	74
ew Hearts of Oak	—	—	—	75
he Foe of Corruption	—	—	—	76
The Two Sieges of Saragossa	—	—	—	ib.
Lamentation — —	—	—	—	78
sinthood — —	—	—	—	80
Epigram on the Mover of the Common Council Re- solutions — —	—	—	—	81
The Ins and the Outs	—	—	—	ib.
An Hypothetical Proposition	—	—	—	83
Advertisement Extraordinary	—	—	—	ib.
Monthly Agricultural Report	—	—	—	84
A new Edition of an old Fable	—	—	—	85
A Speech in the House of Commons	—	—	—	86
The Triumph of the Leek — —	—	—	—	88
Song for the Meeting of the Friends of Parliamentary Reform at the Crown and Anchor	—	—	—	89
The Crown and Anchor Convention	—	—	—	90
Fashionables — —	—	—	—	91
Loyal Academy Exhibition	—	—	—	92
An Epistle from one of the People called Quakers, to an eminent Brewer — —	—	—	—	94

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Whip Club	95
The Edinburgh Pitt Club	97
Sonnet—Sir Francis Burdett	101
On the late Victory of the Austrians	ib.
A Democrat's Dream	ib.
The Snow King; or, the Danube	105
Fashionable Piety	106
Conclusion of the Season	108
The Prorogation of Parliament	111
New Parliament	113
Female Parliament	116
Verses on the Cheltenham Brick-kiln	117
Advertisement—Paris Plaster	118
Borough of Gerrait	119
Resolution of the Fresmen of the Borough of Bam-	
boozle	120
A Card	121
Lines on the "dirtiest and basest Man in Existence"	122
Slow and Sure	ib.
The Barouche-driver	123
The Danube Denounced	126
The Wardle Ditty	ib.
To G. L. Wardle, Esq.	127
A Tale of other Times	ib.
Intelligence for the Country	133, 135
Mr. Wardle to his Popularity	136
The Wardle Presents	137
Westbourne Festivities	ib.
The humble Petition of Mary Anne Clarke and D.	
Wright to the Common Council of London	138
Duet between Mr. Cobbett and Col. Wardle	141
Impromptu: The Colonel and his Clarke	142
Vagabondizing to Cheltenham	143

CONTENTS.

vi

	Page
Intelligence for Town	144
The Expedition	145
Mrs. Clarke's Catechism	146
A Sketch for a national Picture	ib.
A Sketch for a Caricature	147
First Letter from Mr. Dashaway	ib.
Useful Receipts, not to be found in Dr. Buchan or the London Dispensatory	148
Bath Pump-room Dialogue	151
Novelties in Politico-natural History	153
Description of the terrestrial Chrysippus	155
A Summary of the Trial and Conviction of Madame Squalina Cantabile	157
Second Letter from Mr. Dashaway	162
Sectarists, or Polemics Political	163
Third Letter from Mr. Dashaway	165
Fourth Letter from the same	167
Ready-made News wanted	168
April Fool Day	169
Fifth Letter from Mr. Dashaway	170
Fifteen Reas why the Inhabitants of and Visitors to Bath, should encourage Italian Operas and Singers	171
Emblematical Meaning of a Birth-day Dress	173
Instructions to Ladies	174
On the Word Virtue	175
Sixth Letter from Mr. Dashaway	176
Picture of a Rout	178
Character of a mighty good Kind of Man	179
The Man of Genius	181
Seventh Letter from Mr. Dashaway	184
Letter from Simon Slender-ribs	186
Instability of human Life	187
Advertisement from Sylvester Horticol	189

	<i>Page</i>
On a late Ministerial Expedition, alias Boating Party, that came back in a Hurry — — —	190
Epigrams occasioned by the Departure of Sir W. C. with the Grand Expedition — — —	191
An Ode addressed to Madame Catalani — — —	ib.
New Theatre, St. Giles's — — —	193
Hertford College and New Inn Hall, Oxford—an Impromptu — — — —	196
Fragment of a Diary dropt from the Common-place Book of a Demi-beau — — —	197
Advice to a Father, who has a stupid Son — — —	199
The Vacation — — — —	ib.
British Liberty — — — —	221
Journal Extraordinary — — — —	204
Cornelia; or, a Roman Matron's Jewels — — —	206
Talavera — — — —	214
General Laughter — — — —	215
Lord Castlereagh and Sir William Curtis — — —	217
Alarming Disorder, by which Hundreds have been lately carried off — — — —	218
Toby Tossopot — — — —	220
The Boarding-house — — — —	221
Meteorological Morality — — — —	223
A Country House—and a House in the Country Wife, Children, and Friends — — —	226
On Col. Wardle's disputing Mrs. Clarke's Veracity — — —	230
Dress of the Police Offices — — — —	ib.
New Vocabulary — — — —	233
The Contrast — — — —	234
Eulogy — — — —	236
The Substance of a Dissertation in the Morning Post On the Grand Expedition and its ulterior Object — — —	237
Impromptu after Dinner — — — —	ib.

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
The Dispute	238
Ins and Outs	239
An extemporary Rhapsody, describing a few of Bonaparte's Tricks	ib.
The Hero of Flushing	240
Approaching Jubilee	241
Bon Mot—Amor Patriæ	243
The Quarrel	ib.
Impromptu on hearing a certain prying Gentleman calumniate the Memory of Sir John Moore	244
Occasional Address, intended to be spoken at the New Theatre, Covent Garden, by Mr. Kemble, on Madame Catalani's first Appearance	ib.
Report of an instructive Conversazione	246
Stanzas sung by Mr. Kemble	247
Song and Chorus by Messrs. Harris and Kemble	249
The House that Jack built	250
The Departure for Ireland	251
On a late Duel	252
Impromptu on the two Statues in Front of Covent Garden Theatre	ib.
The New Dainty Davy	253
Perceval's Proclamation	ib.
Sales by Auction	254
The New Chevy Chase	257
Private Theatricals	260
Wanted, a Plaster for a rickety Administration	262
Ode in Honour of Lord Chatham's Birth-day	263
Epigrams on a late Duel	265
Fashions for October	ib.
On the present State of Affairs	266
Desertion of the Britannia	268
Theatricals	270
Veteres Avizæ; or the Phoenix	272

Mr. De Riga's Letter to the Manager of the Britische				
Press Correspondenten	—	—	—	27
Fort Lillo; or, the Dream	—	—	—	28
Old G—e R—e's <i>new</i> Mode of Swearing			—	27
The Rival Managers	—	—	—	ib.
Consolation for neglected Bards		—	—	28
New Theatre Royal, Covent Garden	—	—	—	28
On the Misplacing of one of the Ornaments of Co-				
vent Garden Theatre	—	—	—	28
To Bow Wow	—	—	—	ib.
Another Playbill	—	—	—	28
The Two Kings of Brentford		—	—	28
Cunctator	—	—	—	28
New Grand Imperial Incombustible Theatre			—	ib.
Soliloquy of a worthy Alderman, Baronet, and M. P.				28
Cunctando restituit Rem	—	—	—	28
The Battle of Putney	—	—	—	28
A Query	—	—	—	28
The Jubilee	—	—	—	28
National Rejoicing		—	—	28
The Expedition	—	—	—	ib.
The Fog	—	—	—	28
O. P. and M. T.	—	—	—	29
Project for settling Cabinet Quarrels		—	—	ib.
Illuminations Extraordinary	—	—	—	29
Advertisement Extraordinary	—	—	—	29
King John in a cock'd Hat; or, Heigho! says Kemble				29
New Theatre	—	—	—	29
Mr. Perceval's Song for the Jubilee		—	—	30
The Challenge and the Reply		—	—	30
Impromptu on the Mob breaking Mr. Kemble's				
Windows	—	—	—	30
rrregular Lines upon irregular Proceedings			—	30
Extempore	—	—	—	30

CONTENTS.

xv

	Page
O. P.—a Parody — — — —	307
Ship News Extraordinary — — — —	308
Inventory of Theatrical Property — — — —	309
On a late Exhibition in the Pit of Covent Garden Theatre — — — —	311
The Retort Courteous — — — —	313
Quem Virum aut Heroa, &c. — — — —	314
The Grand Secret discovered — — — —	315
Lord Grenville's Letter to his Friends — — — —	317
Gilt Spurs — — — —	ib.
Dryden's Ode to Music imitated — — — —	ib.
Raising a Noise — — — —	322
Elegiac Verses on the Decease of Old Prices — — — —	323
The Oxford Chancellorship — — — —	324
Chemical Phenomena — — — —	ib.
Epigram on the rumoured Resignation of Admiral Puke — — — —	325
Anacreon in Bow Street — — — —	ib.
Horace in London — — — —	326
On the Nightly Uproar at Covent Garden — — — —	327
Private Boxes — — — —	328
The Oxford Chancellorship — — — —	329
Letter to Earl C——n, &c. &c. &c. — — — —	ib.
Mrs. Cunning's Statement — — — —	331
Loss of the Warspite off the Straits of Walcheren — — — —	333
Intelligence for the Country — — — —	336
King John was a Manager — — — —	337
Gray's Bård—a Parody — — — —	338
Extempore on our late Capture of Ithaca — — — —	339
Address from Alma Mater to the Fellows of Oxford — — — —	343
Covent Garden Theatre versus Shakspeare — — — —	345
The Progress of Civilization — — — —	ib.
Playgoing Wigs — — — —	ib.
The New-built Playhouse, O! — — — —	346

	Page
Kemble, leave the Pit alone	347
The O. P. Victory	348
Death of O. P.	ib.
Extraordinary Cruise	350
Private Theatricals	353
The Offending Atlas	354
Death of a remarkable Lady	356
Elegy on an unfortunate Nobleman	357
On an Assertion in the Courier, that Lord G——lle had muzzled the University of Oxford	359
Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Twaddle	360
Elegy on Mrs. Twaddle	365
Christmas Week	367
Intelligence for the Country	369
A Man on a Deacon's writing Epigrams	371
The New-invented Mode of Promotion	ib.
The Expedition to Walcheren	372
The Battle of Talavera	ib.
Impromptu on Mrs. Mountain's first Appearance after her Return from Dublin	ib.
On Mitre Court, Fleet Street	373
On a Sunbeam playing on a Mass of Snow	ib.
Parody of Horace, Ode 29, Book 1	ib.
On the Empress Josephine's Removal to Mal Maison	375
Christmas Festivities	ib.
Epistle of an Irish Bleacher to a London Linen-draper	376
Vigorous Administration	377
O. P.—The Grand Reconciliation Dinner	380
Latet in Herba	386
Walcheren Expedition	387
Dust, ho! Dust! Down with your Dust	389
Death Extraordinary	391
Cabinet Council	392
Intelligence Extraordinary	394

THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
PUBLIC JOURNALS.

ANTICIPATION OF AN ODE FOR THE NEW
YEAR.

BY HENRY JAMES PUDDING, ESQ. OF THE CORNER.

[From the Oracle.]

Et vitula tu dignus et hic.

FROM realms of Hyperborean ice,
To the twin Capes of Hope and Horn,
From fragrant fields of orient spice,
To Afric's sable sons forlorn;—
From shore to shore—from world to world;
Or, if the courteous reader please,
In plainer terms, o'er land and seas,
Where blade can spring, or canvass be unfurl'd,
Th' electric falchion plays:
Through the rent concave rings the roar,
Amain their urns the tempests pour,
And scarce can quench the red-hair'd blaze.
Birds, beasts, and fishes, heave unwonted sighs,
And man, *immortal* man, looks up—and *dies*:
Or else the Poet lies.

But the dread spirit of the storm,
Though cloth'd in terrors wild,
The work of love is destin'd to perform,
Of courtesy and mercy mild.

2 ANTICIPATION OF AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

'T is his to drive the murky power
Of Pestilence from human haunt ;
To make his grisly legions cower,
And hide their foreheads gaunt :
See, as he shoots his arrowy way,
'Mid meteors, 'clouds, and glare,
The hated fiend resigns his sway,
And dissipates to air.

And touch'd, as by Ithuriel's spear,
The prostrate earth revives,
Feels new-born force her bosom cheer,
With new-born ardour strives.
Where'er th' attempt'ing meteor burns,
Health reascends, and Peace returns :
And round, and round, and round, and round,
The Poet's laureat rhymes abound,
All round and sound.

So, call'd by sovereign fate,
Where'er the skink-ey'd Gallic pest
Flings taint and uproar o'er the ball,
Famine and frenzy, death and thrall,
Great George, in Britain's thunders dress'd,
Leads on the dread refulgent state
(From the wild Catt'gat to th' Iberian shore)
Of clouds, and storms, and repercussive roar.

Where'er th' electric tempest flames,
See, Gallia's legions melt to air :
" A God ! a God ! " the wond'ring crowd exclaims,
And Earth spins on, fresh balanc'd—to a hair.

Thus yearly sings the Laureat Bard—and I,
'Clep'd Jemmy Pudding, vic with Jemmy Pye.

AN ECCENTRIC ODE ON THE NEW YEAR,

1809.

[From the Day.]

“ **A**RISE ye spirits of the air,
 A storm of pestilence prepare;
 The sons of earth their hands shall wring,
 And moan their blasted toil;
 The corn now waving green in spring
 Shall rot within the soil.
 The flocks shall perish in the fold,
 The young shall die before the old;
 And as at eve of Nature's doom,
 The youth in prime, the maid in bloom,
 Shall seek the grave before their sires,
 Destroy'd by Fever's wasting fires;
 And yet—or ere this spell be done,
 The sword shall finish what the plague begun.”

So spake the fiend—the dæmons of the storm
 Took wing, his bidding to perform;
 When, lo! an angel far on high
 The fell blasphemers hears,
 And darts in vengeance from the sky
 The thunder of the spheres;
 The bolt in dazzling terror bright
 Outsped the sunbeam in its flight,
 And drove the dæmons of the air
 Back to the regions of despair;
 And him, who 'gainst the thunder still presum'd,
 Its flame confounded, and its fire consum'd.

Europe! by slavish fear appall'd,
 By force, by frauds of hell enthrall'd,
 Say, shall thy dire and deadly foe
 Still lay thy proudest monarchs low;
 And, impious, boast the arm of Fate
 To rend thy only stay—the bulwark of thy state?

Yes—clad in Victory's crimson pride,
 “All empire shall be mine,” he cried;
 “From Volga's stream to Biscay's tide,
 From Norway's hills of snow

To

4 MINISTERIAL TRIUMPHS.

To Egypt—to the Holy Land,
To where Numidia's wastes of sand
In tropic fervors glow."
And from this—sever'd by the sea—
England eccentric shall for ever be.

O tremble at his threat no more :
Old Ocean, in his billows' roar,
Shall swear the boast is vain ;
While Britain, empress of the waves,
The tyrant's utmost fury braves,
And drives him from the main ;
And o'er her sons in freedom's cause contending,
Her guardian Genius from high heaven descending,
Shall write this motto on her flag unfurl'd,
Eccentric England shall preserve the world.

MINISTERIAL TRIUMPHS.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 4.]

ALL met the festive board around,
Our rulers, with the dulcet sound
Of glasses, knives, and plates plate,
Drank—talk'd of state affairs—and ate.
Till warm with jolly Bacchus grown,
Each sung of triumphs all his own ;
While Perceval, at every close,
His favourite theme would interpose—
“ No Popery.”

CASTLEREAGH.

I boast the Patriot's threaten'd fall—
The moment lost—the victor Gaul,
I chase the vanquish'd foe's dismay,
And send him crown'd with spoils away.
By me our troops embark in vain,
Then land—and then embark again ;
And yet on rosy bed, at ease
I sleep—what deed can equal these ?

PERCEVAL—“ No Popery.”

MULGRAVE.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

5

MULGRAVE.

What though Britannia rules the main ;
While steer'd by me she rules in vain ?
Through me in vain Sir Richard mourn'd
The en'my 'scap'd and safe return'd.
Infested by marauders vile,
From farthest Ind to Albion's isle,
Old Ocean weeps our tarnish'd fame ;
Than this a greater wonder name !

PERCEVAL—" No Popery."

HAWKESBURY.

I always watch my Sovereign near,
And guard 'gainst wounding truths his ear.
Your triumphs all are mine alone—
I rule the junto, they the T——e :
I claim Iberia's threaten'd fall—
The moment lost—the victor Gaul—
And Britain scorn'd o'er all the main ;
What greater boast adorns our reign ?

PERCEVAL—" No Popery."

OMNES.

Our triumphs all we owe to you :
Hail ! mighty sov'reign of our crew !
Though waves should beat and tempests lour,
Through you we safely hold our power,
Till dire disasters round us throng,
And end " the Poet and his song."
But now, whate'er mischances spring,
We'll use the hour, and gladly sing—
" No Popery."

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

[From the British Press, Jan. 4.]

THEIR literary friends have, we understand, presented the undermentioned noblemen and gentlemen with the following gifts :

To Mr. PERCEVAL—The Lives of the Popes—Plans of a new Cabinet—Biographical Anecdotes of Praise-God Barebones.

■ 3

To

To Mr. CANNING—A new edition of Boyer's French Dictionary, with Exercises for Grown Gentlemen—Recipe for inflating a broken Pair of *Bellows*—The Art of Tripping, with critical Annotations upon the Play of *The Double Dealer*.

Mr. TAYLOR (Opera House)—An Amatory Ode to Colonel Greville, with a new edition of *A House to be Sold*, addressed to Mr. Harris—A Fragment, left by Madame Banti, found in a waste upon the Grampian Hills.

To ALEXANDER DAVISON—The Play of *Measure for Measure*, revised and corrected by a Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—Hints for selling a Sack of Coals—with a Frontispiece, representing a public Defaulter in the —.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

BY MESSRS. P. AND CO. GENERAL AGENTS,

THE assistance of an able person who has been in the habit of arranging the affairs of disordered agency concerns, the correspondents of the house not being satisfied with the manner in which their concerns have been managed. He must be fully qualified to reconcile contradictions—and to *prove any thing* that may be required. As the firm, although fully satisfied of the propriety of their own conduct on every point, have hitherto been unable to think of any arguments which are likely to be satisfactory to their correspondents (with whom they are to have a meeting on the 19th of this month), the principal duty that will devolve on such a person will be, to endeavour to furnish the firm with such reasons and excuses as may satisfy their correspondents, and induce

due them to continue their agency, that being the chief object of Messrs. P. and Co.

It will, in particular, be required to prove that the easiest, shortest, and cheapest mode of transporting a large number of skilful workmen, that their correspondents had wished to be sent into Biscay, to assist in the operations of some *very particular friends there*, was, by landing them, with their tools and engines, at Lisbon and Corunna, to proceed from thence through Portugal and Spain, to the places where their assistance was necessary.

It is hoped that it will not be found *impossible* to prove that Lisbon and Corunna are much nearer to the river Ebro than Bilboa or Tarragona; as, although every System of Geography, from Ptolemy and Moll to Pinkerton, is *unfavourable* to that position, Messrs. P. and Co. are convinced that these Systems are erroneous, and that a sound and ingenious Logician will find no insuperable difficulty in such a demonstration.

The correspondents of Messrs. P. being also somewhat dissatisfied with the small number of horses and engines that were sent with the first division of the workmen, it will be required to prove not only that Messrs. P. and Co. had at that time neither horses nor engines; but that if there had been any in this island, it was *impossible* to have hired ships to take any more across the water at that time. If, at the meeting, it should be said by any of the correspondents, that Messrs. P. and Co. had not only great numbers of horses and engines, but also several *very large ships*, in which they might have been sent over with the workmen, it must be *proved* that horses cannot possibly be transported in those vessels, which are only calculated for stowing bullocks, whose horns greatly facilitate the operation of getting them on board, and of slinging them between the guns.

As it will be necessary to prove, that Messrs. P. and

and Co. have been able, prudent, vigilant, active, and vigorous, beyond any other agents—that they have been invariably right, and their correspondents invariably wrong—it is hoped that no one will apply who cannot *prove* that the concerns of their correspondents have been conducted in a manner perfectly congenial to their wishes, and such as was most conducive to their interests, *and cannot be so well conducted by any other persons.*

Apply by letter (post paid) to Messrs. P. and Co. general agents, Whitehall.

[From the Oracle, Jan. 4.]

ALL THE TALENTS.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 5.]

THE day approaches, thanks to Fate,
When we our fury may display ;
Regardless of the nation's hate,
Then the little shall *seem* great,
The honest to the bold give way.

In Saint Stephen's chapel fam'd,
Thundering speeches we will make :
Yes—till we 're from the practice sham'd,
As we were wont, though we were blam'd,
We 'll make the heads of *heavens* ache.

Noise and nonsense, quibble, pun,
In succession quick shall flow ;
With wish to dim Britannia's sun,
Abuse in copious streams shall run,
Nor be diverted by the foe.

Whate'er's perform'd, that we 'll condemn :
This has been our practice ever ;
And perseverance is a gem,
Which, stripp'd from Virtue's diadem,
None shall from the Talents sever.

Advance,

EPIGRAM.

Advance, retreat, return, attack,
Faction slaves 't is known can do ;
Like Indian tribes we 'll cut and hack,
In hopes we may the Treas'ry sack,
The tempting object we 've in view.

What though our weapons may recoil,
As they have often done before,
Defeat makes party spirit boil,
And oft it makes our leaders broil,
And with redoubled loudness roar.

'T is true John Bull doth us despise,
Yea loaths the *constellation* ;
But his contempt creates surprise,
And each one of the Talents cries,
It proves his vacillation.

To punish which, if we succeed,
And rule the state once more, Sir,
It has been mov'd, and 't is agreed,
Sans all remorse, with dashing speed,
To make the *traitor* roar, Sir.

And if perchance the brute goes mad,
As we will strive to make him,
Indeed the Talents will be glad,
For *charming pickings* may be had
When all his wits forsake him.

" Ay," quoth the friend, to whom address'd
This ludicrous oration,

" *But till that time assur'd* pray rest,
Though '*All the Talents*' strive their best,
They will not rule the nation."

FOR THE TIMES.

[Jan. 5.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME of your readers being at a loss to know how the Board of Inquiry meant to divide their two qualities of "zeal and firmness" among the three generals,

generals, the following parody of a well-known epigram may, perhaps, solve the difficulty.

EPIGRAM.

Three generals in three sister kingdoms born,
Fair Ireland, England, Scotland, did adorn.
The first * in zeal, in ardent zeal surpass'd;
The next † in firmness; and in both the last ‡.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third—she join'd the former two.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

[From the British Press.]

DRAWING for *King and Queen* was general throughout this great metropolis, as well as in the festive Christmas parties assembled at the different noblemen's seats in the country. We have been favoured with a few:

Mr. PERCEVAL—*Mother Cole*:

Motto—"What will become of this poor country when I am laid low?"

Mr. CANNING—*Serjeant Eitherside*:

Motto—"For I'll be Vicar of Bray."

Lady E. B—ST—*Eloisa*:

Motto—"Make me but mistress to the man I love."

Viscount CASTLEREAGH—*Jack the Giant Killer*:

Motto—"Fee, faugh, fum, I smell the blood of an Irishman."

Lady H-M-LT-N—*Doll Tear-sheet*:

Motto—"Oh! the days when I was young!"

Countess of B-CK-NGH-MSH-RE—*Dame Quickly*:

Motto—"What a Beau your Granny was!"

Earl of GUILDFORD—*Comus*:

Motto—"Let all here be mirth and jollity."

* Sir Arthur. † Sir Harry had all the firmness—he was so firm, that Sir Arthur could not get him to move. ‡ Sir Hew.

THE NEW YEAR.

11

Alderman BIRCH—*Major Sturgeon* :

Motto—" I will lead them on."

The Marquis of AB-RC-RN—*Blue Beard* :

Motto—" I will have six more if I can."

The Earl of L——— *Sir John Brute* :

Motto—" Keep off, or I will knock you down."

The Countess of A——— *Jenny Diver* :

Motto—" Without your cash your kissing won't do."

The Marchioness of A——— *Hermione* :

Motto—" Do but hear me."

THE NEW YEAR—1809.

A FRAGMENT, IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF
THOMSON.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 10.]

HARK! 't is the voice of merriment—

In every quarter of the echoing town

The sound of dissolute debauch is heard;

Alike in the proud square and humble lane,

The gorgeous palace and the wretched shed,

Reigns revelry omnipotent. * * *

And wherefore grows this universal joy,

This happiness which even o'er the face

Of squalid misery spreads the looks of mirth?

Have mankind learn'd the lesson to be just,

To know their fellow-mortals but as friends

Journeying together the same dreary path,

Which mutual love alone can render good;

Or have they, in the school of wisdom, learnt

To bid accursed war and all its train

Of horrid forms for evermore to cease,

Nor fill the world with widows' piercing cries,

The tears of orphans, and the mournful groans

Of parents reft of children—and all this

To gratify some villain's lust of rule,

Or add a jewel to a tyrant's crown—

Were such the causes, then 't were worthy men

To give all sorrows to the winds, and plunge

In the full tide of ecstasy, rejoicing
To hail the dawning of a golden age.

But ah! how different is the gloomy scene
Which flashes on the griev'd observer's eye!—
Abroad the vital blood of thousands slain
In unavailing war, still reeks to Heaven;
Fell Discord waves her torch, and deadliest hate
In tyrants' hearts engendering forebodes
Another and a more terrific storm.—

Yet, oh my country! 'mid the wreck of worlds
How fondly could I view thy glorious, proud,
And lofty eminence—laughing to scorn
Eternal danger—only vulnerable
When thy own children aim the monstrous blow.—
Hail blessed Isle! raising the fallen up;
Thy broad shield throwing o'er the patriot bands,
To guard their infant struggles to be free,
And save them from the Despot's bloody chain:
Who could believe that there was tongue “so rude
As durst to wag in noise” against thy fame—
Yet such there are—a vile and factious crew,
Once tried, and found most lamentably wanting;
In promise vast, destructive in fulfilment.
Now gorg'd with envy, rack'd with gnawing pangs
Of foul ambition baffled, how they burn,
And in their frenzied ravings falsely dare
Usurp the Patriot's EVER-HALLOW'D name,
And style their selfish aims the love of country;
Reckless if, in the storm their brawlings raise,
That country perish! * * *

* * * * *

HANG'EM.

LAST

LAST SCENE IN THE LAST ACT OF A FARCE
CALLED THE CABINET,

AS PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL IN D—N—G STREET, WESTMINSTER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 12.]

*Enter His Grace the D—— of P——D, reading a
Dispatch.*

HOW very odd that Bonaparte should leave Madrid
in such sloppy weather!

L—d E——N. I'll be bound to say, that no man
in his senses would travel with the roads in such a
state; at least, if he does, he must take four horses,
and that would prevent me at any time.

L—d M——E. Not one of my brothers would
believe me, when I said, if Bonaparte did march
this weather, he would be "*over shoes, over boots*;"
but they all laughed heartily, and called it a good joke.

Mr. S——y C——G (*with a sneer.*) I told ye all
we should be in the mire, and *not* Bonaparte.

Earl of L——L (*wiping a tear from his eye.*) Ay,
my poor father's last words were, *Hawkey, Hawkey*,
Napoleon will be too much for all of you "*in every
respect whatsoever.*"

Earl of W——D (*tumbling into the room.*) Why,
who the d—l would have thought of all this!

Earl C——N (*shaking his head like Lord Burleigh.*)

Earl B——T (*reeling, with a bottle in his hand.*) I
knew Bonaparte was *quizzing* us all the time, but
we'll be even with him, I warrant you. [*Exit, sing-
ing, "This bottle's the sun of our table," &c. &c.*]

Viscount C——H. If we could but have agreed at
first upon the commander that should have been sent
out, and the ordnance office and commissariat had
done their duty, this ne'er had happened. But the
armistice and convention of Cintra, and the three
commanding

commanding officers all in one day, has been mine and my country's ruin. (*Weeps bitterly.*)

Earl of C—H—M (*aside.*) Had I been appointed to the command, there would have been heavy ordnance enough.

Right Hon. S——R P——L (*in a peevish tone of voice.*) We must bring an action against the commissary general, eject Bonaparte from Spain, arrest his whole staff, and file a bill against the Supreme Junta—unless this is done, before term ends, I will resign.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

N. B. A tragedy is in rehearsal, and will be performed on the 19th instant.

BONEY'S PROCLAMATION; OR, BROTHER JOEY OR I.

A NEW SONG.

[From the Morning Post.]

I, NAPPY the Great, in my proud usurp'd state,
Decree by this here Proclamation,
And strictly ordain, that the people of Spain
Shall submit to our Joe's usurpation.

But if they refuse

To accord with my views,

And with regeneration comply;

Then I'd have them know,

Instead of King Joe,

They shall have no king, d—me! but I.

When arriv'd at the crown, I'll vengeance pour down,

And o'erwhelm them in torrents of evil;

For, by "I the King," all the Patriots shall swing,

And the people shall find me a devil.

That scoundrel Cevallos

Shall go to the gallows,

For exposing my plottings so sly;

And their nobles, God wot,

When caught, shall be shot,

For rejecting our Joey and I.

Those

Those curs'd British clans, that mar all my plans,
 And thwart e'en my deepest inventions,
 From Spain soon shall vanish, then I'll touch the Spanish,
 And punish them for their contentions.

My wrath I will lease
 On the vile Portuguese,
 For crossing my purposes high;
 And, my object to gain,
 Make a desert of Spain,
 For despising our Joey and I.

TUETHA.

TO THE
 EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Jan. 13.]

SIR,

I HAPPENED to be rummaging among some old plays, the other day, when, by good luck, I found a very curious copy of Othello, interspersed with manuscript notes, and in perfect condition, except that it is rather worm-eaten, and has lost the title-page. The first leaf has suffered most severely, and I regret it the more, because it contains the following remarkable deviation from the authenticated text of Shakespeare:—

“For certes, says he,
 I have allready chose my secretary.
 And what was he....
 Forsooth, a great tautologician,
 One Vi... Cas.... an Irishman,
 A fellow allmost damn'd in a faire wife,
 That never sett a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unlesse the bookish theoricke,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he; mere prattle without practice
 Is all his soldiershippe. But he, Sir, had the election.”

The imperfect part of the fourth line, Vi... Cas....
 may

may be easily construed into Michael Cassio, as the V, when perfect, was most likely an M. But where did the printer get the words "tautologician," and "Irishman?" I should be glad if any of your intelligent readers who may happen to possess a similar copy, in better condition, will inform me, through the medium of your widely circulated paper, what is the printer's name, and the date which the imprint bears.

I am, Sir, yours,

9th Jan. 1809.

A COMMENTATOR.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 16.]

MADNESS.—One of His M——y's principal members of the family c——l and domestic c—b—t having required information from the royal college of state physicians, relative to the prevalence of this disorder, occasioned by the bite of the *Cintra rat*, which, at this moment, is known to be spreading its baneful effects over most of the counties and borough towns of the United Kingdom, the College are directed forthwith to report, for His M——y's information, such facts as may have appeared to them upon inquiry, with a view of remedying this evil. All country physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, rat-catchers, and horse-doctors, are requested to communicate, *previous to the 19th instant*, by a letter addressed to the secretary of the royal college, T——y Ch——rs, Wh——ll, an account of such cases as have fallen under their personal observation within the last four months. The symptoms which have shown themselves most prevalent amongst M—b—rs of P——t are those of extreme apathy and disinclination to attend to public business, together with violent spasmodic affections of the

the nerves, &c. rendering it impossible to remove the patient from his place of residence.

T—y Ch—rs,
W—ll.

W—M H—ss—N,
Treasurer and Secretary
to the Royal College.

P. S. Should not any medicine have been discovered to remove the complaint, the secretary has directions from the royal college to recommend a trial of the following recipe: Rub the palms of the hands *gently* three or four times a day with the *Tinctura Aurea*, or *Golden Drop*, mixed with a decoction of *Roses*, which has hitherto been found most efficacious in all cases arising from the bite of the Hanover, English, Irish, and Scotch rat. The decoction is sold as usual in pint or half-pint bottles, by the patentees, George R—e and Sons, at their warehouse, Old Palace Yard.—N. B. Beware of counterfeits. The genuine decoction is sealed on the cork with a Rose, and G. R. “*under the Rose*.”



THE CAPABILITY OF MINISTERS, OR “THE TALENTS” OF THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE charge of incapacity is the most groundless that can be urged against the present Ministers. I will venture to assert, that they are the most *capable* of any that have for a long time presided at the helm; when out of place, capable of *doing any thing* to get in, and, having got in, *capable of doing any thing* to remain there. Nay, Sir, they have done so much, that it has become matter of great doubt, whether any set of men *can be found* who will venture to succeed them. This is the great reason of their continuing in office; and I do not hesitate to affirm, *that every member of the Cabinet is thoroughly convinced of it.*

I am, Sir, &c. VERAX.

IMPROMPTU,

(18)
IMPROMPTU.

[From a New-York Paper.]

SAYS Canning to Pinkney, " Our Orders remain
As long as there shall be a *link in the chain.*"
" Aha !" retorts Pinkney, " is that, then, your cue?
I thank you for giving me so clear a view.
A chain!—very good. But take care, Master Canning,
Beware what against our free union you're planning;
No chain will we wear—not a *link* can you rivet
Upon us—no matter what *polish* you give it.
My country loves peace—and will strive to maintain it—
But for provinces, ah! never think to regain it.
Then be civil, John Bull! for if we turn out,
We shall saw off your horns, and muzzle your snout."
FLASH.

IMPROMPTU.

IN ANSWER TO A CERTAIN LADY WHO WAS ENGAGED
TO DANCE, AND REFUSED, SAYING SHE WAS MIS-
TAKEN.

[From the Morning Post.]

FAITH, so, I find, I was myself,
While beauty round me shone,
To quit each sprightly Fay and Elf,
To choose an *Elf-in-stone.*

J. D. A.

TO THE MUCH MISTAKEN MAN.

[From the same, Jan. 14.]

HOW!—" Quit each sprightly Fay and Elf,
When beauty round you shone,"
And then presume to think your-self
A match for *Elf-in-stone* !!!
Pray ne'er again *mistake* yourself,
But learn this truth to own,
That never sprightly Fay or Elf
Excell'd this *Elf-in-stone.*

A TRIED

A TRIED ADMINISTRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[January 17.]

SIR,

IT appears to be generally agreed, that some change, radical or partial, must speedily take place, *ex necessitate rei*, amongst the well-meaning, good-natured gentlemen, who now conduct, under His Majesty, the affairs of this kingdom. And although I cordially agree, that a wiser administration than the present might be selected, without difficulty, from the common council and livery of London; yet, as the crisis is confessedly arduous, if a still better administration can be fixed on, the country has an indisputable claim to their services.

The gentlemen now in power acknowledged, on the death of Mr. Pitt, their utter incapacity to steer the vessel of state. The nation felt the propriety, if not the candour, of their conduct, and permitted them quietly and modestly to retire into political oblivion. The splendid abilities which were then called into action, bade fair, in the opinion of many, to be long employed to the benefit of their country. Unfortunately, however, so rooted an antipathy had been formed against corruption and abuse, and so uncourtly an attachment to economy and reform, that the whole host of pensioners, jobbers, and expectants, flew to arms. John Bull was assured that even religion itself was in danger, and *All the Talents* were superseded in an instant by *All the Blocks*, thus unexpectedly roused from insignificance and lethargy.

These gentry have prevailed nearly two years; and their reign, as must naturally be expected, is now drawing rapidly to a close. As a well-wisher then to my country, permit me to enter my protest against any speculation or experiment of re-introducing these innovators

innovators and reformers. Let us, Mr. Editor, have *tried men* to fill the most important offices of state, and the happiest consequences will inevitably result. The Marquis Wellesley has been tried in the House of Commons—let him be Prime Minister. Lord Melville has been tried by the House of Lords—let him superintend the Admiralty. Sir Home Popham was tried by a naval court-martial—let him command the Channel fleet; and as he is known to be a man of enterprise, indulge him with a trading ship or two on a roving commission, for his own special purposes. Gen. Whitelocke was tried by a military court-martial, and not being found particularly happy in attack, to him be intrusted the defence of Portugal. The present Secretary at War was tried at Ferrol—let him retain his situation and all his honours. General De Lancey was tried by the Commissioners for Military Inquiry—let him be reappointed Barrack-master General. Alexander Davidson, Esq. was tried before the Court of King's Bench—let him be contractor general for all stores, military or naval. George Rose, Esq. was tried for corruption at a Westminster election—let him continue dictator general in Hampshire, and be undisturbed in the few lucrative situations he otherwise enjoys. Lastly, if the present illustrious Commander in Chief should not altogether approve of the arrangement proposed, or, from other causes, should wish to retire, let his office be put into commission, and let the “zeal” of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the “firmness” of Sir Harry Burrard, and the happy union of the two qualities in the character of Sir Hew Dalrymple (each of whom have been tried by a court of inquiry), be the ample pledges for its good management, and for its responsibility.

Thus, Sir, may All the Talents, for their presumption, and All the Blocks, for their stupidity, alike be excluded

excluded from the public service; and none but a *tried* administration govern us in future.

Jan. 14, 1809.

QUIZ.

THE APPROACHING SEASON.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 17.]

EVERY species of preparation is now making for the approaching season of *fashion*, and such preparations as our ancestors could never have dreamt of. Houses fitted up to be seen only once or twice in half a year, and then converted into places of *public* entertainment. What was in former days a *banquet* is now a *spectacle*, and hospitality is little more than the temporary gratification of the *eye* and *ear*. The exercise of the understanding is suspended along with the social enjoyments of friendship and conversation; but ample provision is made for the external senses, which are dazzled with *light* or oppressed with *noise*.

In former days, an *entertainment*, in which plenty, liberality, and convivial enjoyments were consulted, could be got up with no other arrangements than employed the attention of the *cook* and the *butler*. The house was never turned upside down, nor abandoned to the whims of *floor-painters*, *lamp-lighters*, and *florists*. The same edifice that contained the *family* was sufficient for the *guests*; *temporary* erections, *temporary* magnificence, and *temporary* destruction, were not necessary to procure respect; for there was then no rivalry in *seeming* prodigality; no effort to produce a *great effect* by the *fewest means*; and the host and hostess had the conscious satisfaction of having maintained the honours of rank and hospitality, without being obliged to count the number of *coach-panels* that were *broken*, or of *ladies* who *fainted*.

But times are altered, and we have no very serious objection to the alteration, although we have thus stated

stated it. We are a commercial nation, and the *quid pro quo* has passed from the east to the west end of the town. If a modern entertainment costs but little, that little is of advantage to the parties employed. Nay, *new trades* are created, and the pride and profits of patronage are extended. From the lamp-lighter who shows his taste in balloons and festoons, to the historian of a rout who records its splendours, and immortalizes the names of the invited; from the artist who paints landscapes on the floors, to the Bow Street officer who inspects characters in the hall; a new race of useful men in society is created, new efforts of genius are encouraged, and money is circulated through avenues that never occurred to the author of the "Wealth of Nations." Numerous *hands* are employed to atone for the decrease of *heads* and *hearts*; and if all is cold, ceremonious, and short-lived, it is also splendid, magnificent, and *fashionable*.

THE KNIGHTS' ERRAND.—A PARAPHRASE.

[From the same.]

SIR Arthur, Sir Hew, and Sir Harry,
Sail'd *boldly* from England to Spain;
But not choosing there long to tarry,
They *wisely* sail'd all—back again.

QUIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Same Date.]

SIR,

BY an article in your paper of the 9th instant, under the head "Fashionable Intelligence," stating that Admiral H—y had presented to Her Majesty four black ducks, your readers are informed of a circumstance.

stance which many of them, perhaps, did not know, viz. that black ducks are *rare birds*.

My uncle, who (every one knows) was a determined *Philo* in mechanics and natural history, left, among his unprinted papers, now in my possession, the following *hint on chimney-sweeping* :—

“ To clear our chimnies of the gather’d soot,
(With faces black as jet, and ivory tushes,)
How shameful ’t is,” says Tom, “ and foul to boot,
To force up little tiny boys with brushes !

“ Better by far ’t would be, in my opinion,
And save the *lads* from sorrow and dismay,
To send a live *goose* down, whose flutt’ring pinion
Would bring each particle of *soot* away.”

“ Why, faith,” says Jack, “ the project is not bad,
To render smoky chimnies fit for use,
And save much labour to the sweeping lad ;
But—it is *cursed hard* upon the *goose*.”

Says Tom, then, “ Since your heart such pity takes
On Gaffer Goose, whose pain no tongue can tell,
You may drop down—a *pair* of ducks or drakes,
And they will answer every whit as well.”

Now the perusal of this *hint* has raised in my mind a doubt, whether the gallant Admiral has not been imposed upon, by means of two pair of *common ducks*, which, having served as chimney-brooms, were not permitted afterwards to *go afloat* ; an indulgence which, by washing off the *soot*, would instantly detect the imposture.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PHILO-JUNIOR.

No. 1, Smoke Alley,
Goose Lane, Jan. 16, 1809.

IMPORTANT

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 18.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE following letter, or part of a letter, is just now brought to me. It bears evident marks of authenticity, although all the information I can give you as to the way it came into my hands is, that it was drifted in an *empty* boat, on Sunday last, which staved off Whitehall Stairs: and although this mode of conveying intelligence between *belligerent powers* has something in it very trifling as well as suspicious, yet, at a time when all old practices and customs seem to be upset, we must catch at what we can.

I am, Sir, yours,

PATRICK PRY.

Extract of a Letter from Campo del Tesorío, dated Jan. 14.

“ The troops are pouring in daily, notwithstanding the badness of the roads, and the many *narrow* and *dirty* passages which lead to this place. The Commander in Chief intended to have made the grand attack on the 17th; but has altered his plans, and is determined to wait the motions of the enemy as late as the 19th, when it is his object to secure a strong position on the heights of *Sanctos Stephanos*. For this purpose the chief commissary, *Georgio Rosinos*, has been inspecting the ground, and has likewise been dealing out the *rations* to the men, some of whom complain that sufficient *provision* has not been made for them. I cannot conceal from you, however, that there is not that unanimity in our *staff*, which would be desirable on so critical an occasion. *Don Canningos*, it is said, has more than once differed in opinion with the Count *Il Castellós Re*; and although a grand attack is undoubtedly meditated for the 19th, it is not yet

yet agreed upon in what manner the important pass of Cintra is to be fortified. You have already heard, that the *scouts* employed to reconnoitre there brought no intelligence of any consequence, and have thrown no new light upon a point of the utmost importance in the future conduct of our operations. In the mean time the *Junto* have sent orders to the *Count de Melville* to join the main body; but although he be a man of *tried* courage, there are some doubts as to the object of these orders: and the Count complains that he was not sooner called into action. But as a boon, however, one of his aid-du-camps, *Don de Hopeton*, is to have his staff made hereditary. The veteran *Portlandos* remains with the baggage and women: and *Don Hawkwell del Liverpollos*, of the House of *Bragg-anza*, commands the *Gens d'Armes*, the first division of whom he expects to be very numerous. I have only to add, that, owing to the shortness of the days, we have very little *light*, and in every movement are obliged to *grope our way* in the best manner we can. Our commanders, however, in this as well as every other privation, *share liberally* with the *privates*."

SYMPATHY.—AN EXTRACT.

[From the Oracle, Jan. 18.]

I CAN forgive a little want of feeling in the disputers in coffee-houses, who read a paper only to argue upon it; or in certain gentlemen, whose souls have grown stiff in the stocks, and lost their feeling from being continually in one posture; let those persons who lose in taverns the meditation and the quiet feeling of the home fireside, read a newspaper as they please, and, in a new sense of the phrase, kill their thousands and their ten thousands with the jaw-bone of an ass; but in domestic life let us have domestic

sympathies—let us open the door to the feelings and miseries that wander about the world, and ask nothing but our compassion—and let us, for God's sake, have no more such dialogues as the following:—

TWO GENTLEMEN AND A LADY AT BREAKFAST.

A. (Reading a newspaper, and eating at every two or three words.)—“The combat lasted twelve hours—and the two armies separated at nine in the evening—leaving 30,000 men literally cut to pieces”—*another piece of toast if you please*—“on the field of”—stop, 30,000 is it?—*(looking at the paper very closely)*—Egad, I believe it's 50,000—Tom, is that a 3 or a 5?

B. A 3 or a 5?—Oh, a 5. That paper's horridly printed!

A. Very indeed. Well, “leaving 50,000 men on the field of battle.”—Fifty thousand! that's a great number to be killed with the bayonet, eh! war's a horrid *(sips)* thing!

The Lady. Oh, shocking!—*(takes a large bite of toast.)*

B. Oh, monstrous!—*(takes a larger.)*

A. (reading on.) “One of the French generals of division, riding up to the Emperor with a sabre covered over with blood, after a charge of cavalry, exclaimed,”—*stick your fork into that slice of ham for me, Tom—thank ye*—“exclaimed, There is not a man in my regiment whose sword is not like this. The two armies—”

B. What?—what was that about the sword?

A. Why, his own sword, you know, was covered with blood—Did n't you hear me read it? And so, he said, “There's not a—”

B. Ay, ay—“whose sword is not like this”—I understand you. Gad, what a fellow!

A. (sips.) Oh, horrid!

The Lady (sips.) Oh, shocking!—*Dash*, get you down; how can you be so—

A. “The two armies—”

B. By

B. By the by, have you heard of Mrs. W.'s accident?

A. and the Lady (*putting down their cups.*) No! what can it be?

B. Why, she has broken her arm.

A. Poor thing! her husband's half mad, I suppose.

The Lady. Good God! I declare you've made me quite sick. Poor dear Mrs. W.! why, she'll be obliged to wear her arm in a sling! But she would go out this slippery weather, when the cold's enough to kill one.

B. Well, I must go and tell my father the news. Let's see—how many men killed, Charles?

A. Fifty thousand.

B. Ay, 50,000.—Good morning. [Exit.]

The Lady. Poor dear Mrs. W.! I can't help thinking about her. A broken arm! Why it's quite a dreadful thing. I wonder whether Mrs. F. has heard the news?

B. She'll see it in this morning's paper, you know.

The Lady. Oh, what! it's in the paper, is it?

B. (*laughing.*) Why, didn't you hear Charles read it just now?

The Lady. Oh, that news—No, I mean poor Mrs. W. Poor dear! (*meditating.*) I wonder whether she'll wear a black sling or a blue. [Exeunt.]

What feelings, what habits of thought are these! Distance, it is true, is a great softener of the effect of misery; and when we have no relations or acquaintance in the battle, we may be allowed to feel more acutely for domestic than for foreign troubles, for the sorrows of a friend than for the destruction of hundreds. But a habit of talking indifferently produces a habit of feeling indifferently; and, at any rate, the humming carelessness with which some people read an account of such battles as those of Austerlitz and Marengo, betrays a want of common reflection. Let us think,

for an instant, of one quarter of the miseries in a single campaign, of the hardships of the soldiers, of the thousands of hearts that are pierced in the death of thousands of men, of the lingerings of multitudes left on the field of battle, of the burnings of villages, the diabolical outrages on the female sex, the agonies of fathers, mothers, and husbands: in short, of the murders, the pestilence, and the famine, arising from one great victory! I do not wish my fair readers to plunge themselves, on these occasions, into agonies of sorrow, or into laborious hysterics; I want no German affectation, none of the woe of white handkerchiefs, no starts and sudden attitudes, no pretty dabblings of the eyes, with "How foolish I am!" but the decent sensibility of English women, and the common respect of a good heart for the miseries of the human kind.—An age like this should make philosophers of us all.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 19.]

The first day's debate in a certain Assembly having been expected to prove highly interesting, an authentic anticipation of the principal points and arguments, that *will be* pressed on both sides, cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the public. It is with some pride, therefore, that we declare our ability to afford this gratification to the political world. It had too long been the narrow practice with each distinguished speaker, tardily to furnish newspaper reporters, *after* a debate, with the heads of his speech, on which he had never spoken. Fortunately a more liberal mode has been adopted by the opponent Orators for the present sessions, by a mutual agreement to furnish each other with the heads of their speeches *before* they are spoken. Under this new regulation it is, that we have become possessed of the great outline of to-morrow's important discussion,

cussion, and are enabled to sketch the observations that will naturally fall from the minor orators of the day. We cannot be so insensible of our well-doing on this occasion, as not to lay claim to public gratitude for thus laying before them so *early* and *exclusively* the prior intelligence of *this day's debate*!

HOUSE OF C———. *Dies non.*

AS soon as the Speaker had returned from the Lords, he informed the House, that he had procured a copy of His M———'s speech delivered by the Royal Commissioners from the Throne, which, with their permission, he should read. The speech being read accordingly,

The Hon. F——R———n arose, and lamented that it had not fallen to the lot of some other Member of that House, more competent than himself to discharge the duty which had now devolved on him—that of moving an Address to His M———, for his most gracious speech from the Throne. No man with British blood flowing in his veins, who had heard the magnanimous and parental sentiments just uttered to them from the Chair, but must participate with him in all the dignified feelings which they so naturally inspire. His M———, with his never-ceasing benevolence, declares the most anxious desire that his subjects may be restored to peace; but, at the same time, invokes his people most firmly to resist the common enemy of mankind, as the only means of securing the only peace that can prove safe and permanent. The Honourable Gentleman here dilated on the superior virtues that adorn the Throne; complimented the steady and vigorous conduct of His Majesty's Ministers, and concluded a neat speech by moving the Address, which, as usual, was an echo of the speech from the Throne.

Mr. C. M. S———n said, that he had been so completely anticipated in the observations he had intended

to offer, by his Honourable Friend, that nothing was left for him but to give a tribute of applause to his eloquence, and humbly content himself with seconding the Address.

The Right Hon. G— P—. “ In rising, Sir, to oppose the present Address, it will be understood, I trust, in common candour, that any observations which I may make to the Gentlemen opposite to me, will be deemed as applicable only to the stagnant course of its channel, and not to its spring or source, the intentional purity of which I never can question. I am just arrived from a country, Sir, still mourning its lost constitution in sackcloth and ashes; and am instructed by my constituents to ask, for what earthly purpose essentially good to their interests, or your own, have you called upon Ireland for so prodigal an expenditure of her blood and treasure? The origin of the war with France might or might not have been just and politic; but will any man, denominating himself a statesman, presume that he can satisfy my mind, that the prolongation of this war, by the measures which have been so fatally pursued, has not systematically prevented the pacification of Europe, the sole object professed to be in view? And does not every man of common observation perceive it, from its present state, to have been so dexterously contrived, that, under the torpid weight of the old Spanish dynasty, the jealousy created of us in their aristocracy, and the apathy of the people, which no wise means have been taken to dispel,—the termination of the contest must be speedy as to our unfortunate allies, and ruinous and disgraceful to ourselves!—Sir, had we been seriously disposed to fan the glorious flame of Spanish liberty, the first thing was to aid them in the restoration of those rights, of which they had been so long and so basely despoiled; the next, to have rescued them from the horrible torture of the Inquisition, and not

not to have suffered our enemy, with an impious hand, to snatch from England so heavenly a grace: then indeed might the Spanish people have reasonably been expected to rise en masse, and gratefully to surround the standard of Britain, raised for their deliverance; our soldiery would then have fought for them with double ardour; and those of my own country, I trust, might have lost the remembrance of their own deprivations, in so heroic a contest for the liberty of others! But, admitting that the present measure of warfare was right, by what miserable means has it been pursued! Good God, Sir, that the only victorious exploit of our arms should have ended, *ex necessitate*, in so wretched and debasing a *Convention*! As to the folly and foolery of what followed, they are too contemptible for notice; in my blundering isle, this *Court of Inquiry* would have been denominated a *Court of Botheration*! And is it thus that we are to effect the deliverance of Europe?—But I will refrain from entering now into topics that demand, and must receive, the most solemn investigation. I may, however, be permitted to inquire of His Majesty's servants, whether, under their present system, they still retain a fanciful vision of a prosperous prosecution of the war? As they do not appear disposed to inform us what is the object they may now have in view, I will at least declare for them what their object has not been. It has not been to rescue the Spanish nation from their oppressors and despoilers: it has not been to give them either *Catholic* or *political* emancipation: it has not been to restore to them their *Cortes*, and thus give them the right of human beings, born to human freedom—a popular representation—[*Hear! Hear! from the Treasury Bench.*].—I am glad to see an attempt at jocularities from that quarter, however affected or misapplied; particularly at a moment when the sticks that compose the *Ministerial faggot* are

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evidently

evidently become so loose and unbound!—Before I sit down, I hope that I may venture to ask, whether there be any foundation for the report, that it is the intention of Government to possess themselves of a Spanish port and fortress, with or without leave? and in case of such intention, to express a hope that His Majesty's War Ministers may imitate a memorable example of *prudence*, and not run the risk of burning their fingers at *Ferrol*!!!”

Sir J. P—— rose in haste. “I cannot sit patiently, Sir, and hear the word *Ferrol* brought irreverently into debate! Gentlemen may smile, nay laugh, if they please; it is a poor sniggering triumph of wit, that I can readily grant them. That I had once a bird's-eye view of *Ferrol* myself, most of those who hear me will remember, unless their memory should fail them more than is usually the case on such *charitable* occasions. Sir, I inspected the works with the telescopic observation of a soldier; and if I deemed it expedient, I could speak of those works in a manner that might surprise the House; but, as one of His Majesty's Council, it might not *become* me; and therefore on that head I shall remain silent. As to the singular allusion with which the Right Hon. Gentleman chose to close his speech, I have no hesitation, as one of His Majesty's War Ministers, in declaring, that such an idea as that of taking *Ferrol* by *force* never once entered my head.”

The Chancellor of the Ex——r rose with great composure, and said, that as there was so general an opinion prevailed out of doors in favour of the subject matter of the present Address, he trusted that their representatives would, this night, unanimously ratify the animating sentiment of their constituents. Gentlemen on the other side of the House, unable to assail the principle of the warlike measures, which had been thought advisable to be carried on in alliance
+ with

with Spain, seemed disposed for an inferior species of assault, by cavilling at them in detail, and questioning His Majesty's Ministers in a manner unworthy of their own talents; or the attention of the House. For his part, he should, in this early stage of inquiry, be *brief* enough to declare, that he would not answer *interrogatories*. The first movement in succour of the Spanish Patriots was a *motion of course*, and governed by all the principles of *equity* that rule the *courts* below. The British nation were too sanguine in their expectations, at first; it was not to be supposed by any one who read the rules of *practice*, by that skilful draughtsman, but that Bonaparte would *file a cross bill*, and put both us and our Spanish Allies to plead the *general issue*. Though success did not at first attend our arms, conformably to the wisdom of the measure, *non constat* that we are therefore to abandon the cause of Europe, by withdrawing our troops from Spain, and shamefully to let *judgment go by default* against our Allies, as well as ourselves! The Right Hon. Gentleman then entered upon a wide field of finance, showing the inexhaustible state of our resources, and, consequently, the indispensable necessity of prosecuting the war with redoubled vigour. It was a *cause*, he said, substantially founded in justice; and having had the honour of being *retained* in it, with others of His Majesty's *Council*, they were determined to prosecute the national *suit*, and not, by any dereliction of their duty, to throw up their *brief*, so long as there was a guinea in the treasury of England for a *refreshing fee*!

Mr. W—— remarked, that he came down perfectly undetermined: as usual to which side of the question of the day he should lean; but he trusted that his *conscience* would on this, as on all other occasions, morally direct both his voice and his vote in the support of truth. He could not but here express some

surprise at having received T——y letters (usually denominated, as he has been informed, of the *strongest* kind) soliciting his attendance this day. He was in hopes that he had urged, for a series of years, too many forcible arguments in abhorrence of the *slave-trade*, to be *scribbled* into political subjection by any task-master whatever, on either side of that House!—Whenever the present warlike measures came under serious discussion, he should solemnly state his opinion of their merits, and demerits also. To the common enemy of religion and mankind, he thought every arm should be opposed at the present moment. He was a heretic, who had impiously dared to reverse the consolatory doctrine of “*faith without works*,” and therefore he would cheerfully lend his feeble voice to exhort the Christian world to unite in a just and holy *crusade*, for the extirpation of him and his race for ever: under this impression, he trusted, that, with the aid of Divine Providence, the present resistance of this infidel would prosper, otherwise he might not leave a religious temple in *Spain* undefiled, or suffer a *single saint* to remain upon the Spanish calendar!

Sir N—— H—— said, as an independent *Country Gentleman* resident amidst the most luxuriant *scenery* that the hand of nature had *pencilled*, he could not help thinking, for one, that we had a fair *prospect* before us. However the successes of our insatiate enemy might be *portrayed* by Gentlemen *amateurs* on the other side of the House, he would venture, as an old *Artist*, to predict, that their *colours* would *fly off*, and not long disgrace the British *costume*. He said, if God spared his life, he should like to *paint* this Corsican tyrant himself, at *full length*. He had taken a *rough sketch* of him with the D—l in the *fore*, and all the cardinal virtues in the *back ground*. The *design* might be deemed a bold one, but the *figures* were *correctly drawn*; and as to *keeping*, after he had committed

mitted so many hundreds of his own pictures to the flames, that could not possibly be questioned. The Honourable Gentleman now said he found himself diverted from the question by the force of his own imagination: he therefore should only add, that he approved of the Address, and the continuance of the war—that the history of the present times would furnish a subject for a *Battle-piece*, beyond any that ever came from the easel of Le Brun: that if Ministers steadily continue it, to fill up the *canvass*, they might always look to him for *oil varnish* to mellow their work; and that he hoped to continue in this world long enough to see all the disturbers of Europe in *shade*, and little Napoleon himself cast off half a couple in *Holbein's DANCE of Death*!!

Lord H. P——, rising with apparent warmth, exclaimed, “Cast off half a couple in Holbein's Dance of Death!” and suppose that to be the case, would you by that means disguise from the people of England and Spain the blunders of your own *false steps*? An Honourable Gentleman, early in the debate, talked also of turning him round; and what would that produce more, than, by a multiplication of his *pirouettes*, to display the graceful velocity of a being, formed in mind and person, according to the delicate authority of her royal majesty the Queen of W——g, to be the terror of one sex, and the admiration of the other? [*Murmurs.*] Those who have not had the felicitous opportunity of beholding this personage, may learn that in his *dancing pumps* he stands my own height to a single hair of the toupee! The Honourable Gentleman who made the observation of *leading a dance*, had probably intended it in its common vulgar acceptance, and therefore might be pardoned for having presumed to introduce a *figure*, which no member in any assembly could be justified in using, unless Nature had previously introduced him to the *Graces*. As

to the present conduct of the war, he should reserve himself for what he might consider the most serious discussion. All he should now hope was, that our gallant British brethren would be able to secure a retreat, having received instructions for their movements so perfectly after the manner of the celebrated Mr. Ronkoff:

“Turn about, turn about, that’s right, depend on’t,
Hands across, back again, now there’s an end on’t.”

Mr. Secretary Canning made a long and impressive speech; in which he embraced all the material points urged by Opposition in the debate—declared the inflexible resolution of His Majesty’s Ministers to prosecute the war with unabating vigour: Gentlemen on the other side, he remarked, had, according to their customary denunciations, talked largely of charges and impeachments; he, for one, was ready to meet them at any period of time, and therefore begged that they would not, under their usual forgetfulness, neglect to prefer them. He opened a rich vein of pleasantry on the allusion of a Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. P—by) to the supposed weak and divided state of the *Ministerial faggot*, remarking, that it would still be found composed of sticks too tough to be snapped by the feeble hands that were so ready to attempt it.

Mr. Sheridan took long notes, and, in the course of Mr. Canning’s speech, frequently *shook his head*, but, in the dignified style of his own Lord Burleigh, eloquently—*said nothing!*

The Right Hon. G—R— said, that he should trouble the House but with a few words. However lightly Gentlemen on the other side might speak or think of the *Spanish Patriots*, they were an oppressed and gallant people; and no man could satisfy him to the contrary, but that our alliance with them, in opposition to our inveterate enemy on the Mediterranean shores,

was

was both a humane and politic measure. As to war, as an abstract question, Gentlemen might readily be supposed to entertain different and sometimes fluctuating opinions; for his part, he had no hesitation in declaring, that, from long experience in most branches of *tactics*, he had naturally become a steady and decided friend to general warfare, as the source of man's prosperity. As to the conflict in which we were immediately engaged, he would take the liberty to ask, how can the blood and treasure of England be better employed than in supporting the regal sovereignty and religion of the Spanish nation? Gentlemen might smile, "but," says the Right Honourable Gentleman (*solemnly laying his left hand on the contrary breast, erroneously thinking to find his heart on the RIGHT side*), "I vow to God, I shall always think the war holy, just, and pure; and therefore the Address has my hearty concurrence."

[*Here there was a violent call of Question! question! question!*]

Mr. R—— F—— rose to order; and in a mild and terse manner, so peculiarly his own, hoped that the Commons House of England was not turned into a bear-garden!—[*Hear! hear! hear! from both sides of the House.*]
As to the Convention of Cintra, it was a *delicate* subject, and therefore all he should say upon it was, that too many d—d *cooks* had spoiled the broth! Before he sat down, there was another subject not less *delicate*, on which he wished some information: it was reported that the French had taken all the *women*, with the baggage of our light horse; if that was the case, he should be glad to know what the rascals did with them? [*Peals of laughter.*]

Mr. H——ns B—— said, that he should not trespass upon the House much beyond their usual indulgence; but the importance of the very serious points brought into discussion—the alarming crisis of the
fate

fate of Europe at this moment, and the subjects glanced at, had, he confessed, taken so firm a possession of his mind, that he could not suffer them to pass by without some investigation at the opening of the sessions. At present, he said, he should simplify the subject-matter to be discussed under *nine* heads only, which, according to his conception, might be severally analysed in the course of the evening's debate.—[Here BELLAMY's *well-seasoned* GRIDIRONs *began to work*; and our Reporters left the House—expected to sit late.]

THE MOONSTRUCK WARRIOR.

WRITTEN AFTER READING ONE OF BONAPARTE'S
LATE BULLETINS.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 24.]

THE good man reposes by fears untormented,
But sleep from the couch of the guilty one flies :
Thus Boney at midnight, with mind discontented,
With Beelzebub wanders, and *secretly sighs*.

Yet *vanity* clings to the Corsican loon ;
For as lately he rov'd, plotting mischiefs in Spain,
In a fit of real transport he spake to the moon,
And these were the words of the moon-stricken swain :

“ Ah, Luna ! fair creature, so brightly you 're shining,
'Tis plain you 're in love with my beautiful face ;
And learn, Madam Luna, thy love stands repining,
That fate keeps between us a terrible space.

“ For Terra, averse to my lust of dominion,
Breathes nothing but *curses* against thy fond lover ;
And after provoking to madness *thy minion*,
She bids me leap to thee my wits to recover.

“ Yet, Luna, attend to the vow of thy knight,
Thy knight very true with his wits on the wane ;
Ere I quit the brown scorner, in madness and spite,
With the blood of her children her bosom I 'll stain.

“ Having

"Having done so before, I'll my practice repeat."—
 "A gallant resolve, my good son," says the devil;
 "But the moon you'll not go to—*below* I've a seat,
 A warm one prepar'd, for my *rival in evil*."

GLEE

IN THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT
 NOTHING."

BY JOHN BULL.

Tune—*Sigh no more, Ladies.*

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 27.]

SIGH no more, Johnny; Johnny, sigh no more;
 Mad were these statesmen ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be thou blithe and bonny,
 Converting all thy sounds of woe
 Into—Hey Johnny, Johnny!

Send no more armies; Johnny, send no mo'

To join the Spanish levy;

But let thy crazy statesmen go,

That loss will not be heavy.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be thou blithe and bonny,
 Converting all thy sounds of woe
 Into—Hey Johnny, Johnny!

TO THE
 EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

THE inclosed Lines, as their tenour denotes, were
 written by an admirer of the late Sir John Moore,
 immediately after intelligence had arrived of the com-
 mencement

mencement of his march from Lisbon. As contributing to show what expectations were entertained from the military talents of our lamented hero, *you* perhaps will not object to publish them even now, although opportunity for the full display of those talents was withheld, and has been withdrawn for ever.

Yours, &c.

27th Jan. 1809.

C.

UNCHECK'D by regards of duration or distance,
 How sweet on the missions of Fancy to stray!
 To leave the dull confines of local existence,
 And wanton and bask in the glitter of day!
 But hence ye pale visions of sickly invention!
 A scene *not unreal* my senses enchains;
 Now Spain, all in arms, rears the flag of contention,
 And Europe's last battle is fought on her plains.
 In quest of the fight march her high-soul'd defenders;
 Their phalanx how dense, and impetuous their tread!
 The foe his vain ensigns of empire surrenders,
 Fear chases his hosts, and his satraps are fled;
 The Gaul calls new hordes from the wide circling regions;
 Dark clouds of stern menace the prospect obscure:—
 Enraptur'd I mark the advance of the legions
 Which Britain, undoubting, confides to her Moore.
 Through deserts, o'er mountains, cross floods and morasses,
 The Hero explores his inflexible way;
 Slow Famine, insidious, strews snares where he passes,
 And fronting his progress stands War in array.
 Ah! were the fond breathings of friendship availing,
 Ripe harvests, lov'd chieftain, should start from the sod;
 Wide floods roll confin'd beneath arches unfailing,
 And War, like a slave, be control'd by thy nod!
 Fit theme for light ode or grave legend preparing,
 Go, measure thy worth 'gainst the minions of fame;
 Intrepidly cautious, and skilfully daring,
 Change defeat to success, and mould triumphs from shame.
 Pursue thy high fates, and, serenely ambitious,
 The rank which thy merits award thee, assume—
 A Churchill, of laurels alone avaricious;
 A Nelson, unstamp'd by the seal of the tomb!

LINES,

LINES,

EXTEMPORALLY WRITTEN, IN ANSWER TO SOME LIBELLOUS STANZAS, FALSELY FATHERED UPON JOHN BULL, AND INSERTED IN THE OPPOSITION CHRONICLE OF JAN. 27. (See p. 39.)

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 30.]

FOAM away, "*Talents*," as long as ye please;
Statesmen run mad 't is quite plain that ye are,
Having *no* feet to stand on, ye prate at your ease,
And will not from proving your weakness forbear.

Assist not the Spaniards, you say to John Bull,
But turn all your friends and good servants away;
But Johnny, you 'll find, has some brains in his skull,
And will not be led by the *Talents* astray.

Once he was lur'd by your boastings so vain,
And then "*crazy statesmen*" made terrible work,
So he vows he 'll ne'er trust to *such statesmen* again,
Again to be bang'd by both Christian and Turk.

He'll others employ, who, with *less of pretension*,
May lead him to honour, to greatness, and fame,
Whom if to revile 't is your noble intention,
The *Talents* will soon reap a harvest of *shame*.

JOHN BULL.

ON BONAPARTE'S ABUSE OF ENGLAND IN
THE MONITEUR.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 30.]

"The English have sent to Spain libels and poniards in profusion."
See the Twelfth Bulletin.

THUS the pickpocket, scheming for relief,
Runs with the crowd, and bellows out, "*Stop thief!*"
Dext'rous to shift the scandal, and transfer
Suspicion on the worthy passenger.

Thus the great Robber of our Gothic age,
Who struts an Emperor on Europe's stage,
This meteor, for our punishment design'd
To blaze, the scourge and terror of mankind,

42 A DIRGE OVER THE HERO OF CORUNNA.

Whose libels, steep'd in malice, sally forth,
And spread deceit from Naples to the North ;
Whose unrelenting poniards have struck down
Youths of bright hope, and heroes of renown ;
This chief notorious, trembling while he brags,
(For rogues in lace resemble rogues in rags,)
Eager his own deformities to hide,
Eager to blight a foe's becoming pride,
Arraigns with bitter taunts his envied fame,
And toils by calumnies to taint his name,
Anxious to rid his bosom, and impart
The goading pangs that sting his fretful heart ;
And having slang, and poniards too, to spare,
Gives to his rival a defaming share,
Worth, honour, virtue, studious to disgrace,
And sink them to his own degraded base.

Yet e'en these efforts England still defies,
His arms, and arts, his squadrons, and his lies ;
Trusts not his smiles, nor heeds his wrathful frown,
But scorns the knave, though deck'd in iron crown ;
And be it long her boast, as 't is her fate,
To thwart his projects, and deserve his hate.

A DIRGE OVER THE HERO WHO FELL AT CORUNNA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 30.]

INTREPID, firm, and void of fear,
When may a soldier shed a tear ?
When may he, drown'd in anguish wild,
Go sorrowing like an orphan child ?
What sight to him shall grief impart,
What sight alone subdue a heart
Which mortal peril dares defy ?
'T is this—to see a hero die.

Like him who fell on Abr'am's Heights,
A champion of Britannia's right ;
Like him who sleeps in Malta's isle,
The veteran of the plains of Nile ;

Like

Like him the foremost son of War,
Who shook all France at Trafalgar;
Like these—on Spain's Atlantic shore,
In victory died the hero Moore!

27th January 1809.

RA. RYLANCE.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE!

AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN
MOORE.

[From the Day.]

IT needs no pompous tablet to impart
The hard-earn'd honours of the fallen brave:
The soldier's deeds are stamp'd upon the heart;—
Thence flows the tear which best adorns his grave.

The stately cenotaph offends my view,
On which, obtrusive, stands the sculptor's name;
My captious mind, to melancholy true,
Would contemplate, alone, the hero's fame.

Give me the humble turf, with osier bound,
Beneath whose base the honour'd warrior lies;
With adoration I will press the mound,
Till all my nobler energies arise.

There, pausing over Death's rude-fashion'd cell,
My sympathetic soul shall trophies raise,
Shall track the ardent soldier where he fell,
And hear him, dying, court his country's praise.

The marble monument, the legend trite,
May decorate the bier of Fortune's slave;
Such may the giddy, thoughtless herd invite,
But cannot grace the ashes of the brave!

R. J. G.

CALAMITIES AND CONSOLATIONS.

[From the Public Ledger, Feb. 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAD I taken up my pen to address you a fortnight ago, it would have been in a very different style from that I now propose to use.—I was then overwhelmed

whelmed with grief for the many disasters that had befallen us as a nation, and I thought that every body around me was in the same drooping condition. But a friend having accommodated me for some days with the perusal of two or three of what are called the *fashionable papers*, I find my spirits wonderfully refreshed; and I think it my duty to communicate this my happy recovery to you, Sir, that it may, peradventure, be of some service to your readers. If we have calamities to distress us, I perceive also that we have consolations: and if we hear of bloody battles and destructive storms, we have at the same time fashionable engagements and amusements which seem to be uncommonly *well-timed and seasonable!*

As to my own experience, I am happy to inform you, that I had no sooner fallen into a fit of despondence by reading of the disastrous retreat of our army in Spain, than I was roused by the very important and cheering intelligence, that while our brave countrymen were struggling for their lives against an inhospitable country, a sanguinary enemy, and impervious roads; and while thousands of families were trembling for the safety of a father, a son, a brother; yet the "*Whip Club* had made some arrangements which promised to be of great utility to that public-spirited body!" Judge, Sir, what a consolation it must be at the conclusion of our unfortunate campaign, to be told that the "*Whip Club* were determined "to go twenty miles out, and return the same day!" And while we feel for the fate of the gallant Romana and his followers, what a balance it is in favour of our sensibility, that "the *Whip Club* is to drink only a certain quantity of wine, and to propose only such toasts as relate to the science!"

Again, Sir, while we have been agitated by reports of corruption in high offices, of persons appointed to eminent stations for which they are unfit, of avarice, and of other vices, which I have mentioned before,

and bribes, secret influence, and other symptoms of a *sinking state*; and while the speeches of the Opposition are calculated to exasperate our fears on such subjects; how delightful is it to be told, and what a *set-off* it is against public dégeneracy, that "the *Whip Club* admits only such persons as members, who can afford to keep up an expensive establishment in horses and carriages, and are fully competent to exercise the whip with skill and dexterity!"

It is peculiarly fortunate, Mr. Editor, amidst the calamities which have already descended, or are now impending, that our minds are so ingeniously constructed as to forget them all in the concerns of a *Whip Club*—an *Opera fracas*—a *boxing-match*—or some ~~other~~ equally *edifying* and *consistent* matter of engaging our time and our attention. I flatter myself that our inveterate enemy, *Bonaparte*, will see how foolish ~~we~~ to endeavour at the destruction of a people who are so little affected by all that he, assisted by famine, disease, and storms, can do; and who can pass with such perfect composure from the *Corunna* *dispatches* to the *Gazette* from *Epsom Downs*, and from the defeat of *Marshal Soult* to the more important defeat of—*Jem Belcher*! The latter state-paper, I think, will confound the Tyrant of all Europe, and I sincerely hope it will be drifted in an open boat to Calais, as some return for his late bulletins. I am told he knows enough of English to read our newspapers; but I rejoice to think how he will be puzzled with the style of the *historian* of *fisty-cuffs*. I am told he can read Hume, and Robertson, and Gibbon, and even *Jamy Macpherson's* battles in *Ossian*. But every Englishman must laugh in idea at his perplexities, when he reads that "*Belcher threw in right and left*"—that there was "*much irregular hugging at a close*"—that "*the combatants stopped with great dexterity*"—that "*Belcher put in two lunging blows*"—
but

but that "he was *milled* to the ropes, and both had a *somerset*"—that "Belcher received a *stomacher*"—and that upon the whole "his *bottom* led him into difficulties*."

But whatever *Benaparte* may make of these technicals, let him know, Sir, that whatever he has done or may do in the wretched nation which we have endeavoured to support, he will find that we are a people of such versatility of temper and talent, that we can turn from our disasters and gloomy prospects with the utmost facility, and place equal importance on a *boxing-match* as a *battle*; on a dinner of the *Whip Club*, as on a *debate* in *Parliament*; and that we think *Orib* and *Belcher*, *Ihy Pig*, and *Jemmy from Town*, as important characters as the heroes of war; and the security of a *bet* nearly as interesting as the safety of a nation.

I am, Sir, yours,

VERSATILIS.

MORE CONSOLATIONS.

[From the same, Feb. 15.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN my letter which you inserted in your paper of Tuesday se'nnight, I stated some of those fashionable consolations by which we are enabled to forget our fears and our calamities; but I did not suspect that even the affairs of the Whip Club and a boxing-match would be so soon swallowed up in *Mrs. Clarke*. Happy it is for us, that little things can be made great, and trifles blown into importance.

The state of Europe stands in suspense—not because we have not lately heard from the Continent, but because of *Mrs. Clarke*—not because the con-

* Pray, Mr. Editor, is not this somewhat the case with a lady, who has just attained a considerable degree of notoriety?

tending

tending powers are meditating a conclusion to their differences, but because of *Mrs. Clarke*—not because it is doubtful whether it will be good policy to assist or to desert the Spaniards, but because of *Mrs. Clarke*—not because we are anxious to know whether Sweden is a friend or an enemy, but because of *Mrs. Clarke*—not because we are thinking how to provide resources for another year, but because of *Mrs. Clarke*.

Go where I will I hear of nothing but *Mrs. Clarke*. I may say with Sir John Brute, whatever I eat or drink tastes of *Mrs. Clarke*. Sir, all the contrivances of the woollen-draper and taylor to raise the price of our coats, signify nothing when we come to read of *Mrs. Clarke's* sky-blue pelisse : and all our taxes, imposts, duties, and stamps, are mere trifles, when we hear from *Mrs. Clarke* herself, that 1000*l.* a-year is no more than sufficient to pay for her servants' wages and liveries.

I stepped into the city the other day, to the Bank, where, after meeting with my broker, and inquiring *how things were*, he told me they were very flat, and all owing to *Mrs. Clarke*, who ran so in the heads of brokers and jobbers, that he did not think even a flag of truce would rouse them. Nay, the very Bank porter I employed to call my broker was so deep in the examination, that he put all under the dome in a roar of laughter by calling for Mr. Clarke.

I do not say that the fast-day was neglected; but, coming out of one of the most crowded congregations in London, I heard *Mrs. Clarke* repeated an hundred times before I could walk an hundred yards from the church doors ; and as to those who stayed at home that day, I know more than one who very conscientiously pleaded, that it was impossible to prefer the *Form of Prayer* to *Mrs. Clarke's* responses; and, although staunch churchmen, they could have wished that the fast-day had been postponed to a season of more leisure.

All

All this, Sir, is mighty edifying, and wonderfully consolatory; and let Mr. Bonaparte know, that he may take possession of every throne and every acre, every harbour and every ship in Europe, while we have *Mrs. Clarke*. I am, Sir, yours,

VERSATILIS.

LINES WORKED ON A HEARTH-RUG.

[From the Satirist.]

FAIR-ONE, take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing;
If you're too *forward*, (fearful chance!)
A *spark* may prove your *ruin*.

EPIGRAM,

ON MR. JUSTICE C—— GOING TO SLEEP IN THE
MIDST OF COUNSELLOR PRESTON'S ARGUMENT.

Written in the Exchequer Chamber, 3d February 1809.

[From the Day, Feb. 13.]

AS Preston was showing, by very strong reasons,
The doctrine of feoffments, of fines, and disseizins,
He bother'd the Judges with numerous cases,
And made their old Lordships all put on long faces;
And C——, convinc'd by his arguments deep,
Said *nodding* assent—till he fell *fast asleep*.
Oh! hail, happy England! whose *wise legislation*
Make laws that require such abstruse cogitation!
Whose *sapient* Judges, with wisdom profound,
Take a *nap*, ere they venture those laws to expound!

R. W.

EPIGRAM,

ON READING IN LAST MONDAY'S CHRONICLE, AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH LIVING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 13.]

'TIS a paradox truly, says Richard to Ned;
For if she be *living*, how can she be *dead*?

Weburn.

P.

COMPLIMENTS

COMPLIMENTS TO A "CAPTAIN OF ETON."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 13.]

SWEET poet of the Antijacs,
 Apollo of the herd of quacks
 Who drug this sick'ning nation;
 Thou Pilot true, 'midst shoals and rocks,
 Thou sound oak post, round which the Blocks,
 Though rotten, keep their station!
 Thief, who didst rob the suffering Dane,
 Thou best couldst tell how suffering Spain
 From thieves might be defended;
 Now, now, thy words are wanted most,
 To prove, that, though the cause is lost,
 Thy *plans* could not be mended.

ROWLAND.

 THE SOLDIER TO HIS HORSE.

(ALLUSIVE TO A MILITARY ORDER FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY HORSES, DURING THE LATE RETREAT FROM SPAIN.)

THE word is given;—my officers command,
 Fond partner of my danger and my toil,
 That thou shouldst die by this now trembling hand,
 And, dead, be left upon a foreign soil.

Thy ample back in confidence I've strode;
 Depended on thee in the hour of fight;
 And oft thy wanton tricks of fondness show'd
 Thy master's prowess was thy chief delight.

Urg'd by my will, amidst the hostile ranks,
 Hast thou sustain'd me in each desp'rate fray;
 And is it thus my gratitude and thanks
 Thy nobly-daring service shall repay?

Brute as thou art, 't is not for thee to trace
 The cause whence flows the rugged soldier's tear;
 And yet thou know'st it flows not from disgrace,
 For thou hast borne me through the war's career.

VOL. XIII.

D

When

When my bright scabbard bounded at thy side,
 And shouts of victory our toils repaid,
 The stately curvette, and the pacing stride,
 None of our troop so gracefully display'd.
 When charg'd by treble numbers we have fled,
 Oppress'd and spent, the glance of thy quick eye
 Has cheer'd my drooping soul,—as if it said,
 “We'll live together, or together die!”
 And once (the time to memory is dear),
 Plung'd from thy back in the contentious strife,
 No active comrade to assist me near,
 Thy friendship, brutal friendship, sav'd my life.
 Keen was the frost, the drifting snow fell thick
 Upon the plain, where late the battle rag'd;
 Benumb'd with cold, my heart was deathly sick,
 When my pale looks thy fost'ring care engag'd.
 Thy body thou didst gently bend to earth,
 And pressing to my breast its glowing heat,
 I felt the vital current gain new birth;
 I felt the chilly hand of death retreat*.
 The memory of that unnerves my hand;
 'Tis that enforces the unmanly tear;
 To singly charge the foe be their command,
 I know a soldier's duty to revere.
 If on the “hope forlorn” I'm doom'd to go,
 Still 'tis my duty, and I'll not repine!
 But I must perish, ere forget to know
 Thy body fed the vital spark in mine.

R. J. G.

SONG.

[From the Plymouth and Dock Telegraph, Feb. 25.]

SINCE all tongues are wagging, the nation around,
 'Bout the gallant exploits of an amorous spark;
 E'en the groves of Parnassus shall sweetly resound
 With the sweetest of sweets—even sweet Mrs. Clarke.

* This incident was related to the author as a positive fact.

The Senate, for gravity fam'd, may be seen,
 With sides all a-shaking, as gay as a lark,
 As, night after night, to the bar sidles in,
 The dearest of dears—even dear Mrs. Clarke.

Renown'd for her prowess in cooing and wars,
 Of her birth we can never be long in the dark,
 Since all who have heard of Dame Venus and Mars,
 Know the mammy and daddy of sweet Mrs. Clarke.

Huzza! for the army of England so brave!
 Wherever they go they must needs hit the mark,
 Since each chief is inspir'd, and devoted a slave
 To the "dear little darling"—yclep'd Mrs. Clark-!

QUIZ.

IMPROMPTU, ON A LATE INQUIRY.

[From the Public Ledger, Feb. 28.]

A CERTAIN great Council long sat in debate,
 On a subject they thought might endanger the state:
 Though some seem to think the transaction so dark,
 To others it may not appear very strange,
 That a man with more business than he can arrange,
 Should manage the matter by *keeping a Clarke*.

J. H.

PROTECTION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MOTHERS, no more with anxious hearts
 And feeling unaffected
 Lament, should Heaven ordain it so,
 Your daughters *unprotected*.

Protection is not, as you thought,
 The tender husband's duty,
 The father's or the brother's care
 Of innocence and beauty.

The Senate have explain'd the word,
 Alas, the sad reflection!—
 Virtue and innocence must hence
 Be strangers to *protection*.

D 2

VERSES,

VERSES,

ON SEEING THE STATUE OF APOLLO FALL, DURING THE
LATE CONFLAGRATION OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 28.]

NEAR Drury's celebrated Lane,
Was rear'd *Apollo's* mighty fane,
High o'er the roofs below :
The *Muses* chose it for their seat ;
Blithe *Cupid* made it his retreat,
And *Plutus* join'd the Co.

Happy they dwelt at first awhile,
Bid Talent, Joy, and Genius smile,
Rewarded for their toils—
But Justice soon forsook the place,
And Favouritism, too long, alas !
Revel'd in ill-got spoils.

The *Muses* to *Parnassus* flew,
And *Plutus* from the House withdrew,
Mute was *Apollo's* lyre—
Vulcan, in wrath, assails the walls,
And *Phæbus*, poor and friendless, falls
Before the God of fire.

TEUTHA.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 3.]

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Valentine.—AS you enjoin'd me, I have writ your
letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvio.—I thank you, gentle servant : 't is very CLERKLY
done.

Val.—Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off :
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

ON

ON MRS. C—KE BEING CALLED A "BAGGAGE," IN THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

[From the same.]

WHY, Gentlemen, thus put to so much pain
Poor Captain Sandon of the waggon-train?
For, all who have a single spark of candour,
That he was bound in duty, must allow,
To pay attention to, and keep in view,
The *Baggage* of our army's Chief Commander.

QUIZ.

THE PRUDENT RESOLVE.

DEDICATED TO ALL THE TRIMMERS OF ST. STEPHEN'S
CHAPEL AT THE PRESENT MOMENT.

By a Learned Gentleman.

[From the same, March 7.]

I DARE not help the D—— of ——;
John Bull will make a piece of work;
I dare not join *that Wardle's* corps,
For *hopes of place* will be no more:
To please *both* sides, the way I'll choose is,
To *skulk* and *hum* them with excuses;
And since the *assizes* are so near,
I'll plead my *cause*, and disappear;
And *thus*, or I am much mistaken,
Shall *keep my seat*, and *save my bacon*.

March 6, 1869.

JANUS.

ON OUR METROPOLITAN REVIEW.

[From the same, March 13.]

SURE 't is the *Edinbro'*—Its cover, type,
Inside and outside —every way alike!
No, faith, *St. Freifah!* one thing still remains—
In your next number *borrow Jeffery's brains*.

BOREALIS.

EPIGRAMS

ON O'MEARA'S GOING IN SEARCH OF PREFERMENT.

[From the same.]

SO great on the church were O'Meara's designs,
 That he prov'd too ambitious a spark ;
 But where is the wonder, ye learned divines,
 That the *parson* should go to the *Clark* ?

ANOTHER.

SURE such treatment each son of the church would displease,
 To be robb'd of his living, yet pay the *Clark's* fees.

ANOTHER.

To be dignified here as the highest of priests,
 Wallow loose in his stall, and sit first at the feasts :
 Is it strange that from ladies he sought his degrees,
 Who wanted an *apron* to cover his knees ?

ANOTHER.

DETERMIN'D no more to be left in the lurch,
 And knowing the *Clark* keeps the keys of the church,
 With his noted *protectress* he carried a farce on,
 And lost in the *Clark* what was due to the parson.

MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the same, March 20.]

A GRAND cricket-match, for the highest stakes
 ever known to have been played for in this king-
 dom, is said to be in agitation between His Royal
 Highness the late Commander in Chief, and the
 military club of general officers, on one side, against
 all England on the other side. This match, which
 was lately proposed at one of the meetings of the club
 after dinner, was warmly supported by the Secretary
 at War, as well as all the Members present ; and Mr.
 Whitbread

Whitbread and Mr. Canning have accepted the challenge on the part of all England. Doubts, however, begin to be entertained, whether the military gentlemen feel quite so bold in their cooler moments, as they did in those of their convivial festivity. Indeed, they are thought to be so greatly overmatched, that not a bet can be got upon them at any odds. There is certainly no comparison between the leaders of the two sides. His Royal Highness, it must be admitted, has shown himself a good *runner*; but unfortunately, in all the matches he has played, he has let his adversaries get a great number of notches by by-balls, from being a very bad stopper; and the Secretary at War is not only a miserable field's-man, but once in a great match near Ferrol, when he had the game in his own hands, lost it in an unaccountable manner, by never stirring from his wicket. On the other side, Mr. Whitbread is well known to be a very hard hitter, and Mr. Canning is allowed to catch a ball and throw it in with more dexterity and quickness than any man in the kingdom. Should the match be made up, we shall give our readers the earliest notice of the time and place of meeting.

EPIGRAMS,

ON GOING INTO A CERTAIN HOUSE AFTER SOME
RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

[From the same.]

WHAT a chapel is this! said John Bull with a sneer;
One should think, from the dirt, that *white-washing's*
done here.

Poor Justice never well could see;
She's old—there's now no hope to mend her!
For she examines the degree,
Not of th' offence—but the offender.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, March 23.]

THAT Truth is not of royal growth,
 Reflects a stain upon her;
 Witness one Prince's *Bible oath*,
 And t' other Prince's *honour*.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post]

GOOD Mr. Whitbread,
 For all you have said,
 Nought than this you must own can be truer,
 That the word of a Prince
 Ought as soon to convince
 As that of a strumpet or brewer.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 25.]

TO Wardle, sage Perceval jeeringly said,
 "Than your own you've made use of a much cooler
 head;"
 But the Duke is unhappily left to bemoan,
 That his friends did not use any heads—but their own.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[From the Day, March 1.]

WHO has not felt exulting raptures glow
 For England's triumph o'er her haughty foe?
 Who has not wept for England's gallant train,
 The slaughter'd victims of degenerate Spain?
 Of every aid, of hope itself, bereft,
 Their firmness and their valour only left;
 Let you ensanguin'd plain their triumph tell,
 Too dearly purchas'd—for their Leader fell:
 In Vict'ry's arms thus Abercromby died,
 Thus Nelson bled, our sorrow and our pride;

Still

ODE ON THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY. 57

Still Britain mourns stern Fate's relentless doom,
 And twines the hero's laurels round his tomb.
 Lamented Chieftain! thy well-skill'd command
 From sure destruction sav'd thy faithful band;
 'T was thine with them each painful toil to share,
 'T was thine alone the mental pangs to bear;
 When warring elements against thee rose;
 Before thee, treacherous friends—behind thee, foes;
 And when at length Corunna's towers appear'd,
 And English vessels their proud ensigns rear'd,
 'T was thine to see thy bold pursuers fly,
 Nobly to conquer, undismay'd to die.
 Thy parting words to filial duty given,
 And thy last thought to England and to Heaven.
 No tawdry 'scutcheons hang around thy tomb;
 No venal mourners wave the sable plume;
 No statues rise to mark the sacred spot,
 Nor pealing organ swells the solemn note.
 A hurried grave thy soldiers' hands prepare;
 Thy soldiers' hands the mournful burden bear:
 The vaulted sky, to earth's extremest verge,
 Thy canopy: the cannon's roar thy dirge.
 Affection's sorrows dew thy lowly bier,
 And weeping Valour sanctifies the tear.

Bertram House, Feb. 7, 1809.

M. R. M.

ODE,

COMPOSED FOR THE 21ST OF MARCH 1809, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY, AND THE DAY ON WHICH THE 42D REGIMENT CARRIED, IN EGYPT, THE STANDARD OF THE INVINCIBLES.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF
 "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

PLEDGE to the much-lov'd land that gave us birth,
 Invincible, romantic Scotia's shore!
 Pledge to the mem'ry of departed worth,
 And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!
 And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give
 In festive scenes, which prompts the patriot's sigh;
 Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
 And died he not as heroes wish to die?

38 ODE ON THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.

Yes;—though too soon attaining Glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet, in the glorious cause, his phoenix soul
Rose, on the *flames* of Victory to heaven.

How oft, if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart, in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft, on far Cornuba's plain,
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Blest be the mighty dead!—Our bosom thanks,
In sprightlier strains, the living may inspire:
Joy to the chiefs who lead old Scotia's ranks,
In Roman garb, and more than Roman fire!

Health to the band, this day, on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour soil'd proud France's tricolor *;
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd "Invincible" in Austria's gore!

Triumphant be our thistle still unfurl'd!
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hill it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes!

Joy for that day, on Portugallia's strand,
When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,
First of Britannia's host, her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost clos'd!

Is there a son of generous England here?
Or fervid Erin?—He with us shall join
To pray, that, in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
"As rocks resist the billows" round our shore;
Types of a race who shall, to time unborn,
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

* The standard of France.

TO THE
MEMORY OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

[From the British Press.]

AS musing the centinel stands on his station,
Whilst friends and companions are slamb'ring secure;
He sighs o'er the fall of the flower of his nation,
The generous—the brave—the illustrious Moore.
Now pale is his visage, and alter'd each feature,
For peaceful he slumbers beyond the salt wave;
Whilst gently the dew, the kind tribute of nature,
Is shed o'er the green-growing skirts of his grave.
His country, still grateful, his memory may cherish,
And fond admiration may ven'rate his name;
The laurels he won, still through ages may flourish,
But when shall he hear the sweet sound of his fame?
But why thus reflect o'er the fate that is glorious,
And why thus lament o'er the fall of the brave?
For death, though repuls'd, shall at last be victorious,
And fearless, and fearful, must sink to the grave.
As an oak, so he stood, in the dread hour of danger,
When, waving, its branches resound in the gale;
As the sun, so he sunk, in the land of the stranger,
When, glorious, it sets o'er yon western blue vale:
Then, Fame, to the tow'rs of thy gay gilded temple,
His honours dispatch on thy grey glossy wing;
For the soldier, inspir'd by his General's example,
Braves dangers, and death, for his country and King.

N. C. O. 1st Regt. L. L. M.

Glasgow, 28th March 1809.

THE TURF EXTRAORDINARY.

NO. I.

[From the British Press, April 5.]

THE Westminster course was never better attended than during the late races, nor did it ever display finer sport. The following is a list of some of the principal cattle; the names of the rest, and also an account

account of the several plates and matches, are reserved for to-morrow.

Mother Clarke, a bright bay mare, rising five years old, rode by Dowler. Although only of hackney size, she is an animal of great performance. *Mother Clarke* was got by *Compositor*, grandam by *Black* and all *Black*, out of a *Vixen* mare. She is very apt to trip, and is not free from blemish; but has, notwithstanding, when pressed and well backed, shown good bottom; and beat, during the late races, several horses, greatly superior in blood and bone.

Ally Croaker, a black colt, badly trained, and in low condition; got by *Exciseman*, his dam by *Gauger*, out of a *Paddereen* mare.

Oatlands, a fine blooded horse, of great bone and sinew, rendered of high celebrity in the Racing Calendar by the famous match in Holland, in which he distanced the noted French horse *General Brune*.

Sir Francis, a brown bay horse, own brother to *Wilkes* and *Reformer*, out of *Popularity*. He was reckoned a horse of great bottom, and perfectly sound, until he met with an accident in running a match against *Little Paul*. His performances on the turf, previous to his lameness, are well known.

Favourite, a smart black mare, half-sister to *Mother Clarke*, dam by *Roaster*, grand-dam by *Spitfire*. *Favourite* is of no repute, and in very low condition. To be seen at Westbourne Place.—N. B. There is every convenience for mares, foaling, &c. and entertainment for man and horse. The money to be paid for covering and keep before the mares are taken away, as the groom is responsible.

Adamant, a black horse, aged, a good mover, well tempered, with excellent wind and bottom.—*Adamant* is well known in the North, and has been much admired by the best Judges.

Gibby, a dark brown horse, got by *Pleader*, dam by

by *Wrangler*, grand-dam by *Advocate*, out of a Plowden mare. *Gibby* is a mettlesome horse, rather hot and fiery, and accustomed to *lash out*.—He was drawn at the late Westminster races, in consequence of a kick from *Mother Clarke*, when crossing her in the late match for the Oatlands plate.

Impeacher, a dark brown horse, fifteen hands three inches, well-tempered, and so gentle that a lady might ride him. He is a Welch horse, got by *Taffy*, out of a *Constitution* mare. Although a horse new upon the turf, having been used as a charger in a regiment of cavalry, he is a wonderful favourite with the knowing ones, and has been backed freely against the celebrated horse *Sir Francis*, for the next King's plate at Westminster. *Impeacher*, although he has not much bone, is deep-chested. He is a sure foal-getter, and his stock are in great repute in the country.

THE TURF EXTRAORDINARY.

NO. II.

[From the same, April 6.]

THE first class of the Oatlands was run for on Wednesday, the 1st of February, best of three heats.

“Across the Flat.” [Twenty-seven subscribers.]

Mr. Dowler's b. m. <i>Mother Clarke</i>	3	1	1
Mr. Vickery's bl. h. <i>Gibby</i>	1	4	dist.
Mr. Wardle's bl. h. <i>Impeacher</i>	4	2	2
Mr. Perceval's b. h. <i>Premier</i>	2	3	3
Mr. Wully's b. h. <i>Adam ant</i> , aged			dist.
Mr. Radnor's b. c. <i>Folkstone</i>			dr.
Mr. Whitbread's br. h. <i>Brewer</i>			dr.
Mr. Foster's b. c. <i>Ally Croaker</i>			dr.
Mr. Fuller's br. h. <i>Blast</i>			dr.
Mr. Donovan's b. g. —			dr.
Dr. Beasley's <i>Bishop</i>			dr.
Mr. Burdett's br. h. <i>Sir Francis</i> ; Mr. Canning's <i>Prater</i> , and fifteen others, paid forfeit.			

The

The annals of the turf do not present a race of greater interest, or one that more strongly excited public expectation. The horses were not only the crack of the day, but the riders were reckoned the best jockeys that any country could boast.—*Mother Clarke* was rode by Mr. Dowler himself; colours, buff and white cap.—*Gibby* was rode by *Quibble*; colours, black and white.—*Impeacher* was rode by *John Bull*; colours, buff and blue.—*Premier* was rode by *Little Shirk*; colours, black and yellow.

The odds before starting were six to four on *Gibby*; four to two on *Premier*; seven to one against *Adamant*: even betting between *Mother Clarke* and *Impeacher*.

FIRST HEAT.

At starting, *Gibby* took the lead, and the mare ran him head and girth nearly the first half mile, at the end of which she began to gain upon him. *Quibble*, who rode *Gibby*, finding himself pressed, had now recourse to his old tricks, and crossed and jostled repeatedly. Here there was a loud cry of "*Foul, foul*," from the populace; but it seems that crossing and jostling are all fair on this course. It however had the effect of damping the spirit of the mare.—She *sulked*, appeared greatly distressed, and was scarcely able to strike a canter during the rest of the heat. This gave an opportunity to *Premier*, who lay by, to come in second. *Adamant* was quite *blown*, and broke down within a few yards of the post; and *Impeacher* saved his distance with so much difficulty, his friends had an idea of *drawing* him.

The result of this heat gave very general dissatisfaction. Next to the mare, Mr. Wardle's *Impeacher* was the favourite, and large sums had been betted upon both.

SECOND HEAT.

Gibby, as in the former heat, attempted at starting

to take the lead; but the jockey who rode the mare, profiting by experience, got the whip hand, and headed him. The ground was very deep and dirty; and as *Gibby* and *Premier* followed close behind, and the mare scattered the dirt profusely, they were nearly blinded, and could scarcely see the course before them. The mare, however, won the heat with great difficulty; as, in passing the *Devil's Ditch*, *Gibby* felt himself upon his favourite ground, and made a grand push, which brought him up nearly head and girth. The mare won this heat only by a head.

Bets now varied to five to one upon the mare, two to one upon *Impeacher*, even betting between *Premier* and *Gibby*.

THIRD HEAT.

In the course of the two former heats, the great superiority of the mare, in *lightness of heels*, in spirit, and in bottom, was obvious to all the *knowing ones*; but it was observed, that she was frisky and skittish, and showed symptoms of a disposition to *bolt*. The jockey was accordingly advised to ride her in a sharp snaffle, and keep her tight in hand, the animal being so free as to go at the top of her speed, without requiring whip or spur. He followed the advice, and won easy. Neither *Premier* nor *Gibby*, of whom the latter ran her so close before, ever caught her. Indeed, as a Yorkshireman observed, she might hide from them. *Impeacher*, also, who appeared a dull and spiritless mover in the first heat, proved himself a horse of good bottom. His rider laid the whip well into him, and he answered it admirably, as he mended his speed at every stroke. *Gibby* and *Premier*, on the contrary, were scarcely able to strike a trot in passing the distance-post; they were literally in a lather of sweat, and *cut* and *gulled* from shoulder to flank.—The mare came in quite cool, and never turned a hair. The populace were much pleased with
her

her performance, and greeted her, as she passed the winning-post, with loud huzzas. Her owner, we understand, is resolved never to run her again, and she will be probably turned out to brood. She is not safe for saddle use; for she *trips*, is of a *hot* temper, and apt to swallow the bit, and run off with her rider. It would therefore be as much as his neck is worth for any *timid* gentleman to mount her.

THE TURF EXTRAORDINARY.

NO. III.

[From the same, April 7.]

THIS was a handicap plate for the beaten horses that ran for the first class of the Oatlands, for all ages; weight for age; *Mother Clarke*, as the winner, to carry *two stone* extra, if entered; mares and geldings to be allowed 10lb.—Best of three heats, “Clermont course, from the Ditch to the *Duke's Stand*.”—[Seventeen subscribers.]

The sport of the preceding days had greatly excited the public curiosity; and long before the judge of the course had taken his place on the stand, every point that commanded a view of the scene of action was crowded with spectators; among them were several dealers, in expectation of *Mother Clarke's* success, who intended to purchase; the articles having specified that the winner was to be sold, if demanded, within a given time after the race. The signal being given, the mare went off in fine style, rode by her favourite jockey, Dowler. All the rest, sixteen in number, came pell-mell behind, but so close to each other, that, to use a phrase from the turf, “you might cover them all with a sheet,” except *Gibby*, who headed them by about a length. In this relative state they approached the winning-post; the mare, admirably

admirably rode by Dowler, going like lightning, when she met with an unfortunate accident, slipped and fell. It appears that a match had been made, on the day before, between Mr. Clavering's gr. h. *General*, and His Royal Highness the Duke of York's *Preferment*, and that *General*, rode by a volunteer, was in his *sweats* upon the course, and *crossed* the mare in her stroke. Although she recovered from her fall, she appeared much *hurt* by the rencontre; and old *Quibble*, who rode *Gibby*, availing himself of the opportunity, pushed forward and won the heat.

The horses came in, in the following order:—

Mr. Vickery's bl. h. <i>Gibby</i> , rode by <i>Quibble</i>	1
Mr. Perceval's <i>Premier</i>	2
Mr. Dowler's <i>Mother Clarke</i> , rode by himself	3
Mr. Wardle's <i>Impeacher</i>	4
Mr. Fuller's br. h. <i>Blast</i>	5
Mr. Whitbread's br. h. <i>Brewer</i>	6
Mr. Radnor's colt <i>Folkstone</i>	7

These were all that the judge could place.

SECOND HEAT.

This heat displayed great jockeyship, and the *knowing ones* were all confounded at seeing Mr. Fuller's br. h. *Blast* take the lead. *Blast* possesses great bone, but is what the jockeys call "*a roarer*;" that is, a horse, which, owing to a mal-construction of the organs, makes a roaring noise, like a grampus or young whale, in consequence of the nostrils being too narrow to afford free egress to the breath from the lungs; a defect which people, not skilled in horse-flesh, ignorantly confound with unsoundness and broken wind.—It now appeared, that all the other jockeys were riding booty, and that the mare had not fair play; for the moment they found that she had not recovered from the accident, and was unable to head *Blast*, they pulled in, and contrived to just save their distance.

THIRD

THIRD HEAT.

This heat was uncommonly interesting. The mare had quite recovered from the *Clavering* shock, and took the lead from the post in the finest possible style. We had almost forgot to mention one circumstance which gave a peculiar character to the sport:—the course was in the worst condition that can be conceived; the ground was in most places so rotten, that it crumbled into dust the moment it was touched by the horses' feet. In other parts it abounded with man-traps and springes, or was so broken up, and intersected and cut with ruts, as to be scarcely passable.—Here the mare had great advantage. Besides her superiority in lightness and agility, she was perfectly acquainted with the course, and chose the safe ground; while the other horses, dashing forward promiscuously, were every moment in danger of breaking their necks. This was particularly the case at the *Tonyn* pass, a deep and deceitful quagmire. Old *Hazley*, one of the helpers, was stationed there as a finger-post; but, whether from inadvertence or design we do not pretend to say, he threw out a false signal. The consequence, however, was decisive—the mare cleared the post with her usual agility. Mr. Wardle's *Impeacher*, who came next, *boggled* and *shyed*, and actually refused the whip. Mr. Vickery's *Gibby*, who was third, not aware of the danger, plunged in, and was up to the saddle-skirts before he knew where he was: all the other horses, following in rapid succession, shared the same fate, and were over head and ears in the quagmire; from which, after they had remained several hours rolling, and kicking, and tumbling, they were at length, with great difficulty, dragged out by main force, quite exhausted, and knocked up for the season.

It is almost needless to add, that the mare won this heat in a canter.—In the fourth heat she walked over, no horse, mare, or gelding, daring to start against her.

THE

THE TURF EXTRAORDINARY.

NO. IV.

[From the same, April 11.]

FOURTH DAY.

HUNTERS' Stakes, of ten guineas each, for horses, *bona fide* the property of the subscribers at the time of naming, which shall have never started, received, nor paid forfeit, nor had a *sweat*, before the time of naming. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—*Ditch In*. [Seven subscribers.]

Mr. Gordon's ch. c. <i>Colonel</i>	1
Mr. Greenwood's bl. h. <i>Army Agent</i>	2
Duke of York's b. m. <i>Mother Clarke</i>	dr.

This race did not afford much sport, the mare having been proved to be the *bona fide* property of Mr. Dowler, and not the property of His Royal Highness. It also appeared from the certificate of Doctor Donovan, that she had had several *sweats* before the day of naming. Upon reference, therefore, to the Jockey Club, she was disqualified, and drawn accordingly.

Handicap plate of 50l. best of three heats. Across the Flat.
Eight subscribers.

Mr. Whitbread's br. h. <i>Brewer</i>	1	1
Capt. Sandon's b. b. <i>Waggoner</i>	2	2
Mr. Town's piebald gelding, <i>Velvet Painter</i>	3	3
Mr. Clavering's br. h. <i>General</i>	0	0

Brewer is a strong bony horse, in excellent condition, and with a good deal of hard meat in his belly. He is rather headstrong and difficult to manage, but his bottom is unquestionable, and he is upon the whole a good sound horse—won easy. Capt. Sandon's *Waggoner* ran on the wrong side of the post, and at the moment the bell rang for starting, it was discovered that Mr. Clavering's *General* was in *pound*, the animal having strayed, and been found trespassing. The contest, of course, lay between *Velvet Painter*

Painter and Brewer; but the former, although showy, and a good figure, is a horse of no performance. *General*, we understand, is matched to run against Mr. Dundas's *Melville*, at the ensuing *Bogside* races, in Scotland.

Second Class of the Oatlands.—Best of three heats. Two miles. Ten subscribers.

Mr. Dowler's b. m. <i>Mother Clarke</i>	1	1
Mr. Perceval's b. h. <i>Premier</i>	2	2
Mr. Burton's <i>Counsellor</i>	3	3
Mr. Grant's <i>Baker</i> , formerly <i>Master of the Rolls</i> ..	4	4
Mr. Canning's b. c. <i>Prater</i>	5	5
Sir Wm. Curtis's b. h. <i>Contractor</i> , aged; Sir Charles Price's b. h. <i>Courcier</i> ; and Alderman Shaw's Scotch Galloway <i>Boo</i> ,— <i>forfeited</i> .		

Two to one upon the mare, before starting; three to one upon her after the first heat.

We have often had occasion to notice the performance of the mare; but upon the present occasion she more than answered the expectation of those who backed her, and they were not a few.—Although stinted to *Dowler*, and with a foal at her foot, she went off in style, and nothing could catch her. It was originally intended to start the noted mare *Mother Carey* for this plate, but she did not answer in her sweats. With the exception of *Mother Clarke*, no mare, horse, or gelding, ever won so much upon the York course, as *Mother Carey*.

Subscription purse of 1500 guineas, for fillies rising four years old.—Mr. John Bull's f. *Miss Tailor*, walked over.

Magna Charta stakes.—Best of three heats.

Mr. Warde's bl. h. <i>Impeacher</i>	1	1
Mr. Whitbread's br. h. <i>Brewer</i>	2	2
Mr. Radnor's b. c. <i>Folkstone</i>		

Two dead heats between *Brewer* and *Folkstone*.—Betting, before starting, ten to one against *Impeacher*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York's bright bay horse *Oatlands*, having violated the King's plate articles,

ticles, was declared by the Jockey Club incapable of ever running for any of the King's plates hereafter; and his rider having *crossed Mother Clarke*, and having been weighed and found light, was also declared incapable of ever riding any more for this or any other of His Majesty's plates.

The match, *Mother Carey* against the field—*Off by consent*.

Miss Favourite, own sister to *Mother Clarke*, was also declared incapable of running for a King's plate, having been *entered* as a *filly*, and proving, upon examination, to be past *mark of mouth*.

An objection was taken to Mr. Wardle's *Impeacher*, the winner of the *Magna Charta* stakes, upon the ground that he had been *figged*, but it was overruled.

THE FLOWER OF THE CITY:

A PARODY.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*, April 6.]

THE Flow'r of the city, so gaudy and fine,
 'Midst proud ones the proudest, was erst known to shine!
 It spread its gay leaves, and it show'd its rich clothes,
 And to all (less in consequence) turn'd up its nose!
 Till a blight, a sad blight, from a Democrat wind,
 Struck the sensitive plant both before and behind.
 It felt the keen blast; all its arrogance fled,
 And the Flow'r of the city hung, hung down its head!
 The Flow'r of the city, thus doom'd to despair,
 Droops, pines, and with wailing impregnates the air!
 Tells its pride and its folly (the cause of its grief),
 While the tears of repentance encumber each leaf!
 But vain are its tears, or the fate it bemoans,
 The world, the base world, gives but nisses and groans!
 For ever! for ever! its proud hopes are fled,
 And the Flow'r of the city hangs, hangs down its head!

18

WOWSKY WINKLES.

THE

THE RAGE OF THE DAY.

[From the Morning Post, April 13.]

"**WHITHER**, Jack, are your running," cries Ned, "in
this heat?"

"**To Town Hall**," replies Jack, "there to-day we all meet,
(As you know, perhaps,) by requisition.

Votes of censure we chiefly intend there to pass,
Rant about a reform, and perform the old farce,
Of deploring our mournful condition."

"But why, pray, thus eager to censure and whine?"

Exclaims Ned, "In your heart you've no cause to repine;
Why, then, this ridiculous passion?"

"You talk like a fool, Ned; zounds, man, don't you know,
Votes of censure on members are now all the go?
So, d——n it, let's be in the fashion."

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

THE following Impromptu, written by the ingenious
author of the New Bath Guide, in the year 1779,
may, with your permission, with great propriety be
republished in 1809.

You say, my friend, that every day,
Your company forsaking,
In quest of news, I haste away,
The Morning Post to take in.

But if nor news nor sense it boast,
Which all the world agree in,
I don't take in the Morning Post,
The Morning Post takes me in.

CHARADE.

CHARADE.

[From the Morning Post, April 14.]

MY first is a word I believe will be found
 Not a whit of more *use* than an ass in a pound.
 Of Saxon descent, as sage Johnson lays down;
 Though its use I ne'er yet could find out, I must own:
 My second in every one's mouth will be found,
 Though its origiu 's low, as it springs from the ground;
 'T was call'd by our grandams the staff of our life,
 And my whole, you 'll agree, is a *brewer of strife*.

K.

AN ODE, A LA SHENSTONE.

[From the Oracle, April 15.]

" *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*" HORACE.

" Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me." CAPT. MORRIS.

MY *dogs* itch and scratch with the mange;
 I have only one *cow* (that's a runt);
 My *hogs* through the bedchambers range,
 And there they melodiously grunt.
 My *beds* are supplied well with fleas,
 And they 're of the true Shakspeare strain;
 For they bite and they suck as they please,
 And they "murder sleep" worse than the *Thane*.
 'T is *cool* to live under *damp* thatch;
 And my neighbours so honest all feel,
 That I ne'er close a door nor a latch,
 And the cause is—*there's nothing to steal*.
 My *garden* 's a sweet little spot,
 From art and refinement quite clear;
 And by Jove in my *cellars* I've got
 Some barrels—*without any beer*.
 In my *kitchen* there 's nought to desire,
 'T is tidy, convenient, and neat;
 I've a grate, though devoid of a *fire*,
 Which is useless—because *I've no meat*.

Of

Of "*the Leasowes*" let some people boast;
 What is "*Shenstone*" and such stuff to me!
 Folks never eat *here* at my cost—
 'Cause *there's nothing to eat or to see!*

Worthing.

TOM D'URFET.

LINES

ON THE NOTORIOUS MR. C——T BEING KICKED OUT
 OF A *Hell*, IN SAINT JAMES'S STREET, BY MAJOR
 G——D, FOR MAL-PRACTICES.

[From the British Press, April 15.]

C——T the mean; of shabby fame,
 (Whom *pigeons* know too well,)
 Was verging towards the shores of Styx,
 To answer for his dirty tricks,
 When Major G——d, in anger came,
 And kick'd him *out* of hell!

Oh! wondrous Major, quit thy sword,
 (Which thou hast us'd so well,)
 And turn divine! Then little knaves
 Will learn to mend this side their graves,
 Lest Major G——d should be implor'd
 To kick them *into* hell.

Foot's Cray.

NO LEVANTER.

A SOLILOQUY.

[From the same.]

I FOUGHT not for laurels or bays;
 If you think so, you're wide of the mark:
 All my glory—a whisper of praise
 From the lips of my sweet Mistress Clarke.

Now her praises I dare not to seek,
 For she has not of pity one spark;
 But smiles on the wretch who will speak
 Against him who once lov'd Mrs. Clarke.

I wander each day in the grove,
 At O——t——ds, the H——e G——ds, and Park;
 Whilst W——dle the Commons doth move,
 At the instance of false Mistress Clarke.

When

When I visit my fam'd G—nw—d tree,
Where she carv'd her dread name on its bark;
I say to myself, "Woe is me!

That I ever should keep Mistress Clarke."

Oh! now the delusion is gone,
All around me is gloomy and dark;
I am scoff'd at, and left quite alone,
For the world all believe Mistress Clarke.

The sun never shone on such lies,
Since Noah came out of the ark,
As she tells, while she rolls her bright eyes
On the members—Oh! fie, Mistress Clarke!

Once soft were the notes of her song,
Sweeter far than the linnet or lark:
But those which now flow from her tongue,
Prove the rancour of base Mrs. Clarke.

To view her was transport divine,
To hear still more blissful—but hark!
What's that voice? (surely misery's mine)—
'T is the nation's—"Go on, Mrs. Clarke."

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

ALLOW me to consult your literary readers respecting a new edition of Ogilvy's translation of Virgil, which I am now preparing for the press. I am in particular doubt with regard to the propriety of the synæresis of *Marian*, from *Mary Anne*, in the following passage:—

Arms, and the-man, I sing, who did command,
Love forc'd from W—m—th, on the Br-ghton strand;
Whom angry foes at Westminster engage,
And cruel *Marian's* persecuting rage.

* * * * *

VOL. XIII.

E

Say

Say Muse, what power was injur'd? on what ground,
 Love's queen a prince for piety renown'd
 To such unheard-of dangers did constrain;
 Can in celestial minds such passion reign?

Any obscurity in the above passage may be dissipated
 by a reference to the *Edit. Brit. Coriolani Epist.*

Yours,

JUVIUS SCRIBLERUS.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 17.]

ALL sports of the forest and sports of the field
 To the joys of political hunting must yield;
 And a season like this, both for sportsmen and game,
 Was never yet heard of in fox-hunting fame;
 For racing and mobbing, hard riding and noise,
 No hunt can compare with St. Stephen's brave boys;
 And to crown all their sports, as they drew t' other day,
 They found fast in a trap that arch-fox C-stl-r—gh.

The first day they met, at a stag they ran riot,
 Though C-nn-ng in vain crack'd his whip to keep quiet,
 For away went the pack in full cry and full view;
 Their game he was *royal*, to Windsor he flew;
 But nothing could save him from fox-hounds so staunch,
 They follow'd him up till they hung on his haunch;
 He was fairly run down, though so bold was his start,
 And his keepers convey'd him away in a cart.

The leading hound, W-rdl-, ran well, though untried,
 And F-lk—ne and B-rd-tt were close at his side.
 And though Wh-tb— and R-m-lly stuck to the track,
 In fair running the young hounds threw out the old pack;
 For out of the whole, 't was a shame and a sin,
 There were but a hundred and twenty-five in;
 Some shuffled, some skirted, and some ran away;
 We hope they'll hunt better my L—d C-stl-r—gh.

But the joys of *fax*-hunting are better by half,
 For hunting *this stag* was but hunting a calf;
 And the fox they've now got leaves all foxes behind,
 For speed and for bottom, for wiles and for wind;

And

And ne'er with such chance of good sport have they found,
 Since, some seasons back, they ran M-lv-lle to ground.
 But the sport of all sports is reserv'd for the day
 When out of a bag they turn L—d C—stl-r—gh.

Then let's wish 'em success in a bumper—Here goes.
 May the next fox they catch be the cunning old R—e!
 When we fairly may hope to extirpate the breed
 Of the *creatures of rapine* on England that feed;
 For such foxes as these we may try for in vain,
 We never shall meet with their equals again;
 For the devil must make up the *partie quarree*,
 With old M-lv-lle, old R—e, and young L—d C—stl-r—gh.
 NIMROD.

NEW HEARTS OF OAK.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARDLE.

[From the same, April 19.]

WHEN Alfred, our King, drove the Dane from this land,

He planted an oak with his own royal hand;
 And he pray'd for Heaven's blessing to hallow the tree,
 As a sceptre for England, the queen of the sea.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men;
 We always are ready, steady boys, steady,
 To charge and to conquer again and again.

The sapling shot up and stuck firm to the ground;
 It defied every tempest that bellow'd around;
 And still was it seen with fresh vigour to shoot,
 When the blood of our martyrs had moisten'd its root.

Hearts of oak, &c.

But the worms of corruption had eaten their way
 Through its bark; till a Wardle has swept them away;
 He has sworn, no such reptiles our tree shall infest,
 And our patriots soon shall extirpate the nest.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Yon tyrant, whose rule abject Europe bemoans—
 Yon brood of usurpers who sit on her thrones—
 Shall look on our country, and tremble with awe,
 Where a son of the Monarch has bow'd to the law.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Now long live the *Briton*, who dar'd to revive
 The spirit which Britons scarce felt was alive;
 His name shall be carv'd, while of freedom we sing,
 On the oak that was planted by Alfred our King.

Hearts of oak, &c.

16th April 1809.

R.D. RYLANDER.

THE FOE OF CORRUPTION.

[From the same.]

A GAINST encroaching power brave Hampden stood;
 To stem that power mild Russell shed his blood;
 Names dear to Liberty, to Britain dear!
 Yet still she weeps o'er their untimely bier.
 Britons, your plaudits now let Wardle have—
 As mild as Russell, and as Hampden brave.
 Like them renown'd, but happier be his fate,
 Who stems corruption in our venal state.
 Soon may he chase that vice from England's shores,
 And long enjoy the virtue he restores!

FIRST SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

[From the same, April 27.]

WHILE prostrate slaves, to virtue dead,
 Kiss the foul track where tyrants tread,
 Still Freedom lifts her dauntless head
 In sacred Saragossa.

The practis'd tools of grasping power
 Around her walls in legions lour,
 Walls little fit in trying hour
 To profit Saragossa.

But native valour, noble pride,
 Arrange her heroes side by side,
 A rampart that defies the tide
 Which threatens Saragossa.

Each house a fortress to defend,
 Father and son refuse to bend,
 And sights are seen which hearts might rend,
 In struggling Saragossa.

No.

Not so with thee, thou pride of Spain!
 Carnage and ruin spread in vain;
 Still sons of Arragon remain
 To fight for Saragossa.

In house by house, in street by street,
 The Franks a brave resistance meet;
 Hopeless and baffled they retreat—
 Huzza! for Saragossa.

SECOND SIEGE.

Again returns Napoleon's horde
 With all the horrors of the sword;
 The thunder-cloud, with havoc stor'd,
 Hangs over Saragossa.

Aragonese! so brave, so true,
 If ever branch of laurel grew,
 That branch should form a wreath for you,
 Who fought in Saragossa.

Again to vast exertion call'd,
 By shot, shell, and explosion gall'd,
 Firm stood thy sons and unappall'd,
 Unequall'd Saragossa!

Though wasting flames around thee curl'd,
 Though bursting mines to ruin hurl'd,
 Defiance still her flag unfurl'd,
 In gallant Saragossa.

O'erwhelm'd by numbers and o'ercome,
 No hand to parley beat the drum,
 Still true at heart, sullen and dumb,
 Fell, glorious, Saragossa.

Banks of Lugar.

See Vaughan's Account of the Siege of Saragossa, where a picture of devoted patriotism is exhibited, which must make every heart beat quicker that is not base or torpid.

A LAMENTATION.

[From the same, April 29.]

WOLSEY.—“ Farewell ! a long farewell to all my greatness.”
SHASP. HEN. VIII.

AH ! heard you not yon distant yell *,
The solemn sound, the doleful bell,
Which tolls the parting, fun’ral knell
Of Viscount Castlereagh ?

In dear Saint Stephen’s now a shade,
That tongue (in endless words which stray’d),
That tongue for ever now is laid,
The tongue of Castlereagh.

Poor Perceval ! how hard to part !
To see, almost turn’d off from cart,
Thy friend, the partner of thy heart †,
Thy Viscount Castlereagh.

But hark ! the pair their fate discuss,
Like Nisus and Euryalus ‡,
Thus Spencer speaks, and falt’ring thus
The soul-sunk Castlereagh.

PERCEVAL.

“ Dear Viscount, what most woeful slip !
From love of lit’rature to trip,
“Twixt *reading* and a *writership* §,
My heedless Castlereagh !

“ Let me some snug *reversion* throw—
But, ah ! I dare not, Viscount—No.
That Bankes, that hateful bill ||—O ! O !
My hapless Castlereagh !”

* This is supposed to allude to the common, though not very elegant or melodious, cant of Hear, hear ! as a note of approbation in the House of Commons.

† Vide the Premier’s speech on Lord A. Hamilton’s motion.

‡ The classic reader will refer to his Virgil or his memory for the parallel of this unrivalled episode.

§ It is to be lamented that any author should descend not only to a pun, but to a bad one, on so grave an occasion.

|| The renewal of which was thrown out most wisely the other day, as premature, by the Minister.

LORD

LORD CASTLEREAGH:

"And must I, must I then resign?
 What, all these places, power of mine?
 'Gainst suicide the law divine *
 Might screen poor Castlereagh.

"Oh! had I learnt the Doctor's rule †,
 Some *Pells* had cheer'd, like boy from school,
 Some *Cinque Ports* sooth'd, like Liverpool,
 The fall of Castlereagh.

"For once, dear Penny ‡, I'll be brief,
 In thee my soul finds all relief;
 From Canning's friendship, Windham's grief,
 Defend thy Castlereagh.

"Go, say (for thou canst gloss things well)
 How modest, pure I was, go tell,
 The *Union* || of all virtue fell,
 When fell thy Castlereagh."

Their sighs, their tears (an ocean's tide)
 All further utterance denied,
 So thus ingloriously died
 The Statesman Castlereagh.

MORAL.

Young senators, ere yet too late,
 Shun, shun the shoals, the sands of state,
 And raise a beacon on the fate
 Of Viscount Castlereagh.

* Vide Wilberforce on Political Christianity; cum notis sanctorum by H. Thornton, I. H. Browne, &c. &c.

† This verse is inexplicable, unless two noble members of the Upper House will lend a key to the Addington cabinet.

‡ A familiar school-appellation of the Minister; the corruption of Spencer, who, being an enemy to all corruption, will deem this a personal as well as grammatical liberty, I fear.

|| This word has no reference to a celebrated Irish measure, and we trust it will raise no uncharitable recollections in the reader's memory — De mortuis, &c. &c.

SAINTHOOD.

[From the same, May 1.]

THOUGH our luckless inquiries have shown us of late
 Many samples of rogues, both in church and in state ;
 Yet who would have thought of corruption extending
 To those who mankind are eternally mending,
 Who all common religion and virtue disown,
 And travel to heav'n through by-ways of their own ?
 Yea, who would have thought the contagion could taint
 That lank-hair'd and long-visag'd mortal, *a saint* ?
 Oh, calumny foul !—Oh, Committee profane !
 On the children of grace to affix such a stain ;
 To catch in unhallow'd, unmannerly clutch,
 With *a Flemish account*, the Commissioners Dutch ;
 And amongst them—O publish it not to the scorner !
 That grave and good man, Johnny B—les, in a corner ;
 Who, spite of his visage so ruefully long,
 Must now take his turn and be hitch'd in a song.

Oh, Johnny ! bethink thee what desperate handle
 Thou giv'st the ungodly for scoffing and scandal :
 Thy offence is a rank one indeed ; for there's that in 't
 That shames Christianity vital and patent,
 And makes the empirical savers of souls
 Cry, wringing their hands, “ Oh, John B—les ! Oh, John
 B—les !

When we thought thee advancing, we find thee backsliding ;
 Sure Satan himself is thy shoulders bestriding,
 And his whip's at thy tail, and his spurs thy sides goad,
 As thou joggest along in *the high way and broad*.”
 From Clapham to Hampstead, I hear them exclaim,
 And Hampstead to Clapham re-echoes the blame ;
 Yet this uproar and outcry amongst the devout,
 Is only because thou 'rt a sinner *found out* ;
 And their pious pretensions dost cruelly mar,
 By showing the world what they really are ;
 On Sundays, so saintly, so rigid, so meek,
 Yet such terrible rogues all the rest of the week.
 Who will now by a sanctified outside be blinded,
 When they find thee so worldly and carnally minded ?
 Who will care for thy proper observance of Sunday,
 When they see thee at such pretty work on the Monday ?

Thou

THE INS AND THE OUTS.

Thou foe to all fun, thou up-shutter of shops,
Thou suppressor of vice and of six-penny hops,
Say, where were those scruples and conscience so nice,
When you took off the national loaf such a slice?
And how do professions so pious agree,
With property public with making so free?
Is it thus that the world, and all evil, 's eschew'd?—
I might ask long enough—but my song must conclude;
So I'll end with a text that comes over you pat—
You swallow a camel, and strain at a gnat.

SIMON POPE.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE MOVER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL RESOLUTIONS.

[From the Satirist.]

CRIED Giles, fresh from York, as he stood in the hall,
And heard the renown'd common-councilmen bawl
Against princes and laws—"These do traitors appear;
A curse vor zuch counzilmen!—No *Good-bye-here!*"

THE INS AND THE OUTS:

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

[From the Morning Post, May 4.]

MOST worthy Signors, why this rout?
And why d' ye ask us to *go out*?
First lovingly, with kind and soft persuading,
Then louder, in the voice of stern upbraiding,
And lastly, really you make such a pother,
Ye fall to loggerheads with one another.
Besides, Signors, the truth to tell,
We're *very well*—indeed we're very well;
We do not want a change of air,
Although indeed you offer very fair,
And tell us, that, upon *mature reflection*,
To take our seats the while you've no objection.
What can ye do if people have no nous?
We're obstinate, and like *the air o' the House*,

Worn out with listening to your exhortations,
 (We mean those same confounded long orations
 That kept us up so late, night after night,
 And vex'd us sadly)—yes—we'll stop for spite.

"But, good Lord Castlereagh—won't you go out?"

Says Signor Brewer—"So many people think you ought,
 that if you don't——"

"No, d—— me!" says Lord Castlereagh, "I won't;
 I neither want your speeches, nor your *stout*."

"But, Gentlemen," Lord Baron *Stiff-back* cries,
 (Who always wore his hat over his eyes,)—

"Have you no consciences?—it's quite a sin
 To think how *very long* you have been *in*,
 And we've been shivering out o' doors the while,
 And *such* a winter!—ah! ye well may smile;
 But every one cries shame—no *arts* can win them,
 Nor will they take a *hint*—the devil's in them!"

No, Signors, no, we cannot take a hint,

However broad—and if you'll call to mind
 There's nothing wondrous novel in't:

To stay i' the *House* ye once were much inclin'd,
 Ye feign'd yourselves all very sick,

And on your *broad-ends* sat—as dying,
 Ye would not stir without a shocking kick
 That sent ye flying!

And—as 't was said, gave you such woful pain,
 Ye never *could be fit to sit again*!

Howe'er, your case, it seems, was not so hard,
 From *sitting in the House* you're not debarr'd;
 Ye still can *sit*—not without pain perhaps,

And making of some few grimaces,
 But truly you're such discontented chaps,

Nothing will serve your *ends*—but our *places*.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

AN HYPOTHETICAL PROPOSITION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 4.]

IF *Lord Castlereagh* ceases in his career of public services ;

If *Mr. John Bowles* refuses to act any longer as a Dutch Commissioner ;

If *Mr. Thellusson* declines to fill again the office of a Director of the East India Company ;

If Colonel *Charmilly* shall withdraw himself from the cause of England ; -

If all these things should come to pass—Oh ! *Mr. Wardle ! Mr. Wardle !* what have you not to answer for ?

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the same, May 4.]

WHEREAS John Bull has of late got so extremely testy, touchy, and troublesome, as to loath his usual diet, and even to insult his physicians: this is to offer a handsome reward to any man of prolific invention who can conjure up, and give casual currency to some original spectre, that shall appal his fortitude, and subdue his feverish symptoms.

J. R. is informed, that his *Republican* and *Levelling war-whoop* is become so exceedingly old, that it would be useless in him to make any farther application ; as it appears but too plain, that the gibberish of the Alien Office, and the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, have long since reduced him to the condition of commissioner of intellectual bankrupts.

J. B. is also informed, that his *No-Popery*, and *Church in danger*, *Antijacobin-howl* (or any other howl from him), can answer no good purpose, until the receipts of the Dutch prizes are properly and fully accounted for.

The Noble Viscount, also, who has written his "*history on a nation's back*," and who has been most *honourably acquitted* of bartering writerships in India for seats in St. Stephen's, is respectfully informed, that his *illustrious conspiracy* against the *House of Brunswick* is a dose much too strong for the present ticklish state of *John's* appetite; and as to his Lordship's hackneyed bawl of *Jacobin faction*, it has been sounded so long and loud, that it is now as destitute of interest as of novelty.

If any of the descendants of the *bottle conjuror*, or of the managers of the *Cock Lane ghost*, will supply something sufficiently *new*, *appropriate*, and *alarming*, to engage *John Bull's* attention while the doctor *bleeds* and *blisters* him, they shall, by applying to *Barrister Peppery*, Downing Street, or to Dr. *Paddy Bluster*, chairman of the *Orange Punch Club*, receive a liberal reward.

N. B. No stale matter can be received, or any thing short of the truly *tremendous* and *original*.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

[From the General Evening Post, May 4.]

THE check which the *inquiries* have received during the present month, has been very trifling; both the *inquiries* and *discoveries* exhibit a luxuriance of crop, such as the oldest farmers do not remember to have seen. *Writers* and *cadets* look very promising, and a very wide field has been opened for other experiments on the same scale.

The cattle that have been reared on *cabbage* have not turned out so favourable; those particularly who have been for some time fattening upon *Dutch* cabbage, are now so sickly, that they are in danger of *disgorging* their favourite food.

The

The effects of the storms in February upon the *promotions* and *protections* are yet felt, and there will be no such crops as to render it necessary to employ *women-reapers*, which has formerly been done. The *stout* has very generally prevailed in this article.

Many experienced agriculturists have been lately grubbing up the *hypocrites*, a weed hitherto too much neglected. For this purpose they have chosen the *best* grounds, and have discovered that when these weeds are grubbed up, cut, sliced, and *exposed* for a few days, they make admirable food for *ridicule*.

A NEW EDITION OF AN OLD FABLE.

INSCRIBED TO
THE MEMBERS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 11.]

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs must show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight,
The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shade retire.
Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;

And

And gathering crowds with eager eyes
 And shouts pursue him as he flies.
 Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now among th' indented plain
 The self-same track he marks again,
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd;
 E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy;
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field;
 And when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And flush'd with hope had caught his eye—
 "Alas! unhappy youth," he cried,
 "Expect no praise from me"—(and sigh'd);
 "With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expense
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense;
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
 To govern men and guide the state."

A SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

ON FRIDAY, THE 12TH OF MAY.

[From the Morning Herald, May 16.]

SIR,

I RISE to request that the House will have patience,
 While I make 'em a speech on our foreign relations.
 The first point to which I object in my zeal,
 Is the loan to our ally, the Prince of Brazil;
 We want money ourselves, and *therefore* my shift
 Would be to afford, not a *loan*, but a *gift*;
 I scorn the security proffer'd, nor care a
 Fig for the wealth of Brazil, or Madeira!
 From the line to the pole in my funny proceeding,
 It is England, I say, that has ruin'd poor Sweden.

By

By giving her cash, without which I maintain
 She'd have died long ago, and so been out of pain;
 But by our assistance, both naval and inland,
 She contrives to survive th' amputation of Finland;
 And by this our absurd and extravagant scheme,
 Her life has been sav'd, after losing a limb.
 I have said, as to Spain I would stop at no expense,
 (In my pamphlet that's publish'd by Ridgway, price six-
 pence;)

And I boldly repeat, though her ruler's a ninny,
 I would further his cause with Old England's last guinea.
 But now, Sir, I come to remark those advances
 Which I fear may be made to the Emperor Francis,
 Who, indebted for all to the favour and honour
 Of France, breaks his treaties, and pounces upon her—
 Poor innocent France, whose troops at a distance
 Were affording to Spain their fraternal assistance!
 Sir, have we forgotten to whose moderation
 This Austria owes that she still is a nation?
 "Good statesmen should look to their office files," says Burke,
 And therefore I look to the treaty of Presburgh,
 Of France's good faith the magnanimous token,
 Which Austria now has so shamefully broken.
 Already, I doubt not, Napoleon the Great is
 Avenging himself on this breaker of treaties.
 Already he puts his best troops to the rout;
 E'en now from the *Inn* he is driving them out.
 Already he rends from the Emperor's tunic
 A slice which he adds to the mantle of Munich;
 He smashes whole armies like pans in a pottery;
 And thus I am led to consider the lottery:—
 Of a lottery this definition I draw;
 'T is a species of gambling allow'd by the law,
 In which, when they've lost ev'ry farthing they had,
 Poor women have sometimes been known to go mad.
 Alas, Sir! more ill to the people I fear
 From insurance, than even from drugs in their beer.
 Of the lottery, Sir, I could tell such a tale!
 How it injures the health, worse than opium in ale;
 How, in weak'ning the body and mind, it surpasses
 Brown stout, drugg'd with vitriol, quassia, molasses.

Sir,

Sir, I weep at the thoughts of effects so dolorous;
 But, as lotteries are not the question before us,
 I give notice, that, when occasion affords,
 I shall re-shed my tears, and re-echo my words!

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LEEK:

AN ODE.

[From the Morning Post, May 23.]

HASTE hither, all ye bards, and bring
 The harp that makes old *Cymry* ring,
 Plinlimmon leap, and Snowdon spring,
 Like Highland chieftains dancing:
 But ere ye come from ransack'd vales,
 Cull wreaths of *leeks* with long green tails,
 To pour their odours on the gales,
 Whilst Gwyllim is advancing.

His high achievements then proclaim,
 His former and late feats of fame—
 How he once cool'd rebellion's flame
 In Erin's northern ranges,
 And made her scar'd abettors run—
 Those bold reformers who begun,
 First by resolves—then pike and gun,
 To work their wholesome changes!

And sing with what delight he saw
 The antidote of martial law,
 From wretched cabins, thatch'd with straw,
 Dislodge the pois'nous vapour;
 And while the fiery volumes wheel,
 Or when the Croppies felt the steel,
 Or cat-and-nine-tails made them squeal,
 How he could dance and caper.

Then change the note, and sing again,
 But in a soften'd *Lydian* strain,
 How the warm-hearted, gentle swain,
 Won Mary Anne's affection,
 How fond he su'd—how oft he came
 By day and night to see the dame—
 Though he denied this once—for shame,
 But own'd it—on reflection.

Now

Now sound his triumph—who's afraid?
Of Mary Anne a foul he made,
To tell what amorous tricks she play'd
Upon her *quondam* lover.
To tell them in St. Stephen's Hall,
Before th' assembled C——s all,
Nor fear, nor shame, did her appal,
With Gwyllim for her mover!

Now blow a strong applausive blast,
And sing Reform, secur'd at last—
Rejoice, ye patriots of Belfast,
Exult, ye kids of Keady!
Corruption's Gordian knot is cut—
We're at the kernel of the nut
In which the canker-worm lies shut.
Huzza for Gwyllim's lady!

CADWALLA.

THE CROWN AND ANCHOR MEETING.

[The following verses are extracted from "The Satirist" for April. The rest of the Song satirizes the sentiments of Messrs. Whitbread, Combe, Waithman, Cobbett, and Lord Folkstone.]

SONG,

FOR THE MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF PARLIAMENTARY
REFORM AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

WHAT rogues are these in greasy caps,
With long lank hair, and lantern chaps,
With gin and treason warm!
Who throng the Crown and Anchor door,
And cry up Wardle and his w—c,
And bellow for reform—

Who King and Lords and Commons hate,
And would pull down both church and state—

They are a rebel crew:
To every faction well inclin'd,
They change their rage, but not their mind—
They once wore buff and blue.

And who is he that heads the mob,
With Roman nose, and Brutus nob,
Who treason's trump has sounded,

Who

90 THE CROWN AND ANCHOR CONVENTION.

Who takes his lesson night and morn,
His creed and speech from Parson Horne;
Say—is not he a roundhead?

Yes! though no little band he wears;
He is a crop in all but ears,
Both church and king he loaths,
Would arm a Chelsea invalid
Against the friend that in his need
Gives him both food and clothes.

But where's Horne Tooke, their quondam leader?
Is he from faction a seceder,
And has he turn'd from evil?
His milch-cow Bosville (hither sent,)
Says he's on other business bent—
He's posting to the devil.

Ere delegates like these be sent
To work reform in Parliament,
And cleanse Saint Stephen's domè,
Let the reforming knaves begin
To purge themselves of vice and sin,
And work reform at home.

THE CROWN AND ANCHOR CONVENTION.

[From the Morning Post, June 13.]

BRTAIN's Constitution weeping,
See her fate approaching fast,
If her pilots long lie sleeping,
Heedless of the threat'ning blast.

Busy Faction, full of rancour,
Eager to exite a storm,
Musters at the Crown and Anchor
All the bullies of *Reform*.

B——tt, W——le, windy W——th——n,
In the foreground figure there,
G——db——re, another great man,
Fills with noisy pomp the rear.

Now

Now *Reform* the tocsin sounded,
 Loud applause rings through each room,
 Wondering Westminster rebounded
 With Corruption's awful doom.

Revolutionary measures
 Form the order of the day—
 Needless taxes—squander'd treasures—
 Boroughs—bribes—and w—res in pay.

Hugs of love, fraternal kisses,
 Then in coarse exchange went round—
 Toasts and speeches—songs and hisses,
 As the maggot bites, abound.

Moderation soon was banish'd,
 If she chanc'd to speak a word—
 And good manners quickly vanish'd
 From a scene so gross, absurd.

Now with wine and nonsense weary,
 The reforming crowd withdrew—
 Night, beneath her mantle dreary,
 Ne'er conceal'd a noisier crew.

CADWALLO!

FASHIONABLES.

[From the British Press, May 24.]

THE month of May, in London, resembles the time of the *carnival* formerly at Venice; a succession and variety of amusement and pleasure not to be described. We have been favoured with the following list of dramatic pieces that have been in rehearsal for a mature performance:—

MINISTERS—*The Three and the Deuce*; *Deaf and Dumb*; *Appearance is Against Them*; and *The Drum*.

HOWICK CASTLE—*The Constant Couple*; *The Tender Husband*; and *The Happy Family*.

The Earl of LIMBICK—*The School of Arrogance*; *The Man of the World*; and *He would if he Could*.

Lady

Lady HAMILTON—*A House to be Sold; and Who Wins? or, The Widow's Choice.*

Sir HOME POPHAM—*Guilty or Not Guilty; and Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?*

Sir A. PAGET—*The Assignment; The Elopement; and Who Would have Thought It?*

Mr. HIBBERT—*The Family Party; Double Wedding; and All in Good Humour.*

Viscount PRIMROSE—*The Honeymoon; and The World in a Village.*

Sir FRANCIS BURDETT—*The School of Reform; and The Committee.*

Lord GLENTWORTH—*The Minor; Love Laughs at Locksmiths; and Catch Him who Can.*

Lady BORINGDON—*All for Love; Retaliation; and The Runaway.*

Lady GLENTWORTH—*What cannot Beauty do? The unexpected Wedding; and As you Like It.*

The OPERA HOUSE—*The Managers in Distress; False Appearances; and The Bow Street Opera.*

ROYAL ACADEMY.—EXHIBITION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 25.]

THE press of temporary matter must form our excuse for having omitted some very striking specimens of the English school. The parliamentary recess, however, affords us an opportunity of noticing a few of the most considerable.

No. 2464—*The Inquiry*.—This picture is the production of an *honorary* artist, and does credit to his pencil. The glare which prevails throughout has been objected to, but it is evident that it proceeds from two causes—the brilliancy of so many *military dresses* and the *strong sunshine* which the painter has thought necessary to give an equal light to every part of the picture. The *figures* are curiously grouped, although, perhaps,

perhaps, brought a little too forward ; but the general colouring is *warm and tender*.

No. 3791—*The Dutch Commissioners*, by Mr. BOWLES. This artist had lately started as a rival to Wilkie, or rather to Teniers, whose manner is very happily imitated. The furniture, consisting of Dutch *toys, cheeses, butter, &c.* is depicted with humorous fidelity, and being placed on *pamphlets* exhibits a curious contrast. The main figures, however, appear to us rather unnatural. We know no country in which servants are allowed to help themselves to what wages they like. But with this exception the picture has wonderful merits, as exhibiting the original propensities of *nature*, with the modern improvements of *art*. The distant prospect of a groupe of *reformers* seizing a *pot of porter* is in this artist's best manner ; and the constables apprehending a man who has just *stept into an alley* strongly reminds us of Teniers. Upon the whole, there is a *freedom of touch*, from which great things may be expected, if artists like Mr. B. meet with suitable encouragement.

No. 4689—*Sadler's Wells*, a sketch by Mr. CHATEAUREAGH. This is a sketch by an Irish artist, who is probably a performer at Sadler's Wells. He is painted leaping over the heads of a *majority* of the persons present, and lighting down in his *own place* without injury. The subject is as well *managed* as can be expected, but the countenance of the performer does not please us, and those of the spectators are deficient in *proper expression*.

No. 3968—*The Lottery*—and *St. Luke's*, its companion, by Mr. CHANCELLOR. These are unfinished sketches by an artist from whom better things might have been expected. He does not, in truth, appear to have studied his subject with much attention.—In the minutiae, the *wheels*, the *chains*, and the *cells*, he is very correct ; but the general design and execution are

94 A QUAKER'S EPISTLE TO AN EMINENT BREWER.

are irreconcilable; and the most we can say is, that the two pictures are well calculated as *companions*. The *gallows*, in the offskip, is not a very pleasant object, but strictly in *nature*.

No. 2984—*Cleopatra yielding up her Life*—A piece in the Dutch style, and in which all the circumstances are travestied. Instead of the *asp*, we have a thing resembling a *book*, and a groupe of curious personages tearing the leaves and burning them, and covering the *wounded places* with *bits of yellow metal*. As a work of fancy, this picture has considerable merit, but there is a breadth of light which shows the whole to be extravagant, and we are persuaded will never be the subject of imitation. The artist has very properly concealed his name.

AN EPISTLE

FROM ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS, TO AN
EMINENT BREWER.

[From the Morning Post, May 30.]

LET grov'ling patriots seek applause,
By propping Freedom's tottering cause—
I sing a *different* aim.
I sing of one who soars above
Such paltry things as they approve,
King, country, freedom, fame.
Forgive me, if I do thee wrong,
Sam W——d! in my simple song,
By *hopping* it too high;
The *bitter* may the strength preserve
Of that which *sweetness* would unnerve,
In times so *hot* and *dry*.
Thy father's liquor was our boast,
But *thine* its character has lost,
For ever lost, I fear!
Yet *Thames* its ancient fame maintains,
But thou, it seems, prefer'st the *Seine's*
Foul water for *thy Beer*.

If so, commit thy *tub* to chance,
And try the muddy stream of France,
With my consent most hearty—

No surly *senatorial-man*
Dares there oppose thy fav'rite plan,
Approv'd by Bonaparte.

And surely *he* will be the friend
Of one who labours to defend
His measures with such zeal—
Who in his conduct sees no stain,
Whose heart for Austria or for Spain
Can no compassion feel!

Go *brew in France*, then, since thy *harm*
Works only for thy country's harm,

There for preferment look :
Perhaps in subjugated Spain,
Or mangled Austria, thou may'st gain
The *nick-name* of a *Duke*!

But should the Tyrant's projects fail,
Thy *beer* turn *sour* for want of *sale*,
Or *patronage*—alack!

Then, Samuel! seek some *distant* shore,
Thou'lt ne'er, to *brew in Britain*, more
Be suffer'd to come back.

Ballymore.

TIMOTHY TRUEMAN.

THE WHIP CLUB.

[From the Public Ledger, May 30.]

WHEREAS sundry gibes, jeers, squibs, paragraphs, and epigrams, have been levelled at us, in various newspapers, it was agreed at our last meeting to draw up the following plain and candid account of our principles, that we may not be confounded with, or mistaken for aristocrats, on one hand, or for democrats, on the other.

Article I. We do solemnly declare, that the present state of the war, the probability of its long duration,

tion, and the far distant prospect of peace, are matters which give us no manner of concern, while we are enabled to *drive four in hand*.

II. That the questions, whether we ought to subsidize the Emperor of Germany, or think the worse of the Emperor of Russia for joining the French in their attack on the Austrian monarchy, are matters of perfect indifference, while we can *drive four in hand*.

III. That this Club will employ none of its sittings in discussing the confusion that has arisen, or is likely to arise, from the correspondence between Mr. Erskine and the American government, provided that such correspondence has no improper effect on gentlemen who *drive four in hand*.

IV. That we are determined to look with equal indifference on the corruptions alleged to exist in certain official departments, and on the cures and remedies which are proposed, so long as we are conscious to ourselves, and to all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, that we *can drive four in hand*.

V. That the progress of our army in Portugal, and the amended prospect of affairs in Spain—the expulsion of the French from those quarters, or the success of the reported insurrection in Germany, are all *fudge*, to men who have no higher ambition than to *drive four in hand*.

VI. That we shall make no inquiries into any expeditions, secret or avowed, which are preparing, or may be prepared, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or any other sea-ports, provided that in such expeditions, so prepared or preparing, there is no intention to disturb the tranquillity of those who *drive four in hand*.

VII. That whereas sundry persons, calling themselves divines and philosophers, make nice distinctions betwixt what they are pleased to call soul and body, and this world and another, which they talk about,

we think it necessary to avow, that we are bigots to no sect, being firmly convinced that we were *born to drive four in hand.*

(Signed, on behalf of the Club,)

May 26, 1809.

WIGSBY, Secretary.

THE EDINBURGH PITT CLUB.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 15.]

WE some days ago felt called upon to offer a few observations on the proceedings of the London Pitt Club, or rather on the conduct of His Majesty's Ministers at one of those political tavern meetings, which have been of late the subject of so much animadversion in the House of Commons. It having been expressly stated by the organs of the Treasury, that the assemblage of "rank, property, and character," in Bishopsgate Street, was intended to counteract the effects of some rival dinner-parties, we very readily recognise the *principle* of the meeting. It must be admitted that an harangue from the London Tavern is as deserving of attention as a speech from the Crown and Anchor; and we really see no good reason why that respectable personage, the Lord Chancellor, should not have his eloquence as much improved by a second bottle of claret as either Mr. Wardle or Sir Francis Burdett.—Now, however, that the gravest servants of the Crown have thought it expedient to meet the Reformers on their own ground, to oppose bumper to bumper, and toast to toast, it is to be hoped that their over-zealous friends will not again be so indiscreet, as to turn up their eyes and thank God that they are not as these *publicans*. The party have already suffered severely by the recoil of their own weapons; it is, therefore, as friends that we hint the propriety of in future discontinuing their sneers against table orators and tavern mobs.

We were sorry to find that our remarks on the London Pitt Club were unfortunate enough to attract a portion of disapprobation, a direct attack on them having been made by one or two of the ministerial writers. We have certainly some ambition to please these gentlemen; but motives of duty impel us to risk reviving their indignation, by now noticing the *Edinburgh Pitt Club*, the members of which assembled on the same day, and for a similar purpose, with their English brethren. A long and laboured account of this meeting has been published; from which we learn that Lord Melville took a distinguished part in its business; and that on his health being given by the Marquis of Huntley, he addressed the Club in a speech, in which he reverted to the *energy* displayed by Mr. Pitt in some *critical moments for the constitution*, and indulged in other observations, evidently to be applied to the present state of our domestic politics.

It was observed by one of our opponents, that, when *bad* men conspire, *good* men should combine; and on this principle we suppose it is that Lord Melville thought proper to come forward to add his convincing testimony to Mr. Perceval's late declaration about the *superior purity* of the present race of statesmen. When such desperate and determined characters as Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Wardle are boldly asserting—and, what's worse, *proving* too, that scandalous public abuses do exist; that there is a *hollow* beneath the surface of official plausibility which requires to be probed—it is truly delightful to contemplate Lord Melville, with the Provost of Edinburgh, and Mr. Baillie Simpson, the resident magistrate of Easter Portsburgh, at his back, standing in the breach to defend “the great landmarks of the constitution,” to protect them against men “with mischievous views and restless minds, *who seek only their own objects.*” The whole public life of Lord Melville affords a pleasing

ing contrast to the pursuits of men "*who seek only their own objects*;" it is marked throughout by the most *patriotic disinterestedness*, and by that *superior purity* to which Mr. Perceval so triumphantly appeals. Who, then, could be selected so well qualified as his Lordship to put down that alarming spirit of innovation, which has already done so much mischief, and to convince the people of these kingdoms, that what ever is is *right*! We must, however, profess our astonishment and regret that no mention is made of Mr. Trotter's name in the account of the Edinburgh Pitt Club. Surely he could never be absent from a meeting so constituted, and for such a purpose. To Mr. Trotter "*the great landmarks of the constitution*" must be as dear as to his noble friend and companion. We did certainly expect to have found him adding weight and respectability to that phalanx of rank, property, and character, which is formed to frustrate the views of the Reformers, by proving to conviction, that in the administration of our affairs there are neither abuses to correct nor rogues to get rid of.

That recent exposures have occasioned much discontent throughout the country, and given rise to many complaints, is but too evident. Ministers, however, have avowed their determination to make a *stand*, equally against prayer and remonstrance. Things are to be carried with a high hand, and reasonable solicitations are to be refused, lest they should lead to unjust demands. The better to carry into effect this very laudable and prudent resolution, the Reformers are to be combated with their own weapons,—the taverns are put in requisition,—and the prime speakers of the party are *let off* amongst the crowd after a *double charge*.—We have already said, that no reasonable objection can be made against the principle of this plan, but we have our fears as to its success. No doubt, their Graces the Dukes of Buccleugh and

Athol; the Earl of Haddington; Lords Melville and Seaforth; the Lord Baron and the Lord Advocate; with the Commander in Chief in North Britain, and the officers of his staff, form, when all together, a very imposing and brilliant sort of an assemblage. Unfortunately, however, it is not exactly of that description the most likely to convince the people, in their present temper of mind, that the *interference of Peers* in the election of the Commons' Representatives is one of "the great landmarks of the constitution"—that the *sale of seats in Parliament* is one of "the established usages of the constitution"—and that a *profligate and profuse expenditure of the public money* is "a blessing which it becomes them to defend, and to transmit unimpaired to their children." To such testimony, on such subjects, popular suspicion will attach. We mean no imputation on the *political integrity* of Lord Melville; but we must whisper in his ear *that such things were*, and are not yet forgotten:—neither would we intimate a doubt as to the personal *independence* of the officers of the North British staff, although it certainly did not escape us, on a late memorable occasion, that the vote of every military member of a particular Assembly, with one distinguished exception, was given in direct contradiction to the expressed and unanimous voice of the country.

In conclusion, we would beg leave to recommend to the Government measures more likely to appease the ferment of the public mind, and allay the risings of disaffection, than such assemblies as the Pitt Clubs—to meet just complaints with prompt redress—to hold the language of conciliation instead of defiance—and, above all, to confine their attachment to the constitution, and to abandon to their fate those abuses which will ultimately prove millstones round the necks of those who obstinately cling to them.

SONNET.

SONNET.—SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

[From the Morning Post, June 17.]

REFORMER radical! I love thy song,
 That sings so sweet of foul Corruption's form,
 Of deep distemper, and prescription strong,
 Of stagnant vapour, and detergent storm.
 Bold state-physician! patriot not lukewarm!
 Proceed—cut up Corruption root and branch—
 With Revolution's brimstone choke her swarm—
 Pursue her windings, to thy purpose staunch.
 O seize the monster of the mighty paunch!
 Like one of old Actæon's furious hounds,
 Methinks I see thee fasten'd on her haunch—
 Down with her, writhing, reeking from thy wounds!
 Then bid a phoenix from her ashes spring,
 Bright as Horne Tooke's hot fancy forth could bring.

CADWALLO.

ON THE LATE VICTORY OF THE AUSTRIANS.

[From the same.]

WHEN the vast deluge of the world was stay'd,
 As Ovid sings, of stones were mortals made.
 Sure greater praise to Bony must be given:—
 Instead of stones, from dust * have men arisen.

A DEMOCRAT'S DREAM.

[From the Morning Herald, June 17.]

MR. EDITOR,

ABOUT six months since, in some moment of elation upon the success of the misguided Spaniards, you endeavoured to entertain your readers with an anticipation of the flight of the Bonaparte family from Europe. This was the effusion of some loyal simpleton—some prejudiced, unenlightened creature, upon

* Bonaparte's boast that the Austrians were scattered like dust.

whom

whom I looked down with unaffected contempt, contrasting with his humble views of peaceful comfort my prospects of the *dukedom* to which, at least, I shall arrive by dint of the doctrine of *equality*! You will now, I hope, allow me, who see things in a different light, to give you one of my visions. Having lately gone through a course of French *bulletins*, it is not wonderful, that the admirable strain of criticism upon governments, armies, officers, wines, toilettes, and principles, which mingles with their military narrative, should continue to run in my head; and you must know, that I lately dreamed no less than a whole French *bulletin*, upon the landing of their army in England. It is as follows, and, if you have any impartiality, you will not fail to insert it.

ARMY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLAND.

Marsh de Romney, Nov. 30, 1809.
 "On the 28th the Emperor ordered, that his army should be in England. To receive this command, to direct the embarkation, to embark, and to be at sea, were the work of a moment. It had been always laid down by our *scavans*, that we should sail in a high wind; but perhaps they did not know, that such a wind makes the sea abominably rough, which has a very disagreeable and indelicate effect upon the stomach. The army cannot judge of the passage, as they saw nothing but the bottoms of the vessels. Our seamen say, that a large English squadron was in sight all the while, but they did not dare to approach us! There were on board this some of the favourite admirals and captains of the English—as Sir Richard Strachan, Admiral Keates, Sir Sam. Hood, Capt. Maitland, Lord Cochrane, Sir M. Seymour, Capt. Yeo, and others. Our seamen think nothing of these. They say they are no officers!! We met with no accident in the passage, except the sinking of about four hundred

dered of the flotilla by the effect of a very disagreeable vibration of the sail, which the English call *gibing*. Our seamen found it impossible to prevent this.

"We landed the same night between two martello towers, which fired upon us, without any answer on our part, our cannon not being landed for several hours afterwards, and our best cannoneers being unable to take aim from the continuance of a swimming in the head, after the voyage. We left some men on the beach, whom we have not seen again. We fear they are in the mud. Yesterday we took the martello towers, with garrisons of twenty men each, with the loss of only 1500 on our part. Oudinot's grenadiers were covered with glory. A battalion of *Voligeurs* leaped upon what they thought solid earth, but it was not so, and they were covered with mud, rather above the eyes. We shall send the English garrisons over by the first conveyance, that the Emperor may see some English soldiers with satisfaction. We march upon London to-morrow.

"The prejudice and obstinacy of the English are inconceivable. This is one of their most favourite feeding-places for sheep, yet they have not left us one! Instead of thousands of people coming to join us, we have seen none but troops, who are collecting round us, on all sides, and we fear not with the best intentions. This is rather odd. The General says, however, we shall march upon London to-morrow.

"The English government is little known on the continent. They have a Parliament, and an Opposition; but Ponsonby, the leader of the Opposition, hates the French. It is ridiculous, therefore, to talk of an Opposition; and some of our friends have endeavoured to make the English understand, that these should not be called an Opposition, but are only cheats, which their hatred of the French has lately shown. But it is inconceivable the stupidity of these people.

people. They place their confidence, some in the Ministry, some in the Opposition, according to their old party prejudices, and those that wish us success, dare not say so; they can only speak of our wisdom and irresistibility, saying that they heartily do desire to resist us, but that no mode, which has been adopted, or shall be adopted, can be the right one. Yet this does not prevent the English from keeping a great army on foot, and raising regiment after regiment. This is very odd. We did not expect this, when we heard, that the Ministry and the old Opposition were all proscribed as cheats, and that the English were advised to resist us only by some change in the mode of their government. To-morrow, however, we march upon London.

“ P. S. Strange to tell, an English squadron, commanded by the very officers, of whom our seamen spoke, have just taken possession of our flotilla. To-morrow, however, we march upon London.

“ 2d P. S. A crowd of ships have followed this squadron, and they say fourteen or fifteen English regiments are landing, right in our rear, exactly where we landed.

“ 3d P. S. We are attacked in front in the most abrupt manner, and can hear nothing about the change in government.”

Here, Mr. Editor, I confess I could dream no longer. Indignation, grief, fear, sympathy, philosophy, forbade it. As you, however, have your reveries, know that I have mine, and that there was a moment, in which I seemed to expect—the march upon London.

Yours,

A CITIZEN.

THE SNOW KING; OR, THE DANUBE.

BY MR. O'KEEFE.

[From the Morning Herald, June 19.]

WHO heard his soft footsteps, ye winds, can ye tell?
 None heard his soft footsteps, so lightly they fell.
 Like down of dove feathers his feet met the ground,
 And who ever heard, of dove feathers, the sound?
 Say then have ye seen him as flitting in air;
 The Snow King is he, ye cold breezes declare!
 He hovers, he flutters, unsteady his pace,
 His course from the north through the welkin you trace;
 His cheek and his forehead are whiter than chalk,
 To gaze on his visage would dazzle a hawk;
 Though gentle, he lords it in regions unkind,
 His voice of sharp anger comes keen with the wind.

"Who took my snows?" the Monarch cries;
 "I sent them drifting thwart the skies,
 Protecting agents of my power,
 To shield from nip the grass, the flower;
 The herb, each life-sustaining thing,
 Were shelter'd 'neath my silver wing.
 Sol times the seasons, when his ray
 Should make my snows dissolve away;
 Then where my shelt'ring snows have been,
 The grass appears in fresher green.
 Who took my snows? for who would dare
 Lay to the blast the green-sward bare?"

Great Snow King, I tell thee, a waspish young boy,
 Who sent is, on earth, but to mar and destroy,
 To plan and to practise his battles and blows,
 He snatch'd from the meadow its mantle of snows.
 With snow now he studies to mantle a town,
 And build himself empire and future renown;
 With art quite masonic, like old engineer,
 The moat he will sink, and the parapet rear,
 From curtain, gate, bastion, and breast-work, and wall,
 He fancies he shoots out the hot cannon-ball.

Like fire when tied to foxes' tails,
 And cherish'd by the fanning gales;
 As sweeping through the fields of corn,
 Where Ceres hopes to fill her horn;

So rush'd the hungry war-dog forth,
 And east and west, and south and north.
 Who claps the lagging war-dogs' sides;
 On carnage smiles, and peace derides?
 Who to the dust the sceptre brings?
 And who turns beggars into kings?
 And who then makes those kings his slaves?
 Who like a spinster weeps and raves?
 Who now has made a world his foe?
 The waspish boy who took thy snow.
 The Snow King asks Phœbus to dart a fierce beam;
 His snows on the hill are now turn'd to a stream;
 Swell'd Danube beneath in loud torrents rolls on;
 Away with his bridge went the laurels of Bon.
 Thus, as he began, he now melts with the snows,
 The Snow King gives Europe a glimpse of repose.

FASHIONABLE PIETY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 24.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH your paper is now relieved from that
 extreme length of detail into which it was pressed
 by the late Inquiry, you are not to expect that the con-
 sequences of that Inquiry will soon abate. Extensive
 as the debates were, it is probable that they did not
 include one half of the many reflections which the dis-
 coveries made are calculated to excite, and which, al-
 though they have no immediate connexion with the
 main question, yet attach very powerfully to the state
 of public, or perhaps I should say, *fashionable* morals.

With your leave, therefore, I shall take the liberty
 to point out one fact very clearly proved during the late
 examination, which shows more confusion of ideas in
 the matter of religion, morality, public decency, and
 private character, than perhaps were ever brought to-
 gether, except in the brain of a lunatic, or in the ex-
 travagant conceptions of a writer of romance.

The fact to which I allude was,

“That

“That several *ladies* of *character* applied to a *common strumpet*, in order to obtain a *church-living* for a *popular clergyman*.”

In this fact or proposition there is not a word, or certainly not two words in junction, that do not either excite disgust, or provoke the quickest sense of ridicule. If the members of this sentence are separated, each affords the subject of distinct reflection; when joined, they form a climax of inconsistencies such as is rarely to be found.

Ladies of *character* apply to a *common strumpet*, from a *perfect knowledge* of the *profligate causes* to which she owes her *influence*, in order to procure, of all things in the creation, a *church-living*! and for whom?—for a *popular* or *favourite* clergyman!

Here it is natural to inquire, not who *are* these ladies of character, but what, in the present code of fashionable morality, is meant by *character*? Nor will this question be answered by saying, that *character* is synonymous with *virtue* or *reputation*, because it is impossible to connect virtue or reputation with the respect they evince for the favours, power, and influence of a *strumpet*. But a more important inquiry is, what are we to understand by a *popular* and *favourite* clergyman? And this, I am afraid, can only be answered in the language of contempt and ridicule; for all mention of the *piety*, *doctrines*, *precepts*, and *example* of such a man, if we look only at the effects they have produced upon such of his flock as are *ladies* of *character*, must tend to one of two consequences—a personal dislike of the man, or an illiberal conclusion that the *hypocrisy* of *preacher* and *hearers* is *reciprocal*.

We have heard of fashionable *morality*, but here is the discovery of a fashionable *piety*, originating in *close attendance* at a fashionable *chapel*, which has for its object the preferment of a clergyman to the higher ranks of his order, for the good he has done to his

hearers' souls—a good so extraordinary, so intimately connected with the pure precepts of the Gospel, and the awful terms of salvation, that in their fervent admiration of the preacher's talents, and in their pious gratitude for his having *wearied* them from the *sinful practices* of a *wicked world*, they fly—whither?—not to prayer, that Heaven may prosper his labours and increase his converts; but to the audience-room of a *prostitute*, that she may open the gates to preferment, and advance the *interests of religion*, through the *dalliances of adultery*.

It would not be difficult, Mr. Editor, to pursue this subject in other lights, if there were any light in which it did not present the most alarming images of dissolute morals and want of principle in those quarters where the community at large is taught to look for example.—I shall therefore conclude with asking only one question. Among such persons of *character*, do you wonder to hear (now almost weekly) examples of conubial infidelity, enough in number, and detestable and shameless enough in nature, to contaminate the whole mass of nobility? NON EGO.

CONCLUSION OF THE SEASON.

[From the same, June 28.]

THE conclusion of the *Season of Fashion* pretty closely resembles that of the *Session of Parliament*. In the latter, about this interesting period, *bills* are frequently passed through the House with an indecent precipitation; and in the former, three or four *routs* are obliged to be crowded into one night, so that it is no wonder if many a *chalked floor*, and many a *Grecian lamp*, exhibit their attractions without due attention being paid.

Nor is this allusion to the sister-season of Parliament inapplicable in other respects to the world of fashion,

fashion, which appears to have been influenced more than usual by what was going on in the grave Senate of the nation. The Parliament having begun by an Inquiry which involved many curious questions of *morals* and *gallantry*, and the intriguing spirit of the softer sex having been brought forward rather more prominently than "good men thought for," a particular tone was given to the sentiments and conversation of the gay world; such as it had not been accustomed to receive from a source generally considered as dull and dry.

In this business, which wanted but little except the dramatic forms, dresses, and decorations, to make it as splendid as an opera, as diverting as a comedy, and as surprising as the tricks of a pantomime; which had all the essentials of plot, fable, neat dialogue, and attic salt, with a very pretty sprinkling of *moral*—there occurred at the same time such unexpected discoveries, such pulling off of disguises, such developements of intrigue, and such distinctions between *ostensible* and *real* character, that a general alarm took place, which spread through every department of state and every circle of fashion. A general *cutting* took place, and doors were slammed in the faces of those who before were ushered in between a line of state liveries; and what is almost incredible, the *dinner-men* discovered that there were other ingredients in the character of integrity and independence, than "all the luxuries of the season," or "a profusion of French wines."

Scarcely had these *days of judgment* expired, when some intrigues in *high life* were announced, to relieve the feelings of those who had been catechised into unpleasant confessions—intrigues accompanied by incidents of the modern heroic kind, and graced by a correspondence that seemed to rival the romantic style of the circulating libraries. This put grave legislators upon another *diversion* against the enemy, that of contriving

contriving laws to secure matrimonial fidelity ; a speculation which, after being discussed at many a "grand assembly," was voted to be a very improper interruption to the course of events in the gay world, "impossible, if it were endeavoured, and foolish if it were possible."

During these embarrassments, for embarrassments they were, a few spirited noblemen and gentlemen of fortune discovered, probably after much deep study, that it was high time to call the attention of the fashionable world from questions of corruption and speculation, from buying and selling seats in Parliament, from war and peace, from reforms and expeditions, battles and coalitions, and the trifling concerns of Austria and France, to what they considered as a paramount object, and indeed the *whole duty of man*. These worthies accordingly embodied themselves, in order to study the art and mystery of driving *four-in-hand*, which they must be acknowledged to have brought to an astonishing degree of perfection ; and it must also be acknowledged, that although they have been censured for the choice of an object to which they have devoted their *lives* and *fortunes*, they are exempt from the blame that rests with pretenders and impostors. In making themselves expert *coachmen*, they are exerting the *powers*, while they appear to have discovered the *intentions* of nature in their formation, and in time may do away the absurdity of producing men in palaces who were destined for stables, and sending those to universities whose genius leads them to the race-ground.

Had the same circumspection taken place in other departments, and every man sought that for which he was most fit, the expiring season would not have been a season of wonderful discoveries, of open or tacit confessions, of forced resignations, and well-purchased suppressions.

THE

THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT

WAS celebrated, as we are given to understand, at B-r-l-ngt-n House, on Thursday last, with unusual festivity and joviality. His Grace was *brought down* at half past six o'clock, at which hour the ministers and sub-ministers began to assemble, forming, all together, as *respectable* a meeting as we ever remember to have witnessed. Every delicacy of the season was provided, and the wines were excellent. The interval before dinner afforded nothing worthy of remark, being principally occupied in complimenting the noble host on his looks, and on his release from his close parliamentary attendance. After the cloth was removed, a Dr. B—ley said a very long grace; which being concluded, several appropriate and constitutional toasts were given, of which we could only collect the following:—

“ *The Bishop of Osnaburgh, and the Army!* ”

“ *LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Lord Mulgrave, and THE NAVY!!* ”

Lord W-l-sley, and thanks to him for his *energy* and *VIGOUR* in accepting and *entering upon* his mission to Spain.”

“ The small but glorious majorities of the last session.”

“ *John B-w-l-s*, and persecuted purity.”

“ *The three enlightened and independent members for the City of London*, and may it find a *fourth* worthy of them!”

“ The *IRISH* Chancellor of the Exchequer, and better success to him, next session, in his *IRISH* divisions, on his *IRISH* measures.”

“ The Right Honourable Dr. D—g—n, and the promulgation of *true* Christianity.”

“ The glorious memory of the Convention of Cintra.”

“ Confusion

“ Confusion to the invaders of legitimate and constitutional corruption.”

N. B. It was here proposed, and resolved, “ That a deputation, consisting of *the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury*, do wait on John Christian Curwen, Esq. to return him thanks for the *accommodating spirit* he manifested, during the progress of his Bill, and to congratulate him on its result—tending, at once, to *purify* the H. of C—mm—ns, and to *strengthen the arm of Government* at this critical juncture ;”—which produced the following toast :

“ Mr. Curwen, and *his excellent Bill.*”

These toasts being disposed of, Mr. P—rc—v—l addressed the company in a speech of some length, which we lament that our limits will not permit us to insert. He commented upon the principal topics of the past session with much force, demonstrating at once the patriotism, vigour, and consistency of the M—n—stry, in their absolution of the Duke of York, their opposition to the Reversion Bill, &c. &c. &c. The company, however, becoming turbulent, as boys (*si parva licet componere magnis*) are wont to be on breaking up for the Midsummer vacation, there arose a loud call for a song.

After some hesitation, and many apologies,

Lord ELD—N gave—“ *By doubts and fears confounded.*”—It was somewhat heavily given, and out of tune.

The D—ke of P—RTL—ND then gave—“ *A little queer old man.*”—The *shake* was well executed, and the whole *à la Billington*.

Lord C—MP—N, being called upon, suddenly awoke, and attempted to labour through, “ *Eyes, lying crystals, strain’d with thought.*”

Mr. C—NN—G was allowed to be far more lively, but not more *at home*, in “ *What a mighty fine thing to be vested with power !*”

Lord

Lord WEST—RL-ND was natural in “*Have you any work for a tinker, brave boys?*”

Lord C-STL-R—GH was easy and inexhaustible in “*The rose-tree in full-bearing.*”

Lord L-V-RP—L, in a species of obsolete recitative, chaunted a few lines of—“*My father, who always know'd what he were at.*”

Lord M-LGR-VE begged to be heard in the old song of “*Cease rude Boreas;*” but his Lordship was here out of his element, and singing, by mistake, “*Messmates hear a Brother Tailor,*” instead of a Brother Sailor, he was not suffered to proceed further.

GEORGE R—E, in “*You ask if my vows are sincere;*” and ROBERT W—RD, in “*Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,*” were “*facile principes.*”

The company were by this time beyond the reach of melody, and, at a late hour, they retired to their respective *beds of roses*, thence to arise like “*giants refresh'd.*”

[From the British Press, June 28.]

NEW PARLIAMENT.

[From the same, June 30.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE Parliament of the United Kingdom, to which you have devoted so much of your paper, being prorogued, I am surprised that you have not thought of a substitute of the same class. Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres were scarcely burned, when the proprietors opened a new scene; and now that the Italian theatre is on the decline, Mr. Arnold has introduced English opera at the Lyceum, in a style of elegance and perfection that must command success. I am perfectly well aware that the grave and difficult subjects that formerly constituted the matter of debates

bates in Parliament, were very discouraging to any attempt at rivalry or imitation; but from the turn which they took in the last session, I am persuaded that a new Parliament would not be a difficult thing to establish; particularly, as it must be confessed, that in any thing like Mrs. Clarke's case, the most prominent piece in the last session, the old maids and Cyprians of Westminster must be as good performers as the Attorney or Solicitor General, or even the most gallant of His Majesty's Ministers.—I propose to call it—

THE FEMALE PARLIAMENT;

and that all old women in the late Parliament be eligible: but as your great object, I know, must be to have something that will look well in print, I send the following sketch, which may, without any great violation of truth, or stretch of fancy, be considered as the report of a night's proceeding in an assembly of this description:—

MATRIMONIAL BUDGET.

The House having resolved itself into a committee of supplies and ways and means; Lady Longmuch took the chair. Mrs. Wriggle rose, and spoke to the following purport:

Mrs. President, I rise upon this occasion to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met in this committee to consider of ways and means to raise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout the kingdom. At a time when so many brave officers and effective men are employed abroad in the defence of their country, it is necessary to look at home, and take such measures as may be meet to prevent any deficit in the amount of the rising generation. I am sorry to say there is not only a great defalcation in the list of staff-officers at home, but there is such a number of half-pay widows upon the English as well as the Irish establishment, as seems to threaten a general defalcation throughout these realms. It therefore

therefore behoves every member within these walls to exert her utmost abilities, and to throw out such hints as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall, therefore, with great submission to the Chair, propose to the Committee the following resolutions:

That bachelors, turned of forty-five, shall make a will, and bequeath one half of their property, upon their demise (as they themselves can be of no further use while living), for the support and relief of distressed maidens against their will, in order to enable them to obtain husbands suitable to their rank and pretensions—otherwise the said bachelors are to be deemed old maids, to all intents and purposes.

That all *natural* children shall be pronounced the offspring of bachelors, and that they be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That all officers who show the least appearance of *fortune-hunting*, shall immediately, upon proper information, be dismissed His Majesty's service.

That one million of *enchanted smiles*, with a proportionate number of *captivating ogle*s, be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That 900,000 *languishing looks* be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiencies incurred last year.

That *bewitching kisses*, bearing three and a half per cent. be consolidated with *pouting lips*, and made transferable.

That 600,000 husbands be raised by way of lottery—with an agreeable *douceur* to the subscribers. The prizes to be paid immediately, without any deduction, in Irish currency.

That one million *necessary blushes* and *occasional sighs* be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of love be properly provided, from Cupid's Board of Ordnance, under the sign-manual of the *Cyprian Queen*.

If, Sir, you think that debates which might furnish reports similar to the above, would be amusing to your readers, I recommend that no time be lost in issuing writs for calling a Female Parliament.

Yours, &c.

A FEMALE LEGISLATOR.

FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

[From the same, July 4.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING noticed your "*Female Parliament*," although I have neither time nor talents to enter fully into particulars, I will beg leave to make a few observations. That it is an "alarming crisis" respecting female affairs, I allow; and that it is necessary some of the elder ones should enter into a committee of ways and means to raise those supplies of husbands which are so much wanted, to take charge of the younger branches, as well not only to remove them from that degrading fear of being old maids, not only giving them a stamp in society, without which they are as nothing, but protecting their persons, and enabling them to enjoy those blessings and comforts they cannot otherwise do. Now, Mr. Editor, we have heard a great deal about a change of ministry, in regard to the affairs of the nation; and is it not equally necessary there should be a change of ministers in matrimonial concerns? Instead of having faithful, industrious, attentive, and able ministers, are they not governed by Custom, Avarice, Pride, and Vanity? While that broken-down, hackneyed fellow, *Custom*, remains Chancellor of the Exchequer, we cannot have better times; next to him is *Avarice*, who has generally

rally presided at their councils, without whose favour little success can be expected. This sycophant, 't is said, can take either side. *Pride*, that produce of Satan, has been Secretary for the Home Department for many years; and *Vanity* for the Foreign; so that a man may generally calculate upon a considerable increase in the sinking fund; as their ministry is composed of more members than that of our country. If you think this worth your notice, you may have a continuation from

An ADEPT, but no LEGISLATOR.

July 1, 1809.

VERSES ON THE CHELTENHAM BRICK-KILN.

[From the Morning Herald, July 4.]

* * * A spacious public promenade has been made gratuitously at Cheltenham, called Montpelier Walks, by a gentleman named THOMSON, for the accommodation of the company; but his intentions were greatly frustrated by the erection of brick-kilns in the neighbourhood, and (strange as it may appear) in the very heart of the town, where valetudinarians arrive to inhale the flower-scented breeze; not the pestiferous atoms and smoke of burning clay, more offending to the human lungs than the steam of Lake Averno, or the belching of Etna, when the mountain has got the heart-burn!

In consequence of this abominable annoyance, the following poetical admonition was affixed in the pump-room:

VERSES, WRITTEN BY A PHTHISICKY VISITOR, AFTER
HEMMING UP AN OUNCE OF BRICK-DUST, ON AN
EVENING WALK.

WHERE Taste erects a classic cot
To suit some sickly peer,
Envy, with diabolio zeal,
Will build a brick-kiln near!
While at one wing the genial breeze
Wafts health, as poets tell us;
On t' other side the smoke obtrudes,
And clogs the pect'ral bellows!

M. a. j.

Magi of Cheltenham, look round,
And stop these fatal tricks;
As Fashion's race will cut and run,
If Folly burns his bricks!

Pray, tell me, who to sip your spa
For solacement will run,
When all the good Hygeia does,
By Malice is undone?

When vulgar minds, by int'rest led,
Would ruin such a spa;
If Feeling cannot bind them down,
Pray, bind them down by law!

MORAL.

When Noah built his spacious ark,
He told his wife, in jest,
He'd save each sex of ev'ry bird,
But those that foul'd their nest.

ADVERTISEMENT.

[From the Morning Post, July 7.]

PARIS PLASTER.

TO be sold, for the value of the materials, about
seven hundred busts, in plaster of Paris! of the
great patriot G. L. Wardle.

They have been a little damaged by *exposure*; but
will make excellent manure, being in a very crumbling
state.—They are peculiarly recommended for forcing
of *mushrooms*.

N. B. A few that are in rather a better state of pre-
servation will make very pretty ornaments for privies,
gable-ends, or to conceal worse nuisances than them-
selves.—Inquire of Mr. Wright, upholsterer.

BOROUGH OF GARRATT.

[From the Morning Herald, July 7.]

YESTERDAY was held a mock assembly of this ancient corporation, to take into consideration the propriety of returning thanks to Colonel Waddle, for his public services, in most effectually defeating the pernicious effect of a *standing army*, by the removal of the best Commander in Chief that the country ever possessed—when the following resolutions were moved by *Sir Geoffrey Dunstan*, and seconded by the *Hon. Matthew Mug, Esq.* which passed *nem. con.*

Resolved, That the dexterity of picking a hole in a great man's coat, is more honourable than mending a poor man's pocket.

Resolved, That the excursions of this assembly be voted to the *Upholsterer*, who made the trap, and the Mother of Mischief, who artfully set it, so as to catch therein an *old bird with chaff!*

Resolved, That Colonel *Waddle* be requested to offer himself a candidate for this Borough at the next general election, and also to sit for his picture, to be done in *charcoal* over the fireplace of our common-hall at the *Goose and Gridiron*, at the back of St. Paul's.

Resolved, If a subscription shall be opened to defray the damages given to the *Upholsterer*, that a *tixzey* be given out of the corporate funds, in support of said Colonel *Waddle*.

Resolved, That the thanks of this assembly be voted to said Colonel *Waddle*, and conveyed to him by the hands of *Sir Geoffrey Dunstan*, in a full frothed pot of *Whitbread's entire butt*.

By order of the mock assembly.

MAT. MUG.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

[July 8.]

SIR,

HAVING been present at the meeting of our enlightened and public-spirited corporation of Bamboozle, when the following excellent resolutions of our non-resident members were received and read, I am sure you will be gratified with obtaining an early copy, and recommending them as a shining model for the city of London, and many other communities who have displayed their sagacity, patriotism, and discretion, on a late important occasion.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
Bamboozle, July 5, 1809. SOLOMON GULL.

At a numerous and respectable Meeting of the Freemen of the Borough of Bamboozle, held at the Fool's Cap Tavern, in Wapping, on Tuesday the 3d of July 1809 ;

Resolved, That our virtuous fellow-citizens of Bamboozle having wisely returned their thanks to Col. Wardle for his upright, manly, and disinterested conduct in bringing forward accusations against the Duke of York, it is incumbent upon them to join in reimbursing that upright, manly, and disinterested patriot all expenses he may have incurred by engaging Mrs. Clarke to appear in fabricating and supporting such accusation, and to pay all costs of suit in the trial which has been so unjustly decided against him, contrary to evidence.

Resolved, That a subscription should be made by the FRIENDS OF REFORM, in order to raise a fund for repaying any expenses Col. Wardle, or any of his coadjutors, may hereafter incur, from any prosecution for defamation, or for any supposed infringement of the law, in subpœnaing or tampering with witnesses.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Meeting,
 4 that

that Mr. Wardle, and the other honourable and independent members who proved the glorious minority of 125, having received the favourable judgment of the mayor and freemen of Bamboozle, and many other distinguished cities and counties, ought to be exempt from all verdicts of juries to their prejudice, and that it is expedient that the practice of trial by jury, in particular cases, should be abolished.

Signed by order of the Meeting,
JACOB STAUNCH, Chairman.
NICHOLAS SILLYMAN, Sec.

A CARD.

[Same Date.]

COL. Wardle presents his respectful compliments to those Counties, Cities, Boroughs, and Towns-Corporate of the United Kingdom, which have not yet voted him their thanks for his very popular conduct in driving the Commander in Chief from the head of the army, and requests that they will be speedy in assembling and voting the same. He particularly begs that their freedoms and thanks may be voted to him in GOLD BOXES; as, upon melting down those already presented, he finds the amount in value far too little to indemnify him for the heavy expenses incurred in *procuring* evidence before the House of Commons sufficient to effect his laudable purpose. This will not now be doubted, since to get Mrs. Clarke alone (to attest, *not on oath*, against His Royal Highness) it has cost him two thousand pounds and more; which she has clearly proved, *upon oath*, in the Court of King's Bench.

N. B. The Colonel does not wish them to be nice and curious in the patterns of the boxes, only to let them be *thick and heavy*; for it may be readily conjectured,

jectured, after what has passed, that the prosecution of his scheme has or will cost him more than they can restore him; but popularity is an invaluable idol, and he does not yet regret it.

LINES

TO THE "DIRTIEST AND BASEST MAN IN EXISTENCE."

[From the Morning Post, July 7.]

*Mentitur, qui te vitiosum, Zoile, dixit:
Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile—sed vitium.* MART. EP.

TRANSLATION.

Styl'd simply *vicious*, thou'rt belied:
Thou'rt *vice itself*—personified.

C—**B**—**T**! since conscience made you say—
Hell had for thee too mild a heat;
I'll tell thee, monster! a sure way
To make thy punishment complete.
Amidst thy *Registers* be plac'd—
All—all *inflammatory* stuff—
Thousands will *light* them—and, thus cas'd,
Thou'lt find thy *own* hell *hot enough*.
But from thy *ashes* ne'er will rise
A *phoenix* of such compound evil:
Unfit t' approach the hallow'd skies,
Each wind will blow them to the—*D—I*.

PUNCTUM SALIENS.

SLOW AND SURE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 11.]

IN planning expeditions 'gainst the foe
Our Ministers are ever *sure*, though *slow*:
Each expedition meets a common fate,
Slow to depart, and *sure*—to be *too late*.

THE

THE BAROUCHE-DRIVER;

OR, A SMALL TRAGEDY FOR WARM WEATHER.

[From the General Evening Post, July 8.]

Hawke, Embden, Buxton, Stanhope, Lincoln, Lade,
Whose skill hath made the hackney-coachmen mad,

Pull up barouche or tandem;

While I, with tearful eyes, relate,
How, t'other day, at Chelt'nam gate,
A 'squire would drive at random.

Tune—Chevy Chase.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our wives and children all.

A woful driving late there did
At Cheltenham befall!

To please his wife, a lady fair,
Both elegant and gay,
A squire drove, but babes unborn
Shall rue that hapless day!

Though bold, yet as a chariofeer
We cannot praise his parts;
And though a married man, was but
A bachelor in arts!

Said he, "My love, I'll try my bloods,
This morn, as coachees must;
We'll drive along the Charlton road,
And sit and take—the dust!

"I've got my whip from Griffiths down,
'T will cut a midge's eye out;
Now, when the cattle dash and smoke,
My darling, do not cry out."

Then thus the belle—"Remember, Mike,
Poor Phaeton's fate of yore."

"Pray how should Phaeton know?" quoth he;
"I'd bet him five to four."

Each in the dickey, cheek by jowl,
Sat smiling at each other;
One groom rode on to clear the van,
Behind there rode his brother.

But

But vainly man says I'll do this,
 As I both know and you,
 While Fate, who's in a sulky mood,
 Cries "Damme if you do."

Envy, who knew this squire had sipp'd
 Deep draughts from Learning's cup,
 Resolv'd, that, as a four-in-hand,
 That day he'd do him up.

He call'd on Contradiction's imps
 To exercise their airs;
 When straight the demons seiz'd the brains
 Of all poor Michael's mares;

While each (Minerva urg'd the plot,
 To send this M. P. tripping),
 Feeling full sore that such a mind
 Should be so fond of whipping.

Poor Michael blush'd, poor Michael curs'd,
 Each blow was idly given;
 How few poor brutes, in this sad world,
 Will own when they're well driven!

The grooms tugg'd hard, the lady shriek'd,
 And all were in despair;
 When a bay filly kicking, rear'd,
 And gave a *pet en l'air*!

At this discharge each murm'ring breeze
 Repulsively was hush'd;
 At Tattersal's the stables moan'd,
 And all the houghnhnms blush'd!

In this dilemma of the winds
 Favonius sole arose,
 To bear away the baneful burst
 From the sweet lady's nose!

Had a coarse horse marr'd manners thus,
 At Paris, here, or Cadiz:
 The thing were naught; but all's in arms
 When such a deed's a lady's!

The fair, with throbbing heart, leap'd out,
 Disrob'd of all her mirth;
 But Cupids mov'd the noisome soil,
 Ere beauty touch'd the earth!

The

The turnpike-man turn'd out t' assist,
 And mitigate their fear :
 He bellow'd from his leather lungs,
 " By G—d I'll stop them here."
 Ah! then did S——ll S——ll pass,
 With four-in-hand I trow,
 And shot along the road just like
 An arrow from a bow !
 The representative, outstripp'd
 By Fortune's curs'd vagaries,
 Hung down his head, and look'd as white
 As cream in country dairies.
 I saw, or thought I saw, the sun
 In anguish hide his head,
 To view a British senator
 In *driving* so ill bred !
 But loving well a *bon vivant*,
 'Cause their accustom'd fête is,
 To hail him with a bumper'd glass
 Each morn he leaves his Thetis !
 He sent a kindly zephyr down
 To whisper in his lug, Sir,
 To take the leaders off, and then
 He might, perchance, go snug, Sir.
 This squire, who feels a hint as well
 As any in the nation,
 Obey'd, and drove the other two,
 Sans let or molestation !
 He weather'd then the capes of shame ;
 Huzza ! for this transition :
 Experience makes a coachman's plea,
 And eke a politician's !

MORAL.

Let cooks beware they've salt and herbs,
 Ere they would make their broth ;
 Let sapient tailors cut their coat
 According to their cloth !

THE DANUBE DENOUNCED!!

[From the Morning Herald, July 10.]

CURST be the day when I thy current cross'd,
 Dark-rolling Danube, and my fortune lost!
 Lost the terrific charm that round my head,
 Till *then*, the dazzling blaze of triumph shed!
 Presumptuous Goth! how daredst thou rebel?—
 How dar'dst thou bid thy treacherous billows swell,
 To sweep away, on their tumultuous ridge,
 At once my hopes—my character—my bridge!
 And just as Victory began to smile,
 Force me to fly for safety to—an isle?
 Oh! if my arms hereafter shall prevail,
 In spite of obstacles that now assail—
 If e'er again on my triumphant car,
 To shed new glory, reascends my star;
 To punish thy presumption, not a boat
 Down thy perfidious stream shall thenceforth float—
 Thy banks I'll strip of every stately tree,
 Raze every villa that bedizens thee—
 Commerce shall visit thy fan'd marts no more,
 But Desolation scowl along thy shore,
 Till Bessarabia's Asphallean tide
 In her black gulf thy gloomy visage hide!
Schoenbrunn, June 5, 1809.

NAPOLEON.

THE WARDLE DITTY; OR, DUPE'S
LAMENTATION.

[From the Morning Post, July 12.]

LAMENT! lament! associates ail—
 The dire event—our *idol's* fall!
 Ah, Wardle! what a woful tumble!
 We rais'd you high—why would you stumble?
 'Gainst justice—law—
 T'invite their paw,
 Our fabric into dust to crumble!
 Oh, Wardle!—what a change you've made!
 To-day in stilts—now prostrate laid:

At

At Crown and Anchor lately toasted—
 And now by all the nation roasted :
 Your fame is gone,
 Our cause undone,
 And all is d——'d that we have boasted.

PUNCTUM SALIENS.

TO G. L. WARDLE, ESQ.

[From the same, July 13.]

UNDAUNTED patriot, in whom Fame delights,
 Heroic martyr to that bill of *Wright's* !
 Proceed, till time mature and season due
 Join thy great name to *Habeas Corpus* too.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

[Same Date.]

GATHER yourselves together, and listen to my
 song, all ye elders of the land :

And gather yourselves together all ye women and
 children, and ye of doubtful mind ; for I sing of
 strange things, yet true withal.

And whereas it was in the reign of a monarch, the
 most virtuous and the most good ; and albeit the
 sovereign was a righteous prince, yet every thing did
 not flow worthily, and according to his wish :

For many disturbances arose in his land, and fac-
 tious people and evil doers strove to perplex his mi-
 nisters and his council, and to make him loathed in
 the land :

And many sought to bring down his grey hairs
 with sorrow to the grave :

Yet albeit the King bore a firm mind, and was
 not provoked, but reasoned with the wicked ones, and
 said to them, " Why do ye thus ? Have ye not milk,
 and honey, and gold, and silver, and houses to live
 in, and corn, and oil, and wine ? Yet will ye strive

to distress my last days, and to make me descend with grief into the world of shades."

Albeit the reasoning of the King had no effect, and the wicked ones strove more and more to perplex him, and to breed discontent and rebellion in the land.

Now listen to my song, ye elders, and ye women and children, and ye of doubtful mind, for I sing of things wonderful and sad, and such as will not be credited in after-days :

Yet I sing truly, and with a heavy heart because of the truth of my song.

And behold, the King had a son, whom he dearly loved; and the wicked ones finding that they could not enough perplex the mind of the King, so as to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, nor yet to make him pluck the crown from his brow, to give into his enemy's hands, bethought themselves of piercing his heart through the means of this beloved son :

And, behold, this beloved son of the King was an active and an useful prince, pure in his nature and of upright mind, yet incautious withal :

And unhappily for him, he became inveigled by the arts of a woman—a woman like unto her who sat by the road side, weeping as a widow to deceive the unwary.

And whereas this amiable but unthinking prince, proved, like Sampson, shorn of his strength in sleep, and in the midst of his love and security :

And this prince was beloved by all who knew him in the land; for he organized the armies of the King, and he trained up his soldiers to fear no danger, and boldly to meet and conquer the foe, and to cut a comely and graceful figure withal.

And whereas this woman entangled the prince, and the prince loved her, and trusted to her; for which reason he smarted severely :

And

And finding soon his error, he desired to be rid of the woman ; but he found it not so easy, and her vengeance was stirred up against him :

For she falsely said, instigated by the traitors of the land, " Thou hast promised me many things, and I will cause thee to abide by what thou hast said."

And behold, still further instigated and bribed by those traitors and evil-doers, she said aloud, " Behold, I am excited, and ripe for any mischief ye shall propose to me."

And these were words at which the men were exceedingly rejoiced ; for long had they been hatching mischief, and knew not in what shape to bring it forward :

For these were they who had long sought to perplex the mind of the King, to bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and to cause him to pluck the crown from his brow, that they might themselves obtain the power of the state.

And they applauded the woman greatly, and made a feast together, promised her great rewards, and firmly to stand by her :

Albeit not one of them cared for them, but had each his own ends to answer, and the ends of each was power and supremacy, to the exclusion of his fellows :

For each could have torn out the eyes and heart of the other, and have given his carcase to the dogs to prevent him from stepping beyond himself.

And they clapped their hands, and got drunk with wine, and shouted aloud, and said, " Now have we found what will answer our purpose, and our success cannot be doubtful."

And whereas this conduct did great harm, and all the wicked ones and the disaffected crowded to the standard of these traitors, exclaiming, " Let us come
G 5 among

among you, for we are all exceedingly anxious for power, and to be greater and better off than we are."

And whereas among those enemies of the state was a man exceedingly ill favoured; his eyes were like unto those of a calf, his nose was crooked, and hideous to behold was his body; yet hideous as it was, his mind was much more so:

And behold, he courted the once favourite of the prince, yet courted her not for love, but only to answer his own views, and to become great; for heretofore he had been a man despised and obscure in the land.

And behold, what I am now going to relate will scarcely be believed, yet it is exceeding true nevertheless.

This ill-favoured man, stranger as he was to every manly feeling, having found countenance in the sight of the woman, contrived in an unguarded moment to rob from her certain letters; for, being dishonourable at heart, he could at no time help showing his real nature.

And whereas these letters were from the prince who had once loved the woman who had been bribed to become a party in the plot of the traitors:

Which when the ill-favoured man discovered, he was exceedingly rejoiced thereat, and hugged himself in his conceit, and carrying them into open court, he desired that the woman should be summoned, and the letters, containing some warm expressions of love, be publicly read, and that the prince might be disgraced.

And at this, a great confusion arose in the land, from the false construction put by the traitors upon those expressions of love; and the people gathered in crowds, and called for justice, and exclaimed, that the prince had dealt foully and treacherously by the country.

And the King was exceedingly disturbed; he smote his

his breast, and tears fell from his eyes; but he soon recovered his firmness, and said, "Let this question be decided between my Ministers and my people."

And the clamour of the deluded people prevailed, and they said, "The letters! the letters! let us hear the letters; for the son of the King hath dealt foully by us."

And the clamour continuing to rage very high, the Ministers of the King gave way, the woman was summoned into court, and the letters were severally read:

And behold there was nothing in them but the breathings of love; of love misplaced indeed, but not guilty; inasmuch as it had not led to the commission of any evil against the King, or the interests of the people.

And when the Ministers heard these letters, they were ashamed within themselves, that they had not opposed the reading of them, for every manly soul shrunk indignant from the act.

Albeit, though the innocence of the prince was clearly proved, yet the madness of the people (deluded as they were by the traitors) was not appeased; but they ran wild, like goaded oxen, bellowing for the dismissal of the betrayed prince from his high office.

And it so happened, that sufficient firmness was not found to oppose the vulgar clamour that had been excited; and the prince hearing the noise of the deluded multitude and what they required, came forward, and said, "Behold, since it is your wish, though I am conscious of my rectitude, I resign my office."

And the people were a little appeased, but their fervour soon broke out again, and crowds gathered together, and conspirators met, and the voice of rebellion was loud in the land:

For are not the great majority of the multitude like a frantic herd, rushing along in droves, batting at all, and not knowing where to stop?

And were not these fearful times, and times that seem like fables to tell of, when the mad misled multitude had such sway, and villains and the dregs of earth trampled upon the dignity of princes and kings?

And the head of the King was bowed with sorrow, and would have sunk into the grave, had it not been that a few able and worthy men still existed in his empire.

And these men said unto the King, "Let not your sacred head be cast down, but look around; for all good men are the friends of the King, and the deluded multitude shall be brought to reason, and all shall yet be well."

And behold, in a little time dissension sprung up among the wicked ones, and they called one another knave and harlot; the knaves refused to pay the agreed price of iniquity, the secrets of the conspiracy became revealed, and then it was that good men began to have hopes.

And victory in battles blessed the arms of the King's soldiers that had been trained up by his son, and set in the path to glory by him.

And the King took comfort, and all good men loudly regretted the injustice that had been shown his son.

And behold, by degrees the voice of reasonable men began to prevail, and the deluded multitude awaked, as from the stupor of drunkenness, and questioned one another, saying, "What have we done? have we not done wrong?"

And they remembered themselves, and cursed their folly, saying, "How can we help ourselves?—How shall we make amends?"

"We have run after evil doers and conspirators; we have been blinded and misled by the devil, and we and our children were on the point of destruction, and of becoming slaves to the enemies and traitors of the state.

"And

"And let us throw ourselves, with our faces in the dust, at the feet of the King; and let us acknowledge to those who have spoken to us virtue and reason, that they have saved us from perishing.

"And our eyes are opened; and as we have been under a fearful delusion, we will call for punishment upon those who cast the spell over our senses, who caused us to act so shamefully and so violently."

And the people being all returned to reason, tranquillity and happiness were restored to the land, which continued to flow with milk and honey, and to put forth pleasant fruits and flowers, which the enemies of the country had essayed to destroy and blast.

And the King shone forth in all his glory, and like a spreading oak put forth his branches, and covered his people with happiness.

And all these things, of which we have been told, should be a warning to princes, how they trust their love in the bosoms of the impure.

INTELLIGENCE FOR THE COUNTRY:

IN A LETTER FROM MR. GABRIEL GUBBINS, OF LONDON,
TO THE MAYOR OF ***** , IN THE COUNTRY.

[From the Morning Post, July 14.]

DEAR COZ,

YOUR kind note by the Staffordshire waggon,
Came slow as the roads which those vehicles lag on;
But as it made known you were going to vote
Colonel Wardle your freedom, some plate, and what not,
It struck me I had not a moment to lose,
To inform you, by post, of the terrible news.
And strange is the tale which I have to relate
Of poor Colonel Wardle's unfortunate fate.
O dreadful the tidings reserv'd for my pen!
He is gone! and his Clarke is now saying—"Amen."
That excellent woman, who all understood
To be born for the public, its use, and its good,

On

On whom sat such polish'd and harden'd transgression,
 Five hundred good members could make no impression,
 While the Colonel and she, with their bark in full sail,
 In a moment this strange Mistress Clarke has turn'd tail,
 And declares, of the gulls she has caught in her net,
 The Colonel the greatest of simpletons yet.

But while this good lady now triumphs at large,
 The Colonel is left her large debts to discharge;
 And what is most striking, this debt though he pays it,
 Yet all must believe when a gentleman says it,
 He declares on his word, which to prove he is ready,
 That to him Mrs. Clarke was unknown—as a lady;
 That in one point alone he her beauties could see,
 As a witness unsullied, unbiass'd, and free;
 And so eager was he this fair plea to maintain,
 That he saw her but *once*—and refus'd it again.

When, woful the day, and most bitter the pill—
 Comes a fellow—a joiner—who brings in a bill
 For carpets, chairs, tables, and cabinet-work,
 For sofas *en Grec*, and for beds *à la Turque*—
 A scoundrel, a rascal—who does it in spite,
 And wrongly brings Clarke to attest—he is *Wright*;
 While this excellent witness, unsullied and free,
 And the good Colonel Wardle, so little agree,
 That he swears for *her use* he those articles chose,
 While she in return was compell'd to depose—
 To join in a dark and unnatural work,
 And foully conspire 'gainst His Highness of York.
 A story so horrid, no one had conceiv'd it,
 But, alas! both the Judge and the Jury believ'd it.
 And the Colonel—the Colonel, with grief do I say,
 'Gainst his will has two thousand hard guineas to pay;
 But to heighten his loss, and to double the evil—
 Thanks, freedoms, gold boxes, are gone to the d—ll!

In short, since the Conjuror humbugg'd the town,
 And the rages of gas and ballooning went down,
 A deception so great, or so wicked a joke,
 Never vanish'd in air, or departed in smoke.
 Even Bosville declares—who so kindly gives dinners
 To all these distress'd and unfortunate sinners,
 That had he to fathom his conduct been able,
 He never had soil'd knife and fork at his table;

While

While men, whom nice feelings and honour compell'd
 In the Commons to vote—say, he should be expell'd.
 But while by this tale, and the poison diffus'd,
 "The whole ear of Denmark" was sadly abus'd;
 While a King, whom each Briton would perish to save,
 Might have felt his white hairs go with grief to his grave;
 From the clouds which the morning horizon o'ercast,
 The sun in his splendour is rising at last,
 And proudly looks down on the blackening storm,
 Which dar'd, for a while, his bright orb to deform.
 In short, the vile fictions of slander have fail'd,
 And truth, as it should do, at length has prevail'd—
 While the wish is—a Prince, whom the army ador'd,
 Again they may hail—their Commander and Lord.

INTELLIGENCE FOR THE COUNTRY:

IN A LETTER FROM MR. GABRIEL GUBBINS, IN LONDON,
 TO THE MAYOR OF ****, IN THE COUNTRY.—NO. II.

[From the same, July 18.]

GOOD Heavens! dear Coz, what a tale has been spread,
 That some likeness of Wardle—his tail or his head—
 Which the print-shops and pot-shops have turn'd out of town,
 As gifts patriotic, to you are gone down.
 Were they Wedgwoods—pray treat all such vases as this,
 As the Irish once did the unfortunate Twiss.
 And no fear need you have of misfortune hereafter,
 For the Colonel's not fated to perish by water.
 Such vessels, believe me, 't is fun to annoy them—
 Or treat them as French, and "sink, burn, and destroy" them.
 But no words can convey what a general disclosure
 Has sprung from the Colonel's disastrous exposure.
 How the *parsons* of parishes grieve the excesses
 Of their quickness and zeal when they penn'd the addresses:
 How *attornies* now mourn over parchments all lost,
 Which more to their profit they might have engross'd:
 While corporate towns, to their thanks to give weight,
 Had voted the Colonel small pieces of plate,
 Now curse the speech-makers who stole their belief,
 And think the "receiver as bad as the thief."

While

While others have issued a quick countermand,
To the *cups* and the *snuff-boxes* "not out of hand;"
And hint that their zeal is so truly diminish'd,
That they think "their said orders will never be finish'd."

But of all public bodies by laughter most run down,
Is the livery of liveries—the Livery of London:
Who bore thro' the streets all the mob they could scrape there,
Unluckily led by a wild Linen-draper:
Who leaving his proper concerns, (more the pity!)
Deserted his counter to brawl on the city;
To talk of her "*wealth, and her witals, and bowels*"—
Deliv'ring bad English instead of good towels.
But the Colonel, by trading on spurious pretences,
Has brought all these tradesmen at once to their senses;
And for freedoms and thanks they have mov'd, in their stead,
"That the whole, with their Colouel, be knock'd on the head."

But if *you*, in your town, should be doing so too,
Remember—in error atonement is due.
His Highness of York, while foul slander prevail'd,
Had his character question'd, his honour assail'd—
While, to quiet the clamour stirr'd up through the land,
He silently bow'd—and resign'd his command.
But, unhurt by the shafts which Detraction has hurl'd,
His innocence now stands avow'd by the world!
What then do strict justice and honour require?
What then does each Englishman's feelings inspire?
They imperiously call to petition the Crown,
That rank to restore, which nice feeling laid down.
And forget not, *dear Coz*, from the cor to the Throne,
We can always judge right, make the case but our own.

MR. WARDLE TO HIS POPULARITY.

IN IMITATION OF THE EMPEROR ADRIAN'S VERSES TO
HIS SOUL.

[From the same, July 17.]

DEAR, pleasing, empty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou spread thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight the Lord knows whither?

Faster and faster every day
 Thy honours vanish from my sight,
 And, anxious now to get away,
 Thou bid'st me carelessly good night.

THE WARDLE PRESENTS.

[From the same.]

'MONGST the presents of boxes to Wardle, we hear,
 One from Clarke was receiv'd—'t was a box on the ear.
Box Hill, Kent. PEPPER BOX.

WESTBOURNE FESTIVITIES.

[From the British Press, July 17.]

MRS. Clarke's elegant house has been lately the seat of much festivity. Several dramatic pieces have been performed; amongst the first were, *A First Floor, or, Lodgings to Let*; *the Blind Bargain*, and the farce of *Raising the Wind*: but the entertainment which deserves most notice, took place last week: it was the farce of *A House to be Sold*, *The Lover Outwitted*, and *the Masque of Comus*; the *Lady* by Miss Taylor, and *Euphrosyne* by Mrs. Clarke, with the favourite air "'Tis only daylight that makes sin." Mrs. Clarke also danced a *Pas Seul*, to the tune of "Money in both Pockets." After these entertainments, a most elegant *Pic Nic* collation was served; the wines from the cellar of Mr. W—dle, who very obligingly sang, with great pathos, addressed to Mrs. Clarke, the favourite air from the opera of *The Travellers*, "*Mother, dearest Mother, the gratitude I owe.*" Sir John C. was very fine in the song of "*The Traveller benighted.*"

TO THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF MARY ANNE CLARKE,
AND D. WRIGHT,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioners have heard unto their grief and consternation, that your Honourable Court have come to a resolution as follows :

“ That the thanks of this Court, and the freedom of the city, in a gold box, of the value of one hundred guineas, be presented to Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, Esq. in grateful testimony of the high sense they entertain of the *zeal, intrepidity, and patriotism*, which is so eminently evinced in his arduous and laudable undertaking.”

And your petitioners, with all deference and respect to your Honourable Court, submit as follows :

That the said Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle has been cast in an action, brought against him in the Court of King's Bench, by the brother of your petitioner, D. Wright, for the recovery of 1400*l.* for furniture supplied to your other petitioner, Mary Anne Clarke, upon account of, and upon the undertaking of the said G. L. Wardle.

That the said G. L. Wardle has appealed to the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in a public address, in which he accuses your petitioners, who were subpoenaed as witnesses in this cause, and solemnly pledged himself to convict them of *perjury* as soon as the form of law will permit him.

That the intrepid and laudable undertaking of the said G. L. Wardle, for which your Honourable Court have voted him your thanks in a box of gold, was not, and could not have been accomplished or begun, but by the assistance and confederacy of your petitioner, M. A. Clarke.

That

That the said G. L. Wardle, in order to induce your petitioner M. A. Clarke to enter into the said confederacy, did promise and undertake to pay her upholder, for furniture, to be delivered at her house in Westbourne Place, the sum of 1900*l.*; and that her upholder, to whom she was already indebted in the sum of 5 or 600*l.* was maliciously advised by the said G. L. Wardle to commence an action for that sum against His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

That the said G. L. Wardle, not having been able to prevail upon the said upholder to bring the malicious action aforesaid, which had no foundation in truth, or law, or equity, did actually pay, by a bill, 500*l.* part of the said contract with your petitioner, Mary Anne Clarke.

That the said Mary Anne Clarke having given all her evidence in the House of Commons, in the form and manner agreed and contracted for with the said G. L. Wardle, and the said G. L. Wardle having received all the advantage and benefit it was intended for him to derive from the said evidence, according to the said contract—did most unjustly refuse to pay the upholder for the residue of the said furniture.

That a jury, impannelled upon their oath, in the Court of King's Bench, to try this issue, have found all these facts to be true, and delivered their verdict accordingly—And

That the said G. L. Wardle has threatened to try your petitioners for perjury, as above stated, committed in their evidence at this trial.

Now, your petitioners humbly conceive, and reverentially submit to your Honourable and enlightened Court, that any vote of thanks or honours upon your part to the said G. L. Wardle has a manifest and unjust tendency to prejudice the minds of the public, and to render it difficult for them to obtain an impartial
panel

pannel or jury (upon their approaching trial for perjury), in the county of Middlesex or city of London.

And your female petitioner, M. A. Clarke, especially, most humbly suggests, that as Colonel Wardle has appealed to his country at large, requiring the public to *suspend* their opinion upon his character, until the issue of her said trial for perjury—she may in her turn request and require your Honourable Court to *suspend* the delivery of the *said box of gold* until the event of the trial.

And she farther, with all respect and submission to your Honourable Court, suggests, that she possesses far higher claims to the thanks and remuneration of your Honourable Court, for the “*zeal, intrepidity, and patriotism,*” she evinced in the *laudable* and arduous undertaking, than can be urged in favour of G. L. Wardle.

That the said G. L. Wardle actually took away her letters by force, and broke his solemn word of promise in bringing forward certain articles of accusation from which he engaged to abstain, and violated her confidence upon various occasions.

That, notwithstanding the bad faith and violence of the said G. L. Wardle, she *conscientiously* persevered in giving her evidence, as agreed upon, and *in part* paid for by the said G. L. Wardle, without which the said “*laudable undertaking*” must have been abandoned in shame and despair—And

Your said female petitioner therefore most humbly, but also confidently, prays, that another Court may be convened, *after the issue of her trial* for perjury, for the express purpose of discussing and deciding the priority of her claim to the thanks and *freedom* of the city—who has been true to all her engagements, and who has really and essentially achieved and finished the “*laudable undertaking*”—over the spurious pretensions of G. L. Wardle; who, for the sake of a few
hundred

DUET OF MR. COBBETT AND COL. WARDLE. 141

hundred pounds (which he has lost with costs and damages), has endangered and finally overthrown, undone, and for ever destroyed and disgraced the said "laudable undertaking."

And, as in duty bound, your petitioners will ever pray, &c. &c. (L. S.) D. WRIGHT.

(L. S.) MARY ANNE CLARKE.

[From the Morning Post, July 18.]

DUET BETWEEN MR. COBBETT AND COL. WARDLE,

ON THE SUBJECT OF THEIR LATE RESPECTIVE EXPOSURES.—DEDICATED TO, AND ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN TROUBLED WITH VOICES.

[From the same, July 20.]

Air—"I've kiss'd and I've prattled."

COBBETT.

I'VE prattled and sided with fifty M. P.'s;
And a weathercock been, d' ye see; (bis.)
But of all the wise means that adopted should be,
Parli'men'try reform, Sirs, for me!
Parli'men'try reform,
Parli'men'try reform,
Parli'men'try reform, Sirs, for me.

COL. WARDLE.

I've pump'd and bamboozled the spruce Mrs. Clarke,
And as great an ass prov'd as could be; (bis.)
But of all the vile dæmons that stalk on the earth,
The vilest of dæmons is she!
The vilest of dæmons,
The vilest of dæmons,
Ay, the vilest of dæmons is she.

COBBETT.

My *Registers* brought me five thousand a year,
And matchless, indeed, they were deem'd; (bis.)
But, since Georgy Manners has pull'd off my mask,
And expos'd me to popular scorn,
Henceforth, hard to tell!
I *Merinos* must sell—
Now is n't my lot most forlorn?

COL.

COL. WARDLE.

Sofa-beds, chairs and tables, bidets and commodes,
 Have play'd, Sirs, the devil with me. *(bis.)*
 Oh! why did I not, when I found my cash fail,
 Apply to the friends of reform?
 They knowing the plight,
 I was brought in, by *Wright*,
 Would not, doubtless, have let me done wrong.

* * * * *

TOGETHER.

Since of hope we're bereft, and have no comfort left,
 Hand in hand to the Thames let's repair; *(bis.)*
 And, bewailing the turns of that jade's, Fortune's, wheel,
 Let's get rid of our care and dismay!
 If the d—l won't have us,
 To the sea he can shove us,
 And the sharks and the porpoises may.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

WHEN Icarus*, with new-made power elate,
 A while presumptuous, tower'd each lofty heap,
 By radiant Sol this *bold one* met his fate,
 Was plung'd into "the bosom of the deep;"
 So Wardle, in his bold aspiring flight,
 Forgot that he had overstepp'd his mark,
 Till stopp'd in his career by pow'rful *Wright*,
 The *Colonel* finds he's conquer'd by his *Clarke*.
 C. T. G. H.

VAGABONDIZING TO CHELTENHAM.

[From the Morning Herald.]

Cheltenham, July 24.

IN this age of inflation, we have seldom regarded an instance of the art of puffing more decidedly characteristic, than the following notification of a puppet-

* Icarus had waxen wings, and, flying too high, the sun dissolved the wax, and he fell into the sea.

show, which was personally delivered to me yesterday evening, on the Music Walks, by no less a conveyancer than the manager himself:—

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

The director of the inimitable Fantoccini has the honour of informing the nobility and gentry, and mobility of Cheltenham, that his delectable corps dramatique will exhibit their unparalleled feats this evening, at the Grand Saloon of Momus.

After an exordium from the chorus, in imitation of the Greek drama, the *wooden* servants of the Muses (an endless family) will have the felicity to represent *The Virgin Unmasked*; or, *Tabitha Bramble in her Attitudes*. The principal character by Miss Beech, from the *Forest of Dean*, who will make her *debut* on this interesting occasion; and the director solicits the indulgence of the critics, in behalf of the feelings of an interesting Commencante.

After which, the Petition of the Dogs to Jupiter for an Amelioration of their Condition: the part of The Comical Dog, by that renowned comedian Mr. Punch, who will recite Tristram Shandy's Chapter on Noses, with new readings.

As an Intermezzo, or interlude, Mr. *Leadenbottom* will throw a saraband on the tight rope; this prodigious exertion will surprise those who were never surprised before. This wonderful display will be succeeded by a Pas de Deux, between the Emperor of Morocco and the Gloster Beauty.

The whole to conclude with the patriotic spectacle of "Hearts of Oak are our Ships, Hearts of Oak are our Men," by Mr. *Punch*, in the character of a Greenwich pensioner, and assistants.

Signor *Elm*, having unfortunately broken his leg in a Pas Seul, cannot have the honour of appearing on this evening; but the director has the high delight to inform the beau monde, that he is under the care of a skilful

skilful *carpenter*, and will be fit for the resumption of his duty to-morrow, when he will personate the arduous character of The Baker, in the admired tragedy of *Jane Shore*.

N. B. Smoking is prohibited in the boxes, and no gentleman must talk to Mr. Punch, but the fiddler.

Another N. B.—Ladies who have no carriages, and do not wear pattens, are respectfully informed, that the cows are removed from the vicinity.

INTELLIGENCE FOR TOWN:

IN A LETTER FROM THE MAYOR OF ***** IN THE COUNTRY, TO HIS COUSIN MR. GABRIEL GUBBINS IN LONDON.

(Being an Answer to Two Letters, see p. 133, 135.)

[From the Morning Post, July 25.]

I THANK you, cousin, for each letter;
 For *one* of mine, I'm *two* your debtor:
 But as to fag myself I'm loth,
 I mean this *one* should stand for both.
 For though I'm mayor—'t is not of course
 Always—"the mare's the better horse."

Your news with us at first but far'd ill
 About our patriot, Colonel Wardle:
 For some it made not over-jolly,
 Yet has it cur'd us of our folly;
 And as a symptom of repentance,
 On all memorials we've pass'd sentence.
 His likenesses, in wood engravings,
 Are doom'd to light our fires—in shavings;
 And farther—of conversion token—
 The *Wedgwood vases*—all are broken;
 Save *one*, which ornaments the bed
 Where Mistress Mayoress rests her head:
 And *she's* so well inclin'd—my trust is,
 The Wedgwood will have ample justice:
 And let the patriot sink or swim,
 Not much more shall we see of him.

And

And Master Punch, to mend the joke,
 (Who's here with all his motley folk,)
 Begg'd, for the Colonel's tricks in town,
 To show them some as good—his own.
 So gave the farce a kind of jumble—
 He *nick*-nam'd—" *Lucifer's grand tumble* ;"
 Where, patriot-like, in brimstone breeches,
 Strutted an *imp*, and made fine speeches ;
 With flaming eyes and beak for nose,
 And claws and *tale* as false as those,
 Were sported once amongst the members ;
 And which with shame each man remembers.
 'T was done so well—the wicked elf
 Throughout appear'd like Wardle's self ;
 And when by unforeseen descent
 The trap gave way, and—down he went !
 'T was all so natural—none can tell
 But *he* was gone—where you can spell.
 While all, as the reward of evil,
 Approv'd his going to the *d—l*.
 In short, to close this humbug stuff,
 A penny box—a candle-snuff—
 Would pay the whole of England's *debt*,
 Had Wardle to receive it yet.
 Nay, more—as Mayor have I to boast—
 Last feast I gave a certain toast—
 A *certain toast* ; but, not t' alarm ye,
 It was—" The Duke of York and Army :"
 Which (now from all delusion free)
 We drank, and cheer'd with *three times three*.

THE EXPEDITION.

[From the British Press, July 26.]

A MAID, reluctant to become the mate
 Of one who joins the expedition straight ;
 Objected, from opinion, that so soon
 The calls of war must break the honey-moon.
 He, better skill'd in ministerial taste,
 Assur'd the maid of dilatory haste ;
 Told her that mighty minds move slowly on,
 While after them lags lazy expedition.

The maid complies, he clasps her to his arms,
 No sudden mandate wrests him from her charms;
 He views the fleet, secure of favouring gales,
 And takes a house by lease until it sails.

MRS. CLARKE'S CATECHISM.

[From the Public Ledger.]

WHAT makes all questions plain and clear?—
 About—five hundred pounds a-year.
 What proves that false—prov'd true before?
 Why—just about five hundred more.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Post.]

WARDLE forbear, th' indictment must be strong,
 That proves to demonstration, *Wright is wrong.*
 G. B.

A SKETCH FOR A NATIONAL PICTURE.

UT PICTURA POESIS.

[From the same, July 31.]

IF a painter the patriot of patriots would draw,
 Enforcing our claims, and propounding the law!
 Let the look be *imposing*, the attitude bold—
 While his hand a new plan of reform would unfold:
 For the names of old deeds and great charters he slights,
 And his hand would be palsied to touch—*Bill of Wright's.*

IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

POOOR Wardle has vow'd his *dear* Clarke he'll indict,
 But he's all in the *wrong*, she's supported by *Wright.*
 W. E.

A SKETCH

A SKETCH FOR A CARICATURE.

*Scene, Paris.**An old Citizen and his Wife reading the late Bulletins.*

[From the same.]

Madame (Reading). Oh! the great fight of Marengo was kept up by the victory of Raab.*Cit.* Don't you believe it, my deary; 'tis only our Emperor's gab.

*** When we had printed thus far, there fell into our hands an octavo volume, the contents of which had been periodically published at Bath, under the title of "*Le PAPILLON; or, The Fashionable Trifler, and Bath Censor.*" As this work, we believe, never obtained any circulation in London (perhaps on account of the locality, generally speaking, of its satire), we shall make a selection from it of such articles as we think will best bear transplanting. Those to which we affix ** are ascribed to the pen of John Peter Roberdeau, Esq. of Bath, by the friend who was kind enough to lend us the volume.

LETTER I.

FROM MR. DASHAWAY TO THE EDITOR OF THE
PAPILLON.

OLD PARAGRAPH,

HAVING found among the knowing ones, that your filley PAPILLON is likely to be the favourite thing, and will be taken against the field, I have sported some hundreds upon its success; so I now give you a few hints for its improvement; for much is still wanting, notwithstanding the noble sport of your last *Chase*. In the first place, you want a correspondent to report from the clubs, and Tattersall's betting-room; and if you will accept my services, *I say done first!*

Give us some *Crim. Con.* cases, rich and racy, old
N 2 boy;

boy : we expect of course all the elopements, whether they end in a fortnight's frolic, or a morning visit to old *Fullbottom* and his man *Amen* : 't is your duty, and of all publishers, to improve the morals of the age, you know. In your poetry give us some *deep-coloured* songs, and be sure to quiz the parsons who come to wash away their wine with the Bath waters. Observe to be devilish exact in describing boxing-matches; give us all the new blows, the *eye-closers*, the *stomachers*, the *breath-pumpers*, and so on. Pick up a sound course of training, to enable a man to walk down five post-horses.—Sport the playhouses, managers, actors, pieces, and all.—*Ironmask* against *Shakespeare*—*done for a hundred* : Bath Italian operas against all plays past, present, and to come ! Music's the *crack* ; Catalani's the go—That's your sort—Two sweepstakes—Runs double heat and comes in with her weight ! I'll back her for what they dare—A fine going thing—A deal of foot—*feels the bit*—goes in a snaffle—leaps Gamut-gate at a stand—She's the sort !

Insert this letter to save me from being *done up*, as I have taken the long odds with Lord Littlecash, that it appears in your next number.—If you bring me through, expect a second letter from

Yours, my worthy Penscraper,

** DICKY DASHAWAY.

Roary Hall, Turf Common, Feb. 13, 1809.

USEFUL RECEIPTS,

NOT TO BE FOUND IN DR. BUCHAN, OR THE LONDON DISPENSATORY,

A Cure for an obstinate and bad War.

TAKE of *Ministers of State* a large handful—of *Contractors* and *Commissaries* as many as can be found—of *Stock Brokers* quantum suff. and place the whole in the front of every battle.

To

To prevent wrong Verdicts and promote Justice.

Take of Fox's Bill, a paper full—Common Sense and Impartiality, equal parts—Sprinkle these with a *Juryman's Oath*, and let them be taken at going into Court.

Aurum palpabile, or tangible Gold.

This specific may be justly called a *Panpharmaco*, or universal medicine: it is administered with unfailing effect in political disorders. The *rabies patriotica* (or patriotic furor) has often yielded to this remedy, even when patients have been so far gone as to *bellow*, foam at the mouth, and *clench their fists*—a proper *strong dose* always abates the paroxysm; their *mouths close*, their *stamping* subsides, and they tractably follow the *Administrator*, in and out, left or right.

The Bath Epistolarium Sapiens Recipe.—A new Drug.

Take of the essence of *Clericalis inflatus*, THREE ounces—of the oil of *Medicus primarius* ONE ounce—of the powder of *Laicus Hettingo* and *Laicus Liverp.* TWO ounces, equal quantities: in all—six ounces.—Pound them in a mortar of *Arrogantia* marble, with a pestle of *Audacia* wood, until they are sufficiently mixed; colour the mass with the rectified spirit of *Poplicola*, and you may advantageously dispense and circulate it through the GLOBE.

N. B. This excellent *new drug* was said to have suddenly acquired so much fame, as to have become celebrated and *noticed* very far beyond the Rev. Dr. Barclay's Gout Pills, which only carry the approving testimonials of about a *dozen* members of the legislature; while the present article (as was said) had attracted the inquiries of more than *six hundred noble commoners*, who had not only sought a *personal* interview with the *compounders* and *inventors*, but had besides honoured them with a SERJEANT'S GUARD with ARMS, for their safe journey to London; and during their being *detained* there on the business. It

was also conjectured that *the parties* would have been so impressed and affected with gratitude for such *distinction* shown to their *skill and invention*, that they would have expressed *their feelings* on the subject, and for the high favour thus bestowed, *upon their knees*; and that (contrary to all *medical practice*, past, present, or to come) they would have *prayed* to be *discharged*; and have also requested (strange to tell!) not to have *received*, but to have *paid their FEES*: and that they would, at parting, have presented the friendly and hospitable *armed Serjeant* for his *attendance and safe care* of them, TEN POUNDS PER DIEM, each!!

Sal Satiricum, or satirical Salt.

Very useful for just seasoning all public *speechifications*—or giving relish and poignancy to *new sheets*. With this salt *vice and folly* are often more brow-beaten and mortified than by more *compounded* and usual medicines.

Oleum Sycophanteum, or Oil of Flattery.

A most powerful ointment in curing contractions of the back and neck, or any rigidity of the *caput*. It will render all *supple*, and has brought on more *bowing* than all the dancing-masters. It is to be administered either in the ears, or rubbed in the eyes with a preparation of common writing or printing ink.

Aqua Lethalis, or Deadly Water.

So called because it kills the remembrance of whatever a patient wishes to forget. It obliterates old friendships, and has made many forget *what* they once were; it particularly removes all promises:—by a free use of this excellent water a man may forget his family, his friends, his principles, and most especially himself!!!

Balsamum Soporificum, or Quieting Balsam.

Useful to lull the twinges of conscience, the stings of remorse, and the throbs of recollection.

PUMP-ROOM DIALOGUE.

Mrs. PATLEAKALL attending in her vocation ; various Drinkers walking about ; a Stranger just arrived, smartly dressed and FULL POCKETED, sips his glass, gives a piece of GOLD, and addresses Mrs. Patleakall.—

Stranger. A very fatiguing office yours, Ma'am ; I hope it is *advantageous*, and requites your trouble ?

Mrs. P. Oh dear ! no, Sir ; a mere trifle, I assure you ; *I says* nothing, but *some folks* likes to get all themselves, and let *other folks* get little enough. And 't is all in vain to convince them that putting a *genteel price* upon the water, was all for the *honour* of the city of Bath ; and that to keep *the mob* away from getting a *sup* of it for nothing, was a dignified act ; they *bothered* about charity, and that *they* at least would not impose upon strangers in Bath, and so *recommended* (truly !) a list of beggarly rates hardly worth accepting of !

Strang. Very hard indeed, Ma'am ; and so I suppose, as nobody else would undertake the office you hold, you continue it *merely* for public good : very spirited indeed ! But pray, Ma'am, do you manage all the waterworks of Bath ?

Mrs. P. I manage them all Sir, by the help of my *nympts*, as I calls 'em. La ! Sir, it would do your heart good to see my *nympts* : all fine grown girls, as *able* as myself, I'll warrant ye : here now comes one of them in that *grope* of company ; that's my *Georgi* that lives in the Buildings ; she's looking out for an earl, or a lord, or a baronet, for *her first*, if nothing better can be caught : they've all fine spirits and good constitutions, and will make the money *spin* I'll answer, as well as any girls in Bath ; so any one will but give it 'em.

Strang. I should be happy to be known to the young lady.

Mrs. P. Speak to her, Sir; she'll give you as good as you bring, Sir.

Strang. I shall take another opportunity, Ma'am: pray who is that gentleman with the full cravat?

Mrs. P. That, Sir, is him they call *Count Gammon*, of the Buildings too; he, they say, is going to be married to *blood royal* shortly!

Strang. To royal blood! you surprise me, Madam.

Mrs. P. La! Sir, it's my ways: why, to Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Macbeth, and such-like.

Strang. Ha! ha! ha! I understand you; and will the lady *knuckle down*? But pray, who is that reverend gentleman talking so loud and so much to those two old dowagers?

Mrs. P. That, Sir, is *Dr. Shortdilet*, of *Chatter Place*, 'as fine an old gossip as ever mugged at a christening:—no manners; no breeding; a little *vulgarish* or so; but an useful companion for pulmonary complaints, as he saves the *largest* company the trouble of putting in a single word!

Strang. Very useful truly; ha! ha! I suppose he is what we call a *long-winded* preacher?

Mrs. P. A little demure, Sir; I says nothing:—a bit of a stop, I believe:—Now you talk of parsons, Sir, look at those tall young ladies in that *grope* from Bathwick; one of our clerical wags lately took a text, founded upon seeing them display themselves so much, and preached a whole discourse from "*Be ye FISHERS of men?*"

Strang. But pray who is that young lady in their company, looking so sharp after his *Royal Highness*?

Mrs. P. A sharp look-out *all round* is a good thing, as my mother used to tell me; and the Bath lasses are rare followers of my mother's maxim, Sir: but here comes Mr. Sable, our great preacher; la! Sir,
it's

it's quite a *feast* to hear his fast sermons; always, Sir, upon the same *commandment*, "Thou shalt not fight."

Strang. As an enemy to *war* I revere and admire him! I recollect having derived much agreeable information and many hours' entertainment from his numerous publications:—he's a most honourable labourer in the vineyard of literature.

NOVELTIES IN POLITICO-NATURAL HISTORY.

ACCOUNT OF THE PLACEHUNTI LOCUST AND GRUMBLERILLA CANKER-WORM.

Read before the Risible Society, February 1809.

By Dr. Stripmaski Flagellanti.

THE PLACEHUNTI LOCUST.

IT is not pretended that any *new species* of vermin has been discovered; but it is presumed that the varieties of the two sorts in genus, spots, instinct, *polity*, and other points, will render the following sketches acceptable to the *porte-feuilles* of the curious in such collections.

The PLACEHUNTI is the larger insect of the two; it is not always visible to the naked eye, but is easily discoverable by adepts in the *closest recesses*: it assumes a variety of disguises and shapes, and very often that of the locust *Patriotica*, when you may discern at a great distance its miniature *roarings*; which tones hold so much mastery over the understanding, or rather over the ears, of *John Bull*. Our insects sometimes herd together in great numbers, and are sometimes very scattered:—the vicinity of the *Thames* at Westminster is known to breed them particularly; and in an *old building*, formerly a chapel dedicated to *St. Stephen*, they are to be found in swarms!

swarms!—A large mansion in *Downing Street*, although undergoing frequent sweeping out, and repairs, by change of tenants, is uniformly infested by the *Placehanti*; there is a method of taming them for a time, by pampering their insatiable appetites with shining counters, and bits of *thin paper*. Parchments with large seals affixed is a general object of their fancy; as well as lengths of blue, green, and red broad ribands, after which they are always nibbling: but they are most ungrateful vermin, even to their feeders; and they no longer abstain from mischief, than while their ungracious maws are kept occupied with the above strange articles of sustenance. There is a breed called the *Buckingham devourer*, which it is totally impossible to satisfy or tame for any length of time; not even a royal feeder, or the largest *Pit-troughs*, being found sufficient to supply food for their immeasurable appetites. The insect has wings, and the moment it takes offence it flies off with a great noise, making a kind of enticing, and promising fostering cluck to the smaller vermin to follow it, and again attack the building.

THE GRUMBLERILIA CANKER-WORM.

The GRUMBLERILIA has been long known in this country, but it has of late most alarmingly multiplied, as well as all over Europe. It is so varied an insect, that no general description can reach it. It is found in all situations; sometimes burrowing in the most stately mansions, as well as in straw-thatched cottages; and its noise is even at times heard in the sounding-boards of some pulpits. These insects differ much in venom: there is a species called the *Painanum* (after a most celebrated feeder), the poison of which is nearly incurable. The true *British* species is very harmless, and is thought to improve the constitution if moderately administered, when under a spare regimen of beef and pudding! They have not been

been known to propagate in our *barracks* or *camps*, although it is imagined that *the eggs* have been sometimes introduced by evil-minded persons. The *Grumblerilia*, like every part of creation, has also its appropriate and wise use, as the *noise* of the insect is a supposed *specific* against the *morbus aristocratia*; which dangerous and putrid disease is always, at least, kept under by the alarming *clickings* of the *Grumblerilia*. This insect also usually infests farm-houses after plentiful harvests. There is a description of people who *thrive* and grow plump by *its bite*; these are the *editors* and *news-dealers* of London, who keep factories of these insects *spinning* continually, and always find customers for the poisonous webs, at *sixpence a paper-full*: the consequences to the *buyers* are sometimes dreadful, as the *inflammation* enters at *the eyes*, and soon spreads to *the heart*, giving uneasy days and restless nights; often driving the patient to absolute insanity, and ending by death under various symptoms. The *gibbet convulsion* is frequently the closing paroxysm, and not unusually the *razor haemorrhage* or the *pistol locked-jaw*.

♦♦

DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPPUS.

BY DR. STRIPMASKI FLAGELLANTE.

Read before the Risible Society.

THE size of the body of the British Chrysippus varies according to the different species—one of which is in the ratio of one half of the larger one; the other of one third. Naturalists have not determined if it should be classed as animal or vegetable. Without a microscope it shows the resemblance both of a lion and of the iris, or fleur-de-lis. Although it has no motion of its own, it is very easily set in motion,

156 DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPPUS.

tion, and is made easily to fly all over any town or district.

A chrysippus, by the single contact of my own finger, has sometimes so closely attached itself, that by the most strenuous exertions and applications of my friends, it could by no means be made to quit its hold. I have also learnt, by a continual attention, that with care they easily procure young ones. Upon trying a hundred of them together they were found at the year's end to produce five complete chrysippi. To make them produce more, is a dangerous experiment in this country to the philosophers who attempt it.

A chrysippus of the larger kind may be divided into twenty-one substances (whether animal or vegetable we again determine not), every substance being of the size of the parent chrysippus. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four, and every one of these is both larger and heavier than the first chrysippus. The only difference in the change is that of colour; for the first is yellow, the second white, and the third a sort of copper hue. The age they attain differs extremely, some living a century or more. They live longest when housed in bags or chests, but they seldom live long when alone. A single one properly applied will make a man talk a full hour, and say whatever you desire; but sometimes a far larger number is requisite for this. It will also, at times, make a man blind or deaf, without the least detriment to his organs. It also is the strongest love-powder in the world, and has such a power over the female sex, that it often produces love, or its appearance, in the prettiest girl to the most worthless, ugly, old, and decrepit among mortal men. In fine, it is a medicine that even physicians are so fond of taking, that few of them visit a patient without swallowing a dose.

A SUMMARY

A SUMMARY OF THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION
OF MADAME SQUALINA CANTABILE,
FOR VARIOUS ROBBERIES AND MISDEMEANORS, BEFORE
THE BRITISH HIGH COURT OF COMMON SENSE, FEB.
1809 *.

THE clerk of the court read the indictment, which consisted of many counts; among which were, that the said *Squalina Cantabile* had for two years committed *depredations* on the pocket of Mr. *John Bull* and his family;—and that latterly, not having the fear of *groans* before their eyes, she and her accomplices had entered into a conspiracy; and, by *hiring a house at Bath*, had contrived to inveigle and *draw in* many unwary people, to the unlawful game of *gamut*; where, during a sort of *intoxication*, they became stripped of numerous pieces of the current coin of this realm, called *half-guineas, seven shilling pieces, &c.* against the statute. She, with various accomplices, was farther indicted, by persons named *Blunt, Oak, &c. &c.* of robbing them of their annual benefits.—To all of which counts she pleaded “*Not guilty.*”

The pleadings were energetically opened by Sergeant *Shakspeare* and Counsellor *Arne*—We regret the necessity of omitting these master-pieces of oratory, and the great compression we are compelled to use.

The first witness called was Mr. *John Bull*, to whose venerable and comely appearance the court paid great respect. Mr. *Bull*, on being asked if his lady and family did not also attend to give evidence, replied, that the good old lady Mrs. *Bull* had been very much indisposed for the last six months; in which time she had sorely suffered, first with a *Convention colic*, which had distorted her physiognomy; after that with a *Corunna discharge* from her vitals, night and day for a month; that she was now in a very high *York fever*, from which *serious consequences* were to be feared.—

* This was, we believe, the first literary attack made upon the Catalani mania.

That

That Miss *Hibernia Bull* had resisted and repulsed the prisoner at the bar; and that Miss *Scotia Bull* had not been attacked. The court then ordered him a chair;—he declined the indulgence, by stating that his bodily condition was no longer so repleté and full fed as to require it; as the great and celebrated *Doctor Pitt* and his pupils had put him for some years upon a regimen that had quite cured him of corpulence. Mr. Bull appeared rather consumptive, and to swallow with difficulty. He then swore in a clear and manly detail, that the prisoner at the bar had, since her arrival from France (a fact which seemed to surprise many persons in court), purloined, snatched, drawn out, and otherwise robbed him and his family of many thousand pounds, to his very great prejudice, loss, and detriment.—*Cantabile*, the prisoner, being here asked if she had any counsel to cross-examine the evidence for her, replied, that the gentlemen of the long robe had uniformly refused taking a brief against Mr. *John Bull*. The judge then informed her, that she should ever have the assistance of that court, who always acted as counsel for the prisoner. The court then asked Mr. *Bull* on his oath, if he was not sometimes mad, or at least subject to temporary derangement of intellect?

Answer. No, I am always sound-minded; but I own I am frequently troubled with a singing in my head, and dropsical weight in my palms.

Miss *Blunt* was next sworn: she deposed, that she sung at the *Bath concerts*; almost without pay or salary, trusting in remuneration to an after-benefit-concert, which was this year nearly annihilated by the prisoner's previous purse-depredations: that the concert-factor had artfully concealed the intended robbery, to the moment of the close of his own gatherings, and offered no other consolation, than "*Le grand honneur to sing at Bath*;"—as he spoke very good English,

list, although a foreigner. The court then asked her, if she had not always expressed her vast satisfaction at that honour?—She owned she had been a little *weak* that way, until she found that neither bakers, butchers, nor landlords were collectors of—Notes of honour!

The court was by this time so exceedingly crowded, that we could only imperfectly collect, that the next witnesses were public performers, who severally deposed to the actual loss of their winter benefits, by the retrenchment of nights, resulting from the prisoner's forcible entry *four times* upon their premises, with her accomplices, armed with *fiddlesticks*, and other weapons of annoyance: that it was in vain to resist them; as, besides being protected by *Mrs. Gen* and his friends, many of them were *cut out* for high seats, which the deponents were not.—That the robbery was of the most serious consequence to themselves and families, many of them having wives and children.

The evidence for the prosecution being closed, the prisoner called various persons to her character, some of whom the court objected to, as being her accomplices: one *Sacchini*, alias *Something*, was forbid to be sworn, as a change of names appeared at best suspicious.—A month cousin of a great person, a *Mrs. Home-he-ran*, had *walked away* very properly, as she had been merely employed to *look at her own fingers*, and to *stand in the way* of more active and able assistants. The *concert-factor*, after giving the prisoner the usual *Old Bailey* character, “dat he never knew her rob, nor sheate, nor steala before”—was very closely questioned and admonished by the court, who observed to him, that as a patronised and successful foreigner, the aid of sympathy and liberality was expected from him, towards those whose livelihood arose, in great measure, from his employ; they desired an explanation respecting *Misa B*.—After a shrug of recollection, two *prises de tabac*, and as marry *helas!* he elocuted;—
dat

dat—he was at *Barth*, le grand consul de musique, was true; but—*dat* he was not so much *interessé* as might be thought; for out of the eight concerts, only *two* were for his benefit; the other *six* merely for his profit and emolument!—*dat*—all *grand musicians* know the impressions of a good *overture*, by way of *la belle promesse*:—*dat*—there was also a composition called—a *catch*, which was much esteemed by many *grand musiciens*!—*dat*—his old friend *Signor Delphini* (of leg-twisting memory) had often told him *dat*——— Here the orator's further arguments became drowned in a general coughing, hemming, foot-scraping, &c. &c.—The court did not by any means appear satisfied with this logic or *alien-mode* of reasoning; but, with true British lenity to foreigners, proceeded to call Mr. *Gem*, whom they very pathetically apostrophized, to the effect, that it ill accorded with his usual liberality and philanthropy to have *joined with*, or even *tolerated* such parties, who he must know were depredators of his freehold and trespassers upon his manor: that as a *Briton*, they assured themselves he would not wish to snatch and convert the loaves of the hungry, skilful, and deserving English, into *maccaroni* for the pampered maws of *popinays*! That they hoped he would be found ever ready to *dispense*, with the same liberality as favour was measured out to him, of which they wished him a long experience! Mr. *Gem* appeared much affected by this handsome authoritative appeal to his heart and feelings; he replied with propriety and gracefulness, “that he gloried in the name of a *Briton*!”—That he trusted his friends Mr. Sergeant *Shakspeare* and Mr. Counsellor *Arne* would bear testimony to the delight he took in always *listening* to them!—that it was too often the fate of mortality to be *led away*;—but that such sin, like many others, as often carried its own punishment *in various ways*; —then

—then stepping forward and bowing all round, he excellently repeated

——“ If I *do* feign,
Oh ! let me in my present wildness die ;
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed ! ”

The *prisoner*, being called upon for her defence, read a written paper, which began by declaring, that in her native country, *Italy*, she had seen many sumptuous *palaces* and *chateaux* inscribed “ *La Folie Anglaise*,” and which on inquiry she found had been built by Italian singers from the *plunder* of this country ; that this inspiring her with a desire to *do the same*, she had come over, and had so well succeeded, as to be now in treaty for a *principality*, as soon as the present *royalty seller* had one to dispose of : that her *depredations* at Bath, as the law of this court (*Common Sense*) called them, were not of *half the imagined extent*, as she had been under the necessity of keeping up *appearances*, by all sorts of ways and means ; and that the treasurer’s returns were composed of two articles—*money* and *mounshine* ! She finally trusted to the justice of the court and jury.

The judge then summed up the evidence, in the usual way, in that excellent *straight-forward* court (*Common Sense*) ; and the jury, without quitting the box, gave verdict of *Guilty*. The judge then pronounced the awful sentence of the law with due solemnity. The prisoner only begged that her *intended execution* might take place in London, near *Hanover Square*, on March 16th ; and that she might be indulged to proceed to the *place* in a post-chaise with four horses, attended by her usual *corps de logis*, or *body guard* ; as they were all very *harmless men* (though they did for her business), many of them having been so *severely wounded*, that they could be of no use in *serving His Majesty* either by land or sea ; —that

--that they were very averse to *pressing*, and incapable of assisting the military service even in *raising recruits*!

* *

RIGDUM FUNNIBUS,
Clerk of the Court.

SECOND LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

[See p. 147.]

MY PIEBALD COLT OF PARNASSUS,

I HAVE attended your four first trainings, but you won't do; you can't come through—you'll want a stirrup at the weight scales, and so lose the match!—Now a *stir-up* is what all you publishers hate to lose!—There's a *Trin. Coll.* pun for you, *Old Orderly*!—Now for business:—Why, you a'n't near even the *distance-post* of *notoriety*! Now I'll explain by example what *notoriety* means, and what subjects you ought to handle. Here's a few articles will *make* all your readers stare, whistle and halloo!—*Kit Kickup* is the very soul of *notoriety*. He and *Frank Fire-wheel* drove carriages four-in-hand (forfeit and the d—d to the hindmost) from Covent Garden to Hyde Park Corner, for 500*l.* most mischief; bipeds, quadrupeds, and fruit-stalks included. Firewheel ran over two old women, a Jew clothesman, and a corn-doctor (not a mealman): also upset four orange manufactories, two buggies, and three baker's trundles; besides *rank and file* of dogs and newsmen;—but Kit beat him hollow, by a smashed pig and twenty-five panes of shop windows! This is something like *notoriety*; why a man may drive for a month through the streets of Bath at noon-day, with his groom *blowing his horn* by his side till his lungs burst, before he can have half as much good luck.

Tom Tippy lives in the country; Hyde Park is not his mark, but *notoriety* is; so he rides in a two-horse carriage of his own invention, so original, that all through

through three counties; it is taken for the vehicle of a wild beast showman, which his check shirt and Wapping neck handkerchief tend to confirm—*notoriety again!*

Harry Helter was resolved not to be outdone by Dick Daredevil, who sported a brace of *flamers* (wenches) on his coach-box at Brighton: so Harry, in addition, tackles up in a sling behind, a third *flamer* from Bond Street; but taking too short a sweep round the Pavillion, upset the *cargo*, and nothing was visible but sprawling legs and feet, like the waving sprouts of an asparagus-bed, which (with his knack of *shirking* the bailiffs) has acquired Helter the name of—*many-legged Harry!*—Glorious *notoriety!*

So much for a sample, old boy: if you *enter* these for your next plate, I shall write soon again: only remember, *notoriety* is the only way to increase the fame of your *Bath filley*.

Yours, my sprightly ink-splasher,

DICKY DASHAWAY.

Harry Hall, Turf Common,
March 24th, 1809.

SECTARISTS, OR. POLEMICS POLITICAL.

MUCH as the sectarists of England have multiplied since the Reformation, and particularly under the House of Brunswick, there has lately arisen a *sect* which will forcibly and memorably obtain the notice of posterity, even should the propagation and increase of its doctrines be stopped or checked. They are called *Clarkists*; but we do not perceive any analogy between them and the celebrated Dr. Clarke of Queen Anne's reign; who is by many considered as the key-stone of Unitarianism. The present *Clarkists* are also of a strong Unitarian principle. They assert and prove their pretended power, mission, and authority, by

by showing to their followers their gift of working miracles: such as enduing a menial servant with the instantaneous knowledge of *tactics*, so as to be qualified to command a company of infantry on the most important service. By the same kind of miraculous *touch*, they convert a stockbroker into a commissary; a private dragoon into a commandant; and had boldly undertaken, as a proof of their supernatural power, to carry a heavy *Glasse* in their hands to the pinnacle of *Salisbury cathedral*: but in this they failed, as well as in one other, in which, although they had minded all their P's and Q's, the letter O *marred* the miracle. The *great preacher* of this sect, whose name is *Clarke*, is said to possess the *insinulative* and *winning* graces of oratory and *action*, in a very superior degree; and it is also said, that a *quondam Bishop* has borne testimony to her *irresistible* doctrines, and *moving manner*, in a series of letters, partaking of *mysticism* and glowing with spiritual *love*; which letters will, it is expected, be translated into all languages; to communicate to the world at large the classic *purity*, richness, and *fervour* of British literature, upon abstract and *occult* subjects. The celebrated and *leading* preacher of the sect has lately *held forth* to audiences of the highest rank, during *eight hours*, several times; keeping up their attention the best part of the night.—Her *inspiration* is however supposed to be equally possessed by two other fellow-labouresses, named *Carey* and *Simclair*, as well as two more, alluded to and mentioned in the pamphlet called the *Hoganian Controversy*; a learned *disquisition* upon which was expected soon to issue from the press of Messrs. *Banco Regis* and Co. of London; but which it is thought by some must be delayed: the *times* being unfavourable to any larger stock of *such literature*, just at present.—It may finally occasion surprise to many readers, to learn that these zealous *propagandi* are all females; (probably in
emulative

emulative rivalry of the famous modern prophetess Joanna Southcote!) and that, instead of preaching sackcloth and abstinence, they openly declare for the utility of *services of plate—changes of carriages—three cooks—nine men servants—and a cabinet of dress-jewels.*

NON-ARIUS.

THIRD LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

*MY STAUNTH HARTER OF HELICON,

I JUST *pull up* in my way to the Spring Meetings, to say a word or two to you about *law*: I like law; I studied it at Oxford: Law's a fine *goer* and a rare *continuer*;—it's like the long odds—all the world to an egg-shell. My solicitor I call my *slice-eater*, for, egad! I *cram* him with slices of parchment, writs, appearances, post-obits, annuities, bills, bonds, judgments, *ca sa's*, *fi fa's*, writs of error, demurrers, appeals, and a whole pack besides! Why, I keep Counsellor Pumpsnuffie in pay all the year round:—does all my *mag* work by the quarter:—Westminster Hall, sessions, or assizes, all's one to him.—Knows every inch of the course;—takes all the *doubles*:—a famous *sound winded* hackney!—talks four hours together without drawing bit:—squeaks and grunts like a wake pig with a soaped tail!—makes all *the play*, and then brings me off by a *flaw* of a wrong spelling, or a great A that stands on its head, as he makes all his hearers do! Then spank away drives I, like a winner, in high triumphant procession: Sam Surcingle (my training groom) sitting by me in the phaeton, with my six greys (postilionized) against all England!—Sam's a great genius;—knows all the odds;—a *spirity* fellow;—bottle-holder at half the great matches;—a fine calculator;—always hedged;—has secured a snug corner in the *state van* when he takes up;—knows the *right lady*;

Lady; make him a parson or a ~~commissary~~ at any time! —Then comes Counsellor Pumpsuffle in the family coach, with little *Sal Tiffany*:—Sal's a high one;—runs up a milliner's bill faster than any girl in Europe:—fine education:—flies a table and clears the glasses, at a *Parisot* spring!—Father was a professional man:—kept the dancing repository in Covent Garden:—Sal learnt French at the Chelsea school, where they pay a six-foot sergeant to *drill* the scholars, and a waiter from Brookes's, to teach them *whist* on Sundays:—finished education!—Well, ~~spunk~~ away we bang it; bells ringing, dogs barking, whips cracking, horses, grooms, drivers, out-rider, self, dogs and all, with blue and orange cockades:—they're your true legal colours, because both sides *look blue* at the attorney's d—d bills!—As for little *Rampt*, he never asks me for money, not he! as nimble a little black *sweep-clear*, as ever danced on a Monday!—He only brings me a parchment or two, with a whacking seal, now and then to sign, which he says is for *security*: so, I suppose, it's all for the good of my estate! Since his management I've a much *clearer view* of it, than I used to have:—grazing for ever say I; d—n all impediments,—down with the timbers:—Fat cattle's the *uppy* now, old *Spirit-Latin*!—Here goes for the prizes:—Flocks for ever!—why, six *swabby sheep* may yet set me to rights, if I and Sam place the bets knowingly!—Down with the timber, say I:—I'm a true patriot;—I send the wooden walls to sea, and I'll see after the ready they raise, I warrant ye! Down with the timber:—I'll have a *tumble*, not a fall!—I'm for a clear *open prospect*:—Agriculture's the thing:—corn land pays for all:—who's afraid?—Wheat will be at 40*l.* and hops at 20*l.*: rents rising, and money plenty, on mortgage or annuity, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the tribes of Israel! Now having run a pretty good heat, I defer the rest

to

FOURTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY. 167

to "the next opportunity," as old *Musty*, my tutor, used to twang it; and so,

Yours, my tight one,

**

DICKY DASHAWAY.

*Roary Hall, Turf Common,
March the 21st.*

FOURTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

DOMINE DRIVEALL,

HERE am I again!—six to four—five to two—three to one—all wrong! Blue jockies, red jockies; black jockies; all bribed, all bubbled, all thrown out;—and the *knowing ones* all pigeoned!—That's my story; but for all that I am a loyalist to the back bone! May there be *King's plates* to run for "to the last syllable of recorded time!" as some old *quix* says. Why, it is to monarchy that the whole squad of *Dashaways* owe their honours and possessions for these six centuries, although they have regularly contrived to kick down their chance at every third generation! Why, the *Dashaways* came in by shoals with William the Conqueror, all sharp-set and bank-ribbed animals; and one of my progenitors, *Sir Firebrand Dashaway*, was the staunchest hound in the *Dasher* pack!—However, it will be far enough for me to grub up that old *bramble*; the pedigree-tree, from the time of Henry VIII. where I find an ancestor, one Baron *Dashbold*, who, being brought up in the persuasion that Pope Clement VII. was a better man than Twenty-stone *Harry*, by refusing to join the Reformation, (as he called *church-rummaging*!) incurred the forfeiture of his estate, which was—all *Dicky*!—His son, perceiving his father's error, burnt his mass-book, and obtained some reinstatement, under boy *Edward*; but the run of that terrible old spavin, *Smithfield Mary*, soon following, he directly found he had made his recantation
at

at a *wrong double*, his farther progress became soon—*Dicky!* His brother and successor, resolving to stick to the strongest side, roared *Avé Marias* and *Paternosters*, to the highest of the rubric, and which he not lowering at the command of bouncing *Queen Bess*,—the family lands were again—*Dicky!* In the days of *Scotch Jamie*, the living representative of our family got into court favour, and the odds were that a peerage would again *dash a pair of sprawlers* upon the family arms; but not having complaisance or *cunning* enough to allow that monarch to be a *conjurer*, and by disputing with his master some *matches* of astrology and demonology, (his favourite studies!) he at once lost the royal saddle, and all his hopes were—*Dicky!*

And so, for the present, my Bridge Street *cut and thrust*, bidding you *look sharp* for my next,

I remain,

Yours, full drive,

DICKY DASHAWAY.

**

Roary Hall, Turf Common,
April 1st.—My Birthday!

WANTED,

BY the editors of London and provincial papers, a large quantity of *ready-made news*, for the ensuing summer, both foreign and domestic, in which improbability and want of common sense will be no objection; among which there must be several *furious battles* between the French and Austrians, with the defeat of both, to use occasionally.—Also an able *death-maker*, who has served his time in an *apology* manufactory.—Also a *strong hand* in the marvellous way. Changes in the Ministry and insurrections in France are still bought at the price of old white rags. Poetry addressed to all public characters who may die, marry, or hang,

hang, during the long vacation, also taken in by weight, as mixed rags! An East and West India correspondent, never out of London, may hear of constant employ. Address,

QUIDDITY QUIZ, Esq.

Humbug Row.

APRIL FOOL DAY.

BY A BATH SHOPKEEPER.

GOT up early—leaving wife in bed—Flung the watchman a shilling to rap and cry Fire!—Wife started up in a fright, and running to the dining-room window, overthrew and broke the best tea china! Ten o'clock; sent a letter to Plume the undertaker, by a stranger, telling him that he was wanted *in his vocation* in Pulteney Street, where Lord B—— had died last night; saw him and his man turned out of doors there.

Sent cards to all our Thursday's Club to dine at Dr. —'s, and invited the Doctor to dine with his friend Sir —, in the Circus. Noon: Received an order for a quantity of goods from Bradford:—sent off the messenger in a hurry! N. B. Old birds not easily caught! Three o'clock: Afraid wife would return me some trick at dinner-time, so went for a veal cutlet, at Temple's: Chalked the waiter's back as he counted out the change, and took two bad shillings and one sixpence!

Asked an old woman in Westgate Street what was the matter with her hat—ran off laughing—but I found I had dropped a new pair of gloves!

Tapped a blue-boy on the shoulder, and asked what he had got behind him; he answered, *A fool*; and the people all laughed at this;—I did not see much in it!—Sent wife in the afternoon on a sham invitation to her aunt at Bristol:—Found the spare bed occupied, and, sleeping at an inn, spent me near a guinea in all!

Gave my two young apprentices bumpers of brandy for wine:—both of them ill, and could not mind business the next day!!

ABRAHAM ACUTE.

FIFTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

My Noble Dunce Flogger,

NOW for another heat of pedigree!—In the most ticklish and troublesome reign of Charles I. (when the rearing horse Prerogative was rode without curb), my ancestry stuck to the high-mettled *prancer*, against the field; till being thrown out by that staunch old fox, *Death*, at the battle of Worcester, the Dashaway property was again—*Dicky!*—When old Screw-face (Oliver Cromwell) pitted his calf-skin prayer-book and hypocritical drawl against the good sense of all England, and from being a postilion of the *leaders*, jumped into the coach-box and snatched the driving-reins; my ante-begetters thought it expedient to thump their *craws*, turn up their eyes, and groan a bit: but in a jiffy, *Old Noll* set off for *Old Nick*, and left once more the Dashaway expectation—all *Dicky!*—Our family next stuck to Charles II. as a cult of that safe mare, Royalty:—with him they succeeded tolerably well; but having somewhat differed with his brother upon a few odd points of plots and public charters, and so forth, when the merry monarch died they were again—all *Dicky!*—When James II. thought to chain up Old England with a string of glass beads, my ancestry went still to church, and kept their heads and shoulders still riding a match together, which was more than every one could do! Thus they kept jogging on in a canter (looking out for the rubs), till old *Crook-nose*, the Dutchman, came in, and, in pure *good nature* and frolic, accepted the stewardship of the race-course!—By the by, a deep

deep jockey, knew all the odds, and always kept the stakes in his own hands!—Well, by a little crossing and jostling, my great grandfather got into favour; but being an *Englishman*, he made but slow advances with *Vanderplumb*, who stuck most confoundedly to his Mynheers; but he shortly after slipping his collar-bone, he lost his wind, and all our hopes were again—*Dicky!*

But now, as I must attend my *trainer*, eat some raw meat, and load a dung-cart for a few hours, to qualify me for a walking-match I have made against the famous London Orange-porter, I must *dismount* Pedigree for the present, at Anno Domini 1702; and give you the remaining hundred years at another run!

And so, my noble Lion-tail, sweep off the spiders, and prosper.

** DICKY DASHAWAY.
Roary Hall, Turf Common, April 10, 1809.

THIRTEEN REASONS

WHY THE INHABITANTS OF, AND VISITORS TO BATH SHOULD ENCOURAGE ITALIAN OPERAS AND SINGERS.

BECAUSE the prices of all articles of usual necessity are so cheap at this time, that no one of any class of society can possibly get rid of his income.

BECAUSE our *high* governors, by their economy, and abstaining from all hopeless military and naval undertakings, expend so little of the public revenue, that they every year take off taxes, so that we are nearly deprived of the *pleasure* of public contribution to the state.

BECAUSE the whole British population in town and country is so pampered and high fed, that neither public charities nor private distress can be found to accept of our superfluous wealth.

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BECAUSE

172 REASONS FOR ENCOURAGING ITALIAN SINGERS.

BECAUSE when *Itinerant singers* come from France, where they have strained their lungs for *moonshine*, it is right to give them here a *peerage income*, merely to show them the difference between a *cock and a bull*.

BECAUSE if they, their husbands, or connexions, are upon a good footing with the *Corsican Friend*, it is ~~wise~~ in us to secure friends every where.

BECAUSE such of us as entertain them *ad libitum*, at our *Crescent* and *Circus* dwellings, may hope they will recommend us to *soprano* parts in the *grande opera* so long in rehearsal, when the *performers* can out-play our *water-music*; at least, that all who treat them generously will escape giving a *solo* on the *guillotine* in the sanguinary concert.

BECAUSE the richer we make them, the sooner they will return to give their supporters good characters.

BECAUSE when the *Alien Act* is fast asleep, it is proper we should have some uncommon appeal to our auditory nerves to keep us *awake*.

BECAUSE attending such musical *extraordinaries* will make us pass for *cognoscenti* and *dilettanti*, although we may not know enough of music to distinguish *Bobbing Joan* from *God save the King*.

BECAUSE it costs twice as much to see a *Bath stage opera*, which we do not understand, as to see a play of Shakspeare or other dramatist that we do understand.

BECAUSE at these "vonderful vonderments,"

"Lost in amaze at *squalling* so divine,

The audience hiccup, and exclaim, D—d fine!"

BECAUSE, as our preachers all tell us that this is a very bad world, the sooner our *throats* are cut by our continental neighbours and their triumphant emissaries, the sooner we shall get out of it.

BECAUSE "Nero *fiddled* while Rome was burning."

♦♦

SEMIBREVE.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF LE PAPILLON.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a company of ladies in this city, some anxiety was expressed, as to whether you would, in due season, present your fair readers with a technical and systematic account of court dresses, on the approaching royal birthday: many ladies were of opinion that it was a subject too trivial to be given, except in a newspaper, as it afforded scope neither for the scintillations of wit, nor the precepts of instruction! My worthy aunt, Mrs. Matilda Moral, begged to differ from the company, asserting, that there was much reason and emblematical meaning couched under a birthday dress for the court drawing-room;—and that every part of it contained allusions to the virtues and excellencies of the female character. According to her system, a rich *buff* satin petticoat, trimmed with gold at the bottom, indicates *constancy* with *affluence* to the last—a *white* crape petticoat is *purity*—the body and train of the same, denotes an *unchanging* mind—*snail* trimmings teach the *slow* advances which it becomes a lady to indulge in her lover—*gold* foil in zig-zag stripes, typifies that *amiable capriciousness* which is so becoming in some of the sex; as stripes of *leopard velvet* allude to those *agreeable* slight *blemishes* of conduct, which are not so much spots as *beauties*—*feathers* signify a *light* heart, and *cornucopias* a *merry* one—*Vandyke laurels* and *wreaths* suppose a *taste* for painting and the fine arts, which an accomplished lady cannot be without—Lastly, *birds of Paradise* plumes obviously point to the *divine attractions* of ladies—while a profusion of *jewels* and *diamonds* calls the attention of *prudent* admirers still more forcibly, to the *earthly attractions* of their future ladies.

Now, if you approve of my aunt's dissertation, we may expect a *remnant* of the subject in your same paper..

I remain your admirer,

(if you are a married man,)

LUCRETIA LOVEFLOUNCE.

INSTRUCTIONS TO LADIES.

FAIR CRÉATURES,

IT is some presumption in a writer to address you; but what shall be said of his daring arrogance who shall attempt to *instruct* you? You, when you escape from school, throw off all preceptors but those who profess the liberal arts of *composing* pelisses, Brutus wigs, cosmetics, and whist-parties. But I do not address myself to the out-of-fashion economical fair, but to the extravagant—not to *savers*, but spenders—not to *payers*, but *debtors*—not to those who would seek to comfort, but to those who would break both the hearts and purses of their husbands—not to those over-biassed by morality, virtue, and such *anti-quarian* qualities, but to those who keep up appearances.—In short, it is to *ladies* of rank, ton, and fashion, that I address the following instructions:

Should you have the misfortune to possess a good natural complexion, use every endeavour to destroy it with rouge, &c. Clear white and red may do for a milk-maid, but it is quite out of place in a lady of *ton*.—In summer, dress as you please, but in winter always appear as nearly a *nudity* as possible. Never go to bed till sunrise, nor rise till near sunset: so shall you have an opportunity of observing that glorious luminary at the two most advantageous periods. Be always nervous on the extreme, start, scream out, and faint at the sight of a mouse; but drive your carriage unconcerned over a decrepit beggar in the street, at any time. Never *nurse* your infants, as the noise will

will distract your head, and its influence create those weaknesses of nature, which all fine ladies should disdain! In the choice of a husband, your leading consideration should be his ability to allow you a handsome separate maintenance; and as long as he is rich, a broken constitution, voluptuous habitudes, and a mind unfurnished, are very small objections. But in selecting your footmen, I would have you use more consideration and caution; though it is your fancy that must here direct your judgment: thus young ladies prefer blue eyes, a small white hand, and a melodious voice; whilst those of more experience *****. Always laugh in the pathetic parts of a tragedy, and die away at the *cadenza* of a Catalani. Give a little silver to charitable collections, but always a five-pound note for six half-guinea concert tickets.—Always play at whist on Sundays, to obtain *the blessing* of good fortune. Learn particularly to talk loud every where, to swagger in your gait, to stare the *second sort* out of countenance, and always to make yourself observable as a distinct being, which will rank you as a complete *lady of ton*.

Your instructor,

CHESTERFIELD'S SKELETON.

ON THE WORD VIRTUE.

THE true meaning and extent of this word is so extremely confused, that we must not wonder that the thing itself has slipped through our fingers. Where you once have occasion to hear, or indeed can *possibly* hear of the virtue of a man or woman, we hear ten times of the *virtues* of pills, drops, razor-strops, patent locks, and liquid blacking!—In the late war with France (I mean the war for “indemnity and security,” which ended in sixteen months armed truce) we took 45,000 Russians into pay; and upon their being conveyed prisoners to France, the *virtue* of a convention

we had made, obliged us to new-clothe them to fight against ourselves! We hear likewise of the *virtue* of statesmen quite as a *technical* term; and as some lexicographers inform us, that *virtue* means power, it must be allowed that we have had statesmen who have been *virtuous to a fault* very often! We hear of military commissions distributed by *virtue* of the pleasure of the Commander in Chief! We hear of Oriental nominations *sold* like potatoes, by *virtue* of having interest and connexions with East India Directors!—We have heard at Bath of the *loss of life*, by *virtue* of the tyrannical interference of a high constable! And who but is shocked and disgusted to perceive the too-wide distinction of punishment between murder and manslaughter of the most reprehensible kind, by *virtue* of the defective statute law? The man of fashion who has killed his best friend in a duel, and has seduced the wife of another good friend, is received into all companies as a man of fashion, by *virtue* of the improved sentiments of society;—the woman who defiles her husband's bed, and abandons her offspring, still exhibits herself with unaltered rank, and maintains her luxurious state, by *virtue* of a well-secured jointure.

SIXTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY,

MY BOLD BATH CROSSER,

WHO'S afraid—*Papillon* against *Fly-catcher* for what they dare! I'll watch the race—Four neat ones in hand; know all their paces—sleek as satin—sharp as wild-fire—trot 'em against the country!—I think my last letter left my great grandsire stuck in a slough, in Queen Anne's reign, anno 1702.—Now, as the last has been a cursed ticklish century, with much hard running, crossing and jostling; I shall over it, at a flying-leap, and so disappoint all your long-faced politicians,

politicians, who may strike their chins and rap their snuff-boxes just as wisely as if I assisted them.—I shall only tell you that from the accession of the House of Hanover (and may the breed continue for ever!) the *Dashaway* squad have drove most famously, and have always contrived to *run into* offices of honour and emolument; and there is no reason to think that they will be *distanced* in the new century, as the Dashaway colts and fillies are rapidly matching into all upper departments.—Myself, who am the *grafting twig* of the tree, am acknowledged to be a thriving *sapling*, resolved at least to increase the Dashaway fame with every thing *spunk and giggish*.—Having already had the unequalled good luck to be distinguished in the world by the name of *Dicky*, not because my godfathers cried out “God save King Richard!” but for my sublime high-flying *Dash* and notoriety! I’ll tell you how it happened.—My training groom, *Sam Surcingle*, being *rode down*, and unable to sit my Arabian over all the ground I was spanking over; I chopped the cane box from my steward’s gig, and tied it up before my post-chaise, for Sam’s benefit, *à posteriori* (as they prate logic at Oxford).—The fashionables approved the go, and *Hatchet* and other Long Acre gents taking the hint, have transferred the article as an appendage to carriages; and *Dicky-box* is now sported by half the neat ones in England, Scotland, and Ireland.—So here goes for the *Jordan*; a new *Bath bumper*, huzza! luck’s all.

Yours, my tight one,

DICKY DASHAWAY.

A PICTURE OF A ROUT.

TAKEN FROM THE LIFE.

A ROUT has been defined—an assemblage of persons of fashion at the private house of one of them. The manner of *making a rout* is this:—Lady A, or B, or C, or any other capital in the alphabet of fashion, chooses a distant night which does not interfere with any then declared *routations*; but which, to make the more noise in the world, ought, if possible, to clash with some public amusement. Her cards (imitative probably of the sublime!) merely express—*At Home* on such a night! These are sent to several hundred persons, not because they are relations, friends, or acquaintance, but because—she has *seen them* elsewhere, or because their presence will give *éclat* to her night.—Before eleven o'clock at night, which is the *high-tide* of the tempest, the house is crowded (staircase and all) with all ranks, ages, and sexes: card-tables are placed so close in every room, as barely to afford space for the players to sit, and the spectators to move. At intervals, salvers with refreshments are handed round, the half of which is spilled on the clothes of the company, in making through the room!—Confusion, heat, and noise, are the very essence, nay, quintessence, of a *rout*.—The guests invited, very far exceed in bulk all possibility of being contained in the space destined to receive them, and the hostess enjoys the inconvenience, fatigue, and heat of her company, with the same heartfelt pleasure, as a player hears the screams and noise of a crowd flocking to his benefit. The blunders of servants, the loss of articles of dress, the tearing of clothes, the crash of fans, &c. the charming *chorussed* exclamations of “Good G-d, how hot it is!—Bless me, Lady Betty, I am ready to faint!—Dear me, bring some water!—Pray get the lady out,” &c.—all afford the most exquisite satisfaction; and the happiness is much increased, if a fortunate

crash

CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF MAN. 179

crash of carriages makes the “glass jingle” on the pavement every five minutes;—and also when the servants, in their zeal for rank and precedence, proceed to a pugilistic decision, and thereby interrupt both egress and regress for an hour or so, which attracts notice.—Pharo, or some other game of *serious interest*, is absolutely necessary to be provided; and it is in this that the *well-skilled* rout-holder shows her *art* and science, by going *snacks* with the *providore* or bank-holder; such “*honourable men*” being always readily found both in London and Bath, with a chariot “rolling on the four aces” for wheels; and a *settled pam* for coachman! Very considerable *losses* exalt the character of a *rout* prodigiously; and if a young heir is *done over*, it is a stamp of honour to the *router* equal to five centuries of noble blood, even should she be the next *dip* of a tallow-chandler, or the *rich parings* of sound Cheshire!—As for noticing the lady or her family who gives the rout, that is quite exploded, and deemed a *bore*!—Such is what is now denominated *society* and pleasant parties!

CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF A MAN.

THE good qualities of such a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm, but you never find him do any good. He is careful to have all the externals of sense and virtue, but you never perceive his *heart* concerned in any word, thought, or action. To him every body is his *dear friend*, with which he always begins all his letters, and ends them with “Your ever sincere and affectionate friend.” He is usually seen with persons older than himself, but always richer. He is not prominent in his conversation, but merely puts in his “Yes, Sir,” and “No, Sir,” to every thing said by the elevated or overbearing; which

16

confirms.

180 CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF MAN.

confirms him in their opinion as "a very sensible and discerning person," as well as "a mighty good kind of a man."—He is so familiarized to assent to every thing advanced, that I have known him approve opposite sentiments in the course of five minutes! The weather is a leading topic with "a mighty good kind of a man," and you may make him agree in one breath, that it is hot and cold, frost and thaw, and that the wind blows from every point of the compass! He is so civil and well-bred, as to keep you in the rain, rather than ascend a carriage before you; and the dinner would grow cold in your attempt to move him from the lower end of the table.—Not a glass approaches his lips unless he has disturbed half the company to drink their health.—He never omits his glass with the mistress of the house, nor forgets to notice little master and miss, which with mamma always makes him "a mighty good kind of man," and also assures her, that he would make a very good husband. No man is ever half so happy, or so general, in his friendships—every one he names is a friend of his, and all his friends are "mighty good kind of men." He pulls off his hat to every third person he meets, though he knows not even the name of one in twenty!—A young man born with this demonstrated propensity of "mighty goodness" has every chance of advancing his fortune. Thus, if in orders, he will contrive to pick up a tolerable living, or become tutor to a dunce of quality. If "a mighty good kind of man" is a counsellor, he will draw from the attornies a large supply of chamber cases and special pleadings, or bills and answers, he being greatly qualified for a *dray-horse* of the law.—If he is admitted into the collage as M. D. he will have every chance to be at the top of the profession, as the whole success of the faculty depends upon old women, or fanciful young ones, hypochondriac men and ricketty children: to the generosity of all these nothing so much

much recommends a physician, as his being "a mighty good kind of a man."—It is past dispute that a good man, and a man of sense, should possess in some degree the outline described; yet, if he possesses no more, he will be at least but a vapid and valueless character. Many superficial observers are deceived by *French paste*; it has the glitter of a diamond, but the want of hardness discovers the counterfeit, and points it out to be of no intrinsic value! If the head and heart are to be omitted in the character, you may as well seek for female beauty without a nose or an eye, as expect a valuable man without understanding or sensibility. But besides this, it often happens that those "mighty good kind of men" are wolves in sheep's clothing, and that the plausible cunning of their outward deportment is calculated to entrap the unwary, and to promote sinister designs.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

A FRAGMENT.

******T**OM Gradus arrived in London in a stage-coach, assured that the metropolis was the soil for genius to flourish in, where every door would fly open;—in this persuasion also, his friends had only furnished him with cash sufficient to bear his expenses thither.—He slept the first night at an inn, to consider how best to make choice of the most favourable patronage.—He first imparted his business and qualifications to a plain tradesman, whom he accidentally met at the inn, who told him that his rich neighbour Mr. Pulley, who had made a fortune by inventing whirling chairs, and other mechanical articles, was the greatest genius in the world, and encouraged all such.—The next morning Tom waited on Mr. Pulley—"I loves all men of genius (says he); come, give me your opinion of this lever, with which I mean to lift a carriage

riage across the street, on crowded opera nights.”—Tom shook his head, and disclaimed any particular knowledge of the lever.—“Not know the lever!” roared out Pulley; “a man of genius not know the lever!—Why, you’re an impostor!—A man of genius! ha! ha! ha!”—Tom returned somewhat disappointed to his inn, where he found a Baronet of high fame on the turf:—“My lad,” said he to Tom, “the landlord tells me that you are a man of genius.—I’m glad of it, cross me; for I have not met with one since the death of Carrotty Bob, my training groom;—distance me if I have—Come and see my Arabian mare, and tell me her speed and her paces; come!”—“I know nothing about horses,” says Tom, “having never rode three in my life.”—“Not rode three in your life, and set up for a man of genius? Spavin me, if I had you at home, but I would couple you with mangy Scamp, my old fox-hound, for being such a cheat.”

He was soon afterwards informed, that a person who could *invent* was wanted by the *most noble* the Pic Nic Society. Tom hoped to be at length suited, by having to deal with the upper and polished ranks of mankind: he applied, and found that they wanted a person who could invent—new figures for coloured lamps—and could improve on the Egyptian rouge-mange, and Corunna custard, just started!—The man of invention retired with a sigh, confessing that he knew nothing of the effect of the lamp-oil or custard!

Tom Gradus now thought he had mistaken his way by not applying to the professed patron of the Muses: he therefore proceeded to one of the theatres, and announced himself to the manager as *a man of genius*; who told him that the present were not times to employ men of genius in the way of dramatic talent, unless he was competently skilled in music, machinery, and pantomime. “Sir,” replied Tom, “the pantomimes of the ancients have been my particular study;

study; they are"—"Not for my market!" hastily interrupted the acting manager, who just then bounced in, all besmoked from the rehearsal of a ghost and devil piece. "If, now, you can turn King Lear into an opera, or fit the part of Lady Macbeth to Catalani's *alto* and *ad libitum*, your genius may make your fortune: or if you could transpose Hamlet into a comic opera, with an oriental processionade"—"Sir," indignantly interrupted our scholar, "I venerate Shakspeare too much to even attempt the mummeries you describe, should I die *breadless*. I took the theatres for the living temples of the immortal bard, but I find his altars are overthrown, and those of flimsy emasculate *sound* are erected in their stead; and that his high-priest, instead of guiding public taste to nutritive and sanative food, only pampers sickly appetites with mawkish sugared trifles!"—He then quitted the conference in perfect contempt of Catalani's *ad libitum*!—He was next recommended to an eminent publishing bookseller. "So, Mr. Genius," exclaims Vamp, "are you in the translation, the compilation, or the index way?"—"Sir," replied Tom, "I aspire to be original."—"Original!" screams the Knight; "I have not touched a sheet these seven years;—nor would I buy them by the pound—Mr. Genius, they won't sell,—no, no, my lad, I have no employment for you; I keep two great scholars already, who do more work than I can print—cut and paste—cut and paste, that's the only authorship now!"

He next heard of a vacancy in a city parish-school, and was instructed to apply to the churchwardens, one of whom was described as a man of great power, and said to be the first *in his line* in the three kingdoms. Tom was somewhat surprised in tracing him to find—*purveyor of sausages* in gold letters over the door.—His patron was reading a newspaper, which he threw down upon mistaking Tom for a customer,—"*Sarvant, Sir,*"

184 SEVENTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

"Sir," said he, pulling down his greasy waistcoat. "I am come, Sir," says Tom, "concerning the vacant schoolmastership!"—"Oh! there again," resumed the churchwarden; "why, you are the seventeenth feller, that has been here to-day, plaguing me about *this here vacasey*. How do you read? you'll all have a trial, before me and my brother representative of this parish; and my spouse will also attend the *reading bouts*. Now if you mind your hits, may be, you'll be the dominy. But mind, I likes your *sonorous* voices, and my spouse wants a deal of *action*: so mind, loud and *sonorous*, and plenty of *mascular motion* for my spouse! Move off, Sir, move off; I sees a customer: *Servant, mawm*."—Flesh and blood could bear no more!—Repairing to a huckster's stall, to relieve fainting nature, the good woman asked him why he was so melancholy?—"I'm a *man of genius*," answered Tom: "Well, to be sure," replied the woman, "I likes all men of genius for the sake of my little Timothy, who was the surprisingest genius in the world: he read the *Testament* at fourteen, and in a very few years would have understood written hand—but the wonder of the world is gone!" And so I fear, Mr. Editor, long ere this, is poor *Tom Gradus*; for never did he return to his wretched garret from this shop! Therefore let us all pray, that none of our children may be *men of genius*!

TINTA.

SEVENTH LETTER FROM MR. DASHAWAY.

MY HEARTY NOUN-SPLICER,

I HAVE just returned from London, where I have been admitted to the *Neck or Nothing Club*—My two supporters there, were *Harry Hellicat* and *Sir Stephen Stark*, both of whom are famous long bowmen, full of *gumption*, and have long proved themselves

selves of the *Kickup* family, full-blooded. *Bob Bold-face* betted 500 with Sir Stephen, who wore the least clothing at Lady Fandango's masquerade: Bob was an old scholar of Mendoza's, and made sure of winning by wearing his boxing drapery, that is, just a girdle of two ells of nankeen; but Stark went tied up to the chin in a meal-sack, calling himself the ghost of a monopolizer; and although he was bumped and hustled through the rooms, the Club adjudged him to have won, as he wore no clothing at all! He still retains the name of *Shakebag*: a prime genius! I don't stop at a maggot myself; but for all my great qualifications, I have a brace of uncles and a leash of parsonic cousins, who continually tell me that in one more year I shall be—*Dicky*! But they know nothing of life; can't calculate the odds, or who shall win a single plate at all the races—never set a house and park upon the last trump, or the thirteenth trick—so what they say must be all—*fudge*! Besides, whenever I am forced to *take up* and live soberly (as they call it), I have five maiden aunts, who will all club a few thousands for poor Dick, he being the favourite, from plaguing them the most;—my creditors will at any time take what I offer, fearing that I should otherwise *dish* them by an *arsenic ragout*, or pistol *forced meat* with *nitre sauce*.—Friend *Peruigominas* (Counsellor Pumpsnuffle) makes up my affairs.—I trick out little *Sal Tiffany* in a new set of body-clothes, and then we flash again!—Here goes for the Spring Meetings—six to two you don't name the winner!—Done—and done, till we are all *done up* once more!—Keep it up! keep it up!—And so my noble *At-'em-again*—may *Le Papillon* be still the favourite against the field—says

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DICKY DASHAWAY.

Roary Hall, Turf Common,
April 29, 1809.

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF LE PAPILLON.* **

MR. EDITOR,

THE contradictory maxims for preserving health, given by the faculty, is equal matter of surprise and curiosity; I mean this of general rules, and not particular directions in particular complaints.—*Live low*, says one, to keep the blood cool.—*Live high*, says another, to keep off malignant and putrid disorders, and to recruit the juices.—Employ stimulatives, says a third, to counteract the languor and debility of which you complain.—Drink water, says a fourth, and renounce all fermented liquors.—Drink of old port, says another, to keep up the tone of the system and stomach.—Put on frequent change of linen, says another, for it to act as a detergent. Now, Mr. Editor, to adopt all these prescriptions would be equally unwise and impossible; and, in truth, for my own part, there are but *two* of all the above prescriptions with which I am able to comply, viz. that of living low, and that of drinking water! I am, Sir, living, or rather *starving*, upon the income of a half-pay ensign—I shall say nothing of port wine—that would be ridiculous; nor is it less so to talk of a change of linen to a man who has but one shirt!—and such as it is, Sir, I do assure you, it has a kind of *hydrophobia*, and would fly like a mad dog from the sight of water. To tell you a secret, the last time I tried to *blanch* it, (and as an Irishman, I am free to declare that I am my own washerwoman!) I was obliged to wash it in a net; lest any of its component parts should fly off and be lost! This happened three months ago, and since that I have not cared to renew the operation. One word more: I do believe, by J—s, that were I once to take off my shirt (if I may so call it), the d—l himself, with all his ingenuity, would be puzzled to get it on again! Some persons, Mr. Editor, ride to get an appetite, and use every possible device: now if you can
direct

direct me how to lose one, I would much thank you ; for all physicians are but Job's comforters to your constant reader,

SIMON SLENDER-RIBS.

MUTABILITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING lately unexpectedly detained at an inn, in a small town, some days, I asked for a book to pass the time away. Mine host, who has been a nobleman's butler, assured me that he possessed a very *handsome* library up stairs ; but conceive my surprise when introduced to the literary shelf of his wife's china-closet, to see nothing but one immense row of morocco gilt Court Calendars, and not a single volume besides ! As I think with the Spectator, that " every book carries instruction," I resolved to extract some from these, by comparing the Calendar of 1778 with that of 1798, to observe the lapse and vicissitudes in the duration of human life, in the short space of twenty years : and truly here was " room for meditation even to madness ! " — Take then, Mr. Editor, the following minutes of mortality. — In the first place, of European sovereigns I found that only four who were ranked in 1778, were living in 1798. Of peers I could not so readily follow the various changes and *defunkings* (as a worthy Irish vicar once called death) ; I was however thankful to perceive no scarcity in the crop of lords, as the number of 203, in 1778, was swollen, in 1798, to 275 ! Of bishops, only nine had been able to support the *weight* of lawn-sleeves through twenty years ! The House of Commons presented an awful instance of mortal mutability ; for, of the 538 sitting members at the first period, only 78 were to be found in my second return. But their removal was not solely the work of that grim tyrant, some being gone to a political *place*
of

of rest and long home, the House of Peers! The knights of the four orders are likewise mortal; for only 22 remained of the whole number of 80, thus long "tied in their garters."—His Majesty had but two physicians who had been able to *doctor* themselves twenty years! Only one fourth of his chaplains remained thus long in earthly prayer, though I believe many had been removed to a *better state*, and also several *translated* without dying! But what shall we say of the navy? only one admiral remained to tell the glories of twenty years! Of the army, Alexander himself would again weep, to see that there remained not a single field-marshal, general, lieutenant-general, major-general, or colonel, who stood thus ranked in the list in 1778—and but seven lieutenant-colonels and eleven majors;—but death is the very life of a soldier, as a certain chaplain used to preach. Of the judges, there remained four, whom death had not yet tried for their lives! Placemen—dreadful thought!—placemen must die like other men.—Only two commissioners of customs had withstood the Stygian *exports* twenty years! And of excise, but two remained to be *gauged*.—The clergy must not be regretted, as they, we know, all set their minds upon a better world; six deans only I found (no doubt) reluctantly lingering here; and twenty-five out of the eighty London clergy were still unwillingly inhaling the impure terrene air of the metropolis.—Neither *stock*, *scrip*, nor *bonus* can avert the *quintum* of death, for I found but four Bank Directors and two India ones on their *directorial* legs! Of London aldermen, just five had been able to eat their way through twenty years.—But it is honourable to the London markets and wine-merchants, that out of 234 common-councilmen, 28 had survived the *hard feasting* of twenty years!—My concluding instance I shall give with gravity if possible. All the trustees of *life insurance* were dead!!—Why then, Mr. Editor,

ADVERTISEMENT.

180

so much anxiety for the good things of this earth, since in a little twenty years we shall nearly all of us be "food for worms!"

Yours with a sigh,

REGISTRARIUS.

N. B. *The above enumerations are not sportive, but are actually collated and ascertained.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

SYLVESTER Horticol, gardener, florist, and seedsman, informs the public, that he is provided with a large assortment of native and exotic plants, shrubs, and flowers: he particularly recommends the following to public notice—A new species of laurel, from Spain, particularly marked with *crimson spots*! *The laurus Moorianus* is the noblest sort of this species.—*Portugal laurels* have proved so descriptive in their *flourishing*, that but little reliance is to be placed on what we hear told of them!—The *Vimiera* was looked upon as a valuable plant, until it appeared that it had taken the *Cintra* blight, which destroyed it in the eyes of all good judges.

N. B. The common British laurel, it is nearly ascertained, requires always the *sea-air* to give it strength and beauty.

He has also to offer the true poetic bay, a shrub very difficult to rear at this season. Among his flowers and flowering shrubs are the maiden-blush rose—the rose without a thorn—both very scarce:—the *sensitive plant*. N. B. A plant that has always excited curiosity!—Heart's ease—London pride—Touch me not—The *cuckoo* flower from Doctors' Commons—and a great variety of cockscombs and painted ladies of the Bath garden, which will be sold cheap, the market being always overstocked. S. Horticol is an adept and an old *operative* gardener in the *sexual system* of Lin-

neus,

news, and gives lessons to young ladies at home and abroad, on the loves of the plants, upon Dr. Darwin's plan; with all the most fashionable mysteries of botany in the purest and *plainest* style.

Attends *boarding-school classes*, either as lecturer, exhibitor, or propagator!

**

ON A LATE MINISTERIAL EXPEDITION, ALIAS BOATING PARTY, THAT CAME BACK IN A HURRY*.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 1.]

WHAT a pompous parade! what a wonderful rout!
When the council broke up and the school-boys set out,
When public affairs gave our statesmen permission
To take a sly peep at the *slow* expedition.
To delight in the sight of their holiday-show,
Away in a barge deck'd with ribands they go.
The beauties those beautiful ribands afford,
Are n't the sole *haberdashery beauties* on board;
There's as dainty a stock of men-milliner's treasure,
As ever *clipp'd paper* or *shuffled a measure*.
Like poor little birdlings escap'd from their cage,
All objects, as wonders, their senses engage.
And mark, as the Ministers roll down its tide,
How the river is silently swelling with pride!
Whisper gently, ye winds, and ye zephyrs soft blow!
May old Thames in unruffled serenity flow!
Should the barge be upset by a *Jacobin* wave,
The world *little knows* what a loss we should have.
But hark! what alarm! kennel, curs; kennel home—
Home, home to your shops—for a bulletin's come.
D—l welcome the tidings so mal-apropos,
'T is all over now with their holiday show.

* On Friday se'nnight our Cabinet Ministers went down the river for the purpose of visiting the expedition before it sailed. But the French bulletins, containing the account of the battle of Wagram, arriving in the course of the day, they all returned to town in the evening.

'T was

'T was vile Bonaparte's implacable spite,
That urg'd him another great battle to fight,
And triumph once more o'er an ill-fated foe,
All—to tear the poor boys from their holyday-show.

EPIGRAMS,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF SIR W. C. WITH
THE GRAND EXPEDITION.

[From the Times, Aug. 10.]

OLD England, left to prove her worth,
Unaided by alliance,
Now sends her great *Goliath* forth,
To bid the foe defiance.

ANOTHER.

Go, go, thou gallant Alderman,
Across the ocean whisk it!
Go crush the little Corsican,
As you would crack a *biscuit*.

ANOTHER.

Ah! since resolv'd abroad to roam,
We ask of thee this boon,
Most valiant Knight, to send us home
"A speedy peace and soon!"

EXPEDITION.

Sir William and his loyal clan
Had scarce arriv'd at Dover,
Ere the whole party, to a man,
At least, were *half seas over*.

Lambeth, August 8.

B.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO MADAME CATALANI.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 8.]

SWEET Syren! pray accept a poet's lay,
'T is all, alas! the poet has to give;
Did Miss *Euterpe* like her sisters pay,
Italian gentry would but poorly live:
But she, while *short* and *scanty* fares the bard,
Measures your macaroni *by the yard*!

Surely,

Surely, as Irish critics neatly said,
 Young nightingales must nestle in your throat,
 From which you pour forth many a thrilling note,
 Accepting Mr. Hare's notes instead;
 By this some think it suits your taste the best,
 With *goldfinches* to feather well your nest.

Yet thou 'rt of *generosity* so full,
 That, to *oblige* your humble friend John Bull,
 Prompted by that good soul Val'brequé,
 You flew, at Taylor's insolence indignant,
 To offer Harris, with a smile benignant,
 At his new house to sing or speak.

And then the *terms*—too shabby to be nam'd;
 Reader, excuse me; faith, I am ashamed!
 (Oh! wonderful Italian condescension!)
 What think you of *four thousand paltry pounds*?—
 "Good God! it can't be true," you cry; "why, zounds!
 "A very pittance, quite unworthy mention."

They say that Mister Reynolds, clever man!
 Has hit upon a most enriching plan,
 A famous *goose* to lay some *golden eggs*;
 Which all the *cognoscenti* folks declare—
 Will make our cockney eyes still wider stare,
 Than when in "male attire" you show'd your legs.

Yes, Reynolds, whose hard-working Muse still tries
 To catch, not shoot, each folly as it flies,
 Is even now, with most assiduous pains,
 Spinning an opera from his ready brains:

And in your fame, and *profit* too, to share
 He means, besides your songs so much in vogue,
 To write you out, with judgment and with care,
 A mighty pretty sort of *dialogue*:
 Gods! how the house with loud applause will tremble,
 To hear you chatter *English* with John Kemble!!!

NEW THEATRE, ST. GILES'S.

[From the British Press, Aug. 10.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU cannot be surprised to hear that the rage for new theatres has extended itself to St. Giles's.—There is no part of this great metropolis more thickly inhabited, or more fond of recreation.—As the landlord of the *Fox and Goose*, Seven Dials, one of the principal inhabitants, in his letter to the Lord Chamberlain, in a morning print of yesterday, in the name of his customers, “*THE TOWN*,” correctly expresses himself:—

“We like a play; we toil the day through with a cheerfulness acquired by the idea, that we shall enjoy our evening with our wives, our sisters, and our friends, within the walls of the playhouse—we do not want an overgrown *Pat-agonian* building; nor do we covet a puppet-show house: but we solicit, at your hands, such a sized theatre as may easily be replaced if accidentally destroyed. Three or four houses of this description are surely better than only *two* monstrous Coliseums, which are to *monopolize* the whole town, and which cannot be replaced but at a vast expenditure of money and of time.”

To the above argument, which is faithfully quoted, let us add the claim arising from the suppression of those late elegant and refined amusements, the *cock and hen clubs*, which were a sort of substitute for the theatres; and the farther abridgment of recreations, by the restraints imposed upon punch and porter houses, and the inquisitorial proceedings of those *custodes morum*, the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

We have been often assured by Ministers, that among those people who form a very principal part of the inhabitants of St. Giles's, *reform* is synonymous with *revolution*; and fearing that their proposition may

be considered the result of a treasonable plot to overthrow the established theatre; to prevent any misrepresentation, it has been thought advisable to submit the whole of the plan; in which it will be seen there is little or no novelty, being formed upon the basis of one of the most elegant and loyal of our present places of amusement.

When the most splendid parts of the town, and the wealthiest speculators, are obliged to have recourse to a subscription for the purpose of erecting their theatres, it surely cannot cause objection or surprise, if the gentlemen and ladies of St. Giles's adopt that mode. Indeed, a theatre is a public work, and ought to be erected at the public expense; and, from the highly respectable names attached to the subscription in the present instance, headed by the Lady-Patronesses, there is no doubt that the St. Giles's Institution will boast, if not as noble, certainly as *high blood* as any other in this metropolis.

THE PLAN.

The rooms intended for the new theatre are situate in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, and have, at a great expense, for the convenience of the Subscribers, been newly whitewashed; the holes in the floors have been also mended, and four elegant brass brackets substituted for the mock bronze clay stands which held the lights a few seasons ago, during the performances of the *Cock and Hen Clubs*.

For the convenience of the Lady-Patronesses, five sedan chairs, not a whit the worse of the wear, have been purchased and placed at the upper end of the room; and, for the further accommodation of the occupants, there will be handles inside, on the doors, by which the Lady-Patronesses may let themselves out at pleasure.

There will be twelve concerts; the subscription is.
each;

each; and 1s. 6d. for a lady and one unmarried daughter.

After the concerts, the refreshment-rooms will be opened with full hot suppers, consisting of *beef à-la-mode*, and other delicacies, best ground oysters, pepper, vinegar, and other embellishments. The Manager, finding the article of noyau too expensive for the subscription, has substituted some of Meux's entire, which, he hopes, the Lady-Patronesses will find equally palatable. They will also prove their patriotism in acquiescing in this change, as tending to encourage the home manufacture.

The eleventh night will be a *Bal Paré*.

N. B. Check aprons not admitted.

The last night a grand masquerade; when it is expected the whole of the company will appear in disguise, except husbands, none of whom will be admitted *incog.* as it might disturb the harmony of the place, and the *turtle feast* that will form a principal part of the entertainment. In order to make the entertainments as interesting and various as possible, some of the most popular and eminent professors from "The Fives" are engaged, at a great expense, for five nights, to exhibit all the art and mystery of *sparring*, a science in which the matrimonial world of St. Giles's are allowed to have a superior taste. Madame Catalani being engaged at the Covent Garden Theatre, a curious display of alight-of-hand by that celebrated professor Bill Soames, and his *interesting pupils*, will be introduced at the end of the third act.

The arrangements will be under the superintendence of Mr. Patrick M'Gullen, who resides on the spot, and gave so much satisfaction to the Lady-Patronesses last year, at the *Cock and Hen Clubs*.

Tickets to be had of the Lady-Patronesses ONLY; of whom a list will be published in the next advertisement.

N. B.—Little boys will be in waiting to take care of the subscribers' pattens, and to call the hackney coaches for the Lady-Patronesses.

NOTE. It being suggested in some of the papers, that Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Harris, the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, have a third and dormant patent, implying, *ex vi termini*, a sleeping concern; the proprietors of the new St. Giles's propose to purchase the dormant right. It will be a great convenience to the audience, on wet nights, loss of pattens, or want of hackney coaches, as every accommodation will be prepared on the premises for those who remain the whole night, without any extra charge for *laudanum*, or other *soporiferous* draughts, for which they have been charged so extravagantly by Messrs. Taylor and Nasolini, at their snoring shop, commonly called—the Italian Opera House, in the Haymarket.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, August 7.]

“*Expecto credite.*”

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
In learning and science so greatly abound,
When *all* carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

HERTFORD COLLEGE AND NEW INN HALL, OXFORD.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the same, Aug. 10.]

—*Caput, et sine nomine Corpus.*

YOU have heard of *acephalous* verses
In this land of metrical knowledge;
Things stranger my muse now rehearses,
For behold an *acephalous* College!

But

But wonder succeeds yet to wonder;
Of greater you scarcely have read:
Here—a head lives without any body,—
There—a body without any head!

A. B.

FRAGMENT OF A DIARY,

DROPT FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A DEMI-
BEAU.

[From the Morning Herald.]

Cheltenham, Aug. 7.

MEM.—Arrived at Cheltenham at midnight—had four horses at Northleach, to make a splash on my *entré*—slept at the Hotel—passed the night in a state of perturbation: visited mentally at 3 A. M. by the ghosts of nine tailors, who had the d—d impudence to lay their ruin at my door.—Horribly terrified: thought of exorcisms—showed them a short measure; when they looked ghastly at each other, sighed, and sunk incontinently into purgatory.

N. B. The Hon. Dick Darcall and I have undone more of the cutting fraternity than any two dashers within the bills of mortality.

Heard the guard of the mail-coach sound his bugles; with dread my fancy depicted those cursed magicians John Doe and Richard Roe in the interior, bearing a talisman of enchantment from the Lord Chief Justice.

Breakfasted at noon on gunpowder tea and muffins—cakes half baked, somewhat like myself—looked over the newspapers, and found many of our club in the insolvent list—waiter laid a heap of tradesmen's cards upon the table; they were spread before me.

“Like sacrifices in their trim.”

The M. C. left his card at one P. M.—Dressed for the morning, in my Brutus wig—coat—waist—epateen—culotissimis—boot—bits—gilt spurs—and

Barcelona neckcloth—braced up my shape in stays, looked in the mirror, and was perfectly satisfied.—Missed my eye-glass—cursed uneasy at the privation, as nothing can be done in style without it—it is a succedaneum for wit, learning, breeding, grace, and morals.—It is a perpetual signal of ascendancy with the vulgar, and confers more privileges upon the wearer than a diplomatic mission.

While parading High Street, I met Bob Banter in his tandem, who luckily invited me to dinner.—The bill of fare was abominable—tough lamb; goose, green from sickness, not immaturity; some yellow bullets, which they called peas; and fish, ready dressed, from the metropolis.—After dinner we had a dessert of crab-apples, sour cherries, and clammy strawberries; took our madeira and coffee; went to the play, and quizzed the actors.—We sat with our hats on, stood up before the ladies, and walked leisurely over the benches in dirty boots: this was not precisely civil, and in the pit or gallery might have subjected us to the ceremony of a kicking; but we must dash at notoriety, or sink into mere reasonable beings, of whom nobody talks or cares; and the oblivion of fame is more shocking than the approach of night and chaos!

Saw the lovely Mrs. ——— in the side boxes—a fine woman, but somewhat on the wane. I thought of Afranius and his admonitory lines,

*"Ætas, et corpus tenerum et morigeratio,
Hæc sunt venena formosarum mulierum."*

Now the chaste lily, blended with the rose,

O'er thy warm cheek its softening lustre sheds;

And now each tress in golden ringlets flows

Down thy fair neck, and o'er thy bosom spreads:

Now heaves that bosom in luxuriance high,

Now beam the thrilling glances from thine eye.

Oh!

anecdotes

Oh! heed the crisis! pluck the flower of love
 Ere it may fade and wither in the blast!
 Mark through the glass of Time the swift sands move,
 And Age o'er all his dark'ning mantle cast.
 When that bright eye is dimm'd, and wintry snow
 Whitens those auburn locks—ah! then no more
 Will youths to thee their sighs of passion pour,
 Nor e'er a second spring thy faded beauty know!

ADVICE TO A FATHER WHO HAS A STUPID SON.

[From the British Press, Aug. 9.]

IF you observe your son is slow,
 C-nu—g and P-re-v-l are so;
 If superficial, drawling, dull,
 Has C-stl-r—gh a better skull?
 For freedom if he cares no feather,
 He copies *all the three together!*
 You cannot therefore long debate
 How to dispose his addle pate—
 Make him a *minister of state!*

THE VACATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 11.]

THE facility of communication between London and its provincial dependencies is so highly improved by vehicles of every kind, that an observer of fashions and manners can scarcely perceive any difference as to *date*, and a prevailing *rage* is known so soon in the most distant parts of the kingdom, as to leave its original fabrication a matter of conjecture. The monthly edicts of London reach their destination within a few hours; and the bonnet, or the *tassel*, the round robe, or the steel clasp, which captivate in Bond Street, are displayed with fatal effect, and almost at the same hour, in the streets of Liverpool.

Nor is this the only instance in which the metropolis shares her power. Although she has long enjoyed the privilege of complaining of smoke and heat, of unwholesome air, and want of exercise, that privilege is no longer exclusive. There is not a city or town in the kingdom, however picturesque its situation, or however surrounded by rural charms, that has not now its *unhealthy season*, and accordingly demands its period of *vacation*. London is now notoriously known to be quite *empty*, and our correspondents assure us that Manchester and Liverpool, Bristol, Bath, Oxford, and Cambridge, are at the same moment in a similar state of desolation. Nor is this an unnecessary precaution in a commercial light: the periodical returns of *business* and *vacation* are so regularly established, that if any person is found *at home* during this last period of locomotion, it is shrewdly suspected that he is either one of those people *whom nobody knows*, or that his affairs are not in the *best possible train*! Nor, if both these suspicions should happen to be unfounded, do we know a more disgraceful discovery than to find *any body* in town when *every body* is out of it. The possibility of breath or existence (for *life* is impossible) in any city or town is universally called in question; and there can be no fact so very perplexing, and no enigma so beyond all explanation, as that figures very much resembling men and women should be seen in places which are totally deserted, and pretending to be active in situations where all business is suspended.

Perhaps, indeed, this absurdity may one day be expunged from the history of *summer*, and those who are at the head of public offices and commercial arrangements will at once declare that the months of August and September are no longer to be retained in our calendars; that no man shall have a right to say he is *at home*, when it is notorious that *every body* is
out

out of town; and that the man who sits still during a period of universal travelling, shall be deemed guilty of unpardonable *vulgarity*, and classed among the antiquated beings who *breakfast in the morning*, and go to bed at night.

BRITISH LIBERTY:

[From the same, March 25.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is a trite observation, that in this country there is nothing, except the crown, so high, but the poorest individual may aspire to it. This is generally mentioned as one of the peculiar excellencies of the British constitution, which throws open the course to all competitors without exception who choose to start for the goal of *distinction*. It does not, however, appear to be, by any means, the most striking point of view in which the matter should be considered, or calculated to excite the strongest sense of that personal independence which our government secures to us. It is, I think, evident, that for one instance of a man's *elevating* himself from drudgery and poverty to rank and fortune, hundreds of examples might be cited of persons in the superior classes who succeed in their endeavours to sink themselves to the level of their inferiors. This is the way, then, in which the *beautiful equality* of our constitution chiefly manifests itself. In some countries that might be named, we find the *higher orders* distinguishing themselves from the *mob* by an aristocratic decorum, and an insulting regard to decency; but in this land of liberty, thank God! our populace are not irritated by so galling a spectacle: on the contrary, they daily have their pride flattered, and their virtuous dispositions cherished, by seeing those who are born to govern and instruct them, *spicing the manners, indulging in the vices, and*

even adopting the employments, of the meanest members of society.

It is impossible, Sir, to contemplate the objects to the attainment of which our men of fortune and fashion direct their ambition, or the pursuits which engage their anxious attention, without feeling a proud consciousness of the *intellectual* as well as *physical* superiority of these islands, and exclaiming, in the spirit of the ancient Greek, "I too am a Briton!"—We have seen on the Continent what fatal effects result to a nation when its nobility are seized with a desire for official and military honours, and monopolize in their persons all distinguished situations and commands. How consoling, then, is the reflection, that we run but little comparative risk from such a source! No, Sir; although we may be destined to add to the wreck of kingdoms, yet the future historian, when he details the melancholy catastrophe of our fall, will do justice to our youth of high birth and rank: it will be recorded of them, that in the crisis of their country's fate, instead of increasing her danger by rashly interfering with the reins of government, they wisely confined their exertions to *driving four in hand*; that, instead of selfishly seeking to raise their fame as statesmen above the ruins of the state, they aspired but to the more humble elevation of the *coach-box*; and that, when an opportunity presented itself to vie for the blood-bedewed laurels of the warrior, they emulated the less destructive dexterity of a *stage-coachman*. How gratifying must it be to the feelings of the descendants of these worthies of the whip, to find, that, while the honour of some less fortunate families is involved in the disputed skill of a general, or the suspected integrity of a minister, the names and deeds of *their* ancestors are allowed to rest in peaceful oblivion; that their glorious exploits on the *Harrow Road*, although calculated to excite the envy of contemporaries,

temporaries, suffer but little from the incredulity of posterity, and that their adroitness in *turning a corner* is neither subjected to the aspersions of malice, nor to the misrepresentations of ignorance.

But, Sir, I cannot help indulging a pleasing hope, that we are eventually to triumph in this deadly conflict with our mighty enemy; and the grounds of this hope, I feel satisfied, you will allow are quite as reasonable as those on which the elegant writer in the *Morning Post* builds his sanguine speculations. We were lately informed through your columns, that Bonaparte, in the madness of tyranny, had interrupted the *driving* of the Paris whips, and ordered them all to the army, to assist in driving the Austrians before them. Heavens and earth, Sir! (to adopt the style of the print above-mentioned,) is there a British heart but glows with indignation against this most atrocious monster—this violator of public and private rights—this trampler on divine and human laws! his last act of villany, one would think, must have filled up the measure of his iniquities. What! compel the members of the Parisian whip-clubs to turn soldiers—oblige them to dismount from the box, to fight the battles of their country—to fill those vacancies in the ranks which must otherwise have been occupied by the industrious artizan, or the son of the widow! Surely so wanton, so unprincipled an exertion of despotic power must shake it to its basis; it must unite the whole of his subjects against the oppressor, by proving him to entertain less respect for the follies of the rich, than for the necessities of the poor, and that he is profligate enough to decide on the relative importance of individuals according to their respective utility to the state. I am, therefore, of opinion, that as Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, so will the injuries and resentments of the French *whip-clubs* rouse the resistance of the French people—induce them

them to hurl the Corsican from his throne, and thus ultimately realize the phantom of the deliverance of Europe!

At all events, the miserable lot of others ought to inspire contentment with our own condition. I trust I shall never again find you, Mr. Editor, arraigning the corruption of courtiers, reprobating the domestic intrusions of the excise, or complaining of the grinding income-tax; for how inconsiderable will such grievances appear, when contrasted with the privilege which we all enjoy, from the highest to the lowest, of squandering our time and money in pursuits of the most degrading and ridiculous description!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ANTI-JACOBIN.

JOURNAL EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 12.]

MR. EDITOR,

YESTERDAY, taking my usual evening walk on Ramsgate Pier, I picked up a book, which, upon inspecting, I found to be the journal of some distinguished character recently returned from a trip with the expedition to Holland. Being totally at a loss how to restore it to the owner, I have copied *one* page, which you will have the goodness to insert in your extensively-circulated Herald; and thereby give an opportunity for the gallant writer to recover his valuable production, which the public must be anxious should meet the admiration of the world through the medium of the press, with all the ingenious gentleman's notes and illustrations.—Should this attempt fail, further extracts shall be transmitted to your office for publication.

EXTRACT, PAGE 40.

Friday, five o'clock P. M.*—Ordered dinner to be

It is remarkable, that the initials of Post Meridiem should be a transposition of M. P. which stands for Member of Parliament.

served

servet speedy and soon. All the dressed turtle being swallowed yesterday, went to see the live one in his berth. He seemed uneasy; recollected that he was a foreigner, and might intend to desert to the enemy; had him placed in the bilboes for security.

Half past five.—Sat down to table with the lieutenant—beef tainted, *lobscous* fit only for sea monsters:—heard a firing from some point of the compass—went upon deck with the lieutenant, who asserted that it was the Dutch Lord Mayor and Aldermen embarking at the *Brill*, in their city schuyts, on an annual *sweet-hopping*—suspect he was hoaxing me—returned peacefully to my arm-chair in the cabin, to finish my *foam*—drank a bumper—grew witty—said that the cheese, like the Minister, was *miter*—laughed heartily.

Seven o'clock.—Cloth removed, cursed the lieutenant for not saying grace with more sanctity—extremely warm.—Wine as hot as the d—l—~~took~~ three bottles to cool me.

Nine o'clock.—Signal-gun fired—snatched up my best *Dollond's* telescope, and again mounted the deck.—Vessel rolled much—found by observation that I was above *half seas over*—involuntarily bore down to leeward, found that I had got upon the ~~wrong~~ side of the ship.

Half past nine o'clock.—*Chinese pig* fell overboard—Mistook him in the sea for a *porpoise*.—Moonlight—Waves sublime, landscape beautiful, but wanted trees.—Sailors sat singing on the fore-castle—lubbers; *fleas* the only little active seamen on board, except myself.

Ten o'clock.—Loud firing again.—*Partisan*, our steward, flew up to me on the quarter-deck, his countenance indicating something terrible. "The firing," says he, "is like thunder, and it is as plain as the *grasshopper* upon the Royal Exchange, that all

* Never made that mistake in the House.

the porter will be soured." Considering well of what this intelligent man said, found his reasoning infallible: for, by the *rule of three*, if real thunder will give beer a *turn*, artificial thunder will certainly give it a *twist*.—Knew not what to do.—*Ned Nerveless*, of Milk Street, my surgeon, thought that I should send my best compliments to *our* admiral, and beg that the cannon might not make such an alarming noise.—“Nonsense! Shows what a whimpering son of a b—— he is; not more heart than a biscuit. Never take him out again below *Blackwall*.”—Resolved, at last, to keep aloof, and, as well as we can calculate, out of *souring* distance.

Half after ten o'clock.—Turned-in to my cot; muttered a short prayer; d—n-d the French; und——d the Dutch; fell asleep, and dreamed that *we* had conquered *Westphalia*, and that I was returning home in triumph, richly laden with hams.

Ramsgate,
Thursday Evening.

Yours, &c.

BEN BOWLING.

CORNELIA;

OR, A ROMAN MATRON'S JEWELS:

A scenic Anecdote of One Act.

(Founded upon the Tradition of that noble Roman Lady producing her Children, as her most brilliant Ornaments and greatest Treasures.)

BY MR. ROBERDEAU, OF BATH.

[Never before printed*.]

INTRODUCTION.

THE Author of the following scenes has long been of opinion, that many interesting incidents, of most emulative tendency, are scattered through the

* This pleasing little piece has been acted at the Winchester, Portsmouth, and Southampton theatres, with great applause; and we return thanks to the worthy and respectable Author for his permission to insert it in our present volume.

histories of Greece and Rome, as well as in that of our own country; which, by being presented to public attention from the stage, might prove highly serviceable to the cause of morality and virtue, although such historical traits may be too barren of actual or collateral business, or incident, to become adapted to the usually received extent of dramatic pieces. Under this impression, the following little morceau has been written; which, however small its poetic or scenic pretensions, may have its use, in hinting the above idea of similar attempts, to writers of more habitation in the line of *stage-effect*, and thereby add to the future stores both of public amusement and moral instruction.

The present scenic sketch is founded upon the well-known anecdote of Cornelia's displaying her children to a lady of Campania, who had often importuned her for the sight of her jewels and ornaments. The Author may be thought to under-rate his reader's attainments in history, by detailing, that Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and the widow of Sempronius Gracchus, a noble Roman, and Consul, who left her with *twelve* children, to the educating and training of whom she wholly devoted her future life: the two elder boys were Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, both of whom became celebrated for their eloquence and public spirit, which (as tribunes) they ever displayed in the cause of the people. They were both untimely slain through the intrigues of the offended patricians, about 130 years before the Christian era. It is also recorded of Cornelia, that she actually refused the hand of the Emperor Ptolemy, saying that she coveted no title beyond that of *Mother of the Gracchi*, which was inscribed under her statue at Rome, in the portico of Metellus.

The incident, here dramatized, has before received the noticing efforts of the pencil and burin, in an admirable

mirable print, engraved by Bartolozzi, from a painting by Angelica Kaufman: the impression is now become very scarce.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA,

When represented at the Portsmouth, Southampton, and Winchester Theatres, at Mrs. Kelly's Benefits.

Cornelia — — — Mrs. KELLY.

Publia — — — Mrs. JERVOISE.

Children.

Sempronia (*the elder one*) — Miss KELLY.

Caius Gracchus — — Master KELLY.

Tiberius Gracchus — Miss A. KELLY.

Three younger Children.—Servant.

SCENE.—*The Gardens and Interior of a Villa near Rome.*

SCENE.—*A Garden, with Seats; a Table, on which are a Lute, a Globe, Maps, and Books.*

CORNELIA and Three Children are discovered.

Corn. **Y**E dear-lov'd pledges of connubial joys,
Pursue your daily tasks, now the mid hour
With sultry beam forbids th' excursive walk:—
Tiberius, thou trace on the modell'd globe
Thy grandsire's path of glory; from the date
When, youth's bright dawn but nascent, he commenc'd
His warlike toil at Tenna's well-fought field;
To that high hour, when, crown'd with Conquest's palm,
The grateful triumph of all Rome conferr'd
Upon his name Fame's immortality,
For peace, by victory, at Zama won! (*Comes forward.*)
Shade of my honour'd sire, great Scipio, hail!
From Glory's temple, where enthron'd thou sit'st,
Mid demi-gods and heroes, oh! look down
On me thy widow'd daughter; and transfuse
Some portion of thy soul in these thy race,
To whom my life's devoted:—May I train
Their ductile minds through Education's paths
To Honour's bright domain!—This part fulfill'd,
Releas'd from mortal cares, thy daughter pants
To join her father in the bless'd abodes,
And rise again her dear Sempronius' wife!

Caius

Caius Gracc. Dear mother, be not sad; it grieves our hearts
To give you trouble, and indeed we will,
By ev'ry application in our pow'r,
Improve your kind instruction; for we feel
'Tis for our good:—anon I will recite,
Clad in my mimic arms and tiny shield,
The speech you pointed in our country's praise:
I have it perfect, in this little time!

Corn. That's my good Caius; thy reward shall be
Those conserves of the East for thy repast,
And thou shalt see the next gymnastic games.—
Now, my Sempronia, has thy little voice
Attain'd the past'ral strain, which on my lyre
I taught thee, at our studious labour's close,
Last night?—Music's the mind's relief
From exercise intense; it pours its balin
Alike in Sorrow's chords, or Joy's light note.

Semp. I will endeavour:—my dear mother knows
To make allowance for my youthful ear,
Which waits the aid of Time's maturing hand
To catch unerring Harmony's full scale. (*Sings—Air.**)
'Tis well, my child:—nought cheers a mother's heart,
Like the thrill'd tones pour'd from her offspring's voice.
Next shall our needle's skill resume the work,
Now hast'ning to conclusion, of the scarf
For him our brave defender, who now leads
Our martial bands against the treach'rous foe,
Giving us ease and safety here at home.

Enter a Servant—speaks.

The Lady Fulvia asks your presence, Madam.

Corn. Say I attend her.—To your studies, children.

[*Exit.—The Scene drops.*]

SCENE—An Apartment.

Enter CORNELIA and FULVIA, meeting.

Fulv. My dearest friend, I come thy steps to guide
To the throng'd Amphitheatre's display;
Where youth and beauty in conjoin'd resort
All emulative strive: thy presence soon

* The air should be of suitable gravity, and by one of our classic harmonists.

Shall shed eclipse, and every high-born youth
 Shall seek the blessing of Cornelia's hand!—
 Why turn avorse?—Cast in the fairest mould
 Of Nature's graceful forms, thou mayst command,
 E'en with the youthful, foremost note and choice!
 But where's thy rich attire; thy ornaments?—
 Reject those widow's weeds; display thy gems
 Which wont t' outblaze the sun: thy jewels bind
 On thy white arms, which Symmetry confess'd
 Has mark'd her own: amid thy auburn hair,
 Let the rich ruby with the diamond's light
 Contend for lustre; whilst thy brilliant eyes,
 Than both more bright, shall pour enchantment round.

Corn. Flattery, the joy and food of our light sex,
 Ne'er pleas'd my sober ear: the grace of form
 To Nature's hand we owe; and to presume on *that*,
 Is the weak folly which has sunk our sex
 To hold a second place, where the good gods
 Ne'er meant distinction: for *they*, bounteous, form'd
 Our minds alike capacious, active, strong,
 As those of boasting man; open like them
 To every energy from science drawn.

Fulo. I'll not dispute the point, though schoolmen might;
 But come, thy robes and ornaments call forth,
 Such as adorn'd thee when thou shon'st a wife:
 For rumour says that thy connubial vows
 Again shall rise!—To make thee Egypt's Queen,
 (Says Fame) great Ptolemy thy hand entreats!

Corn. And vainly must he sue: Sempronius' wife,
 And Scipio's daughter, knows no second choice!
 The marital pure joys of union'd hearts
 Can rise but once; with me, those joys have left
 A train of duties to fulfil, which bar
 The interruption of a second lord!—
 Thou ask'st me, where my ornaments, my gems?
 I have them stor'd, in vast profusion pil'd;
 And they shall meet thine eye: luxurious grown
 And wanton to excess in my display,
 They are my morning's gaze, my noontide joy,
 And evening's constant solace: gem by gem
 I count them o'er; I polish and new-sort
 The sparkling dear delights; then make them show

In novel forms and fancies: thou shalt see
 In what fantastic devious shapes and shades
 I strive to give them lustre.—There they range!

(*The Drop scene rises, and discovers SIX CHILDREN—*

*Sempronius is embroidering a Scarf—Caius studying
 a Scroll—Tiberius examining the Globe—The other
 younger Children variously occupied.*)

And yet thou seest but part, but little part,
 Of my stor'd ornaments and richest pride!

Fulv. Thou wondrous woman! let thy noble mind
 Excuse my flippant comment; Thy renown
 Shall through the lapse of ages yet unborn
 Command the voice of praise; while female fame,
 Inventive of new titles for desert,
 Shall stop at thine, *The Mother of the Græchi!*

Corn. 'Tis all I ask; and should these stripling boys,
 In riper age, but rise their country's friends,
 In field and council, my desire's fulfill'd!—
 For this, e'en in these tender infant years,
 I point them out the way. The poet's page
 I oft unfold, and thence as oft select

Some bold essays of rhetoric; one, Caius, now
 Thus plausively accoutred, shall recite.

Caius, observe due accent, gesture, pause;
 But chiefly treasure in thy youthful mind
 The solemn subject, thy dear country's weal!
 Her sacred rights; her never-broken faith;
 Her hate of tyrants, and her love of truth!—

The poet paints a land encompass'd round
 With fell Invasion's terrors, in the guise
 Of subtle friendship: deep mask'd enmity,
 Assuming fair the name of mild reform!—

This, the brave leader of the threaten'd land
 Lays bare to his bold troops, before he leads

Their well-train'd bands to meet th' advancing foe;
 The host arrang'd in brighten'd arms, and hearts

Disdaining fear, attend their general's voice;
 Which calls them now to victory or death.

Caius. "This hour, O Grecians, countrymen, and friends!
 Your wives, your children, your paternal seats,

Your fathers, country, liberty, and laws,
 Have sent you hither: from your infant age

Laborious

Laborious, active, virtuous, brave, and free!
 To match your valour with ignoble foes;
 In war unskill'd, to discipline untrain'd:
 To whom defeat is neither grief nor shame;
 Who ask no fruit from victory but spoil!
 These are the flow'rs of Asia's best: the rest
 Who fill their boasted numbers are a crowd
 Forc'd from their dwellings to the bloody field!
 From whom till now, with jealous eye, their lord
 Has still withheld the instruments of war—
 A servile people; taught with patient soul
 To bear the rapine, cruelty, and spurs
 Of Xerxes' military bands, and pine
 In servitude, the slaves of his designs!

—But here each eye

Flames with impatient ardour; and your breasts
 Too long their swelling spirit have confin'd!—
 Go then, ye sons of liberty, and sweep
 These bondmen from the earth: resistless rend
 The glittering standard from their servile hands:
 Hurl to the ground their ignominious heads,
 The warrior's helm profaning! Think the shades
 Of your forefathers rear their sacred brows,
 Here to enjoy the triumph of their sons!"*

Fulv. Thanks, youthful orator; thy ripen'd pow'rs
 I well foresee, shall claim the meed of praise
 For rhetoric's fascination; and shall lead
 Thy hearers' hearts and judgments to thy theme.

Corn. Oh! may his voice, as in his fancied scene,
 Still prompt to patriot deeds his countrymen!
 And may his arms, conspicuous as a star
 Of planetary influence, still pour
 Confusion o'er his foes; whilst they impart
 New vigour to the war his country leads!
 And when by age and toils of state o'erborne,
 Deep in Retirement's simple shade withdrawn,

* This speech is an enlargement of the address of Leonidas to his troops, in Glover's Poem. It stands in its present form in the tragic drama of *Thermopylae* or *Reputed Invasion*: a three-act piece, by our author, principally taken from Glover's Poem, and four times most splendidly exhibited in May 1805, at Dr. Burney's naval academy at Gosport.

He to his household gods and rural cares
 Devotes his latter day; should Rome's proud foes
 E'en then presume to threat her sacred walls;
 Oh! may he, like his great progenitor,
 Hoar Cincinnatus, awful from the plough"
 Again emerge;—again new laurel-wreaths
 Snatch from the glorious heights of victory,
 As at the patriot trumpet's ardent sound
 He springs to arms, and dares again the field!

Scmp. Then would I to my Mars-like brother chant
 That animating strain of harmony,
 Whose every note, striking the patriot ear,
 Bears on to deeds worthy Cornelia's son!

(*Sings—Air, "The Soldier tir'd."*)

Corn. Thus, Fulvia, hast thou seen my vanity:
 My pride, ambition, centring all in fame;
 In patriot fame, for these my springing race!
 I feel, that when a wily faithless foe,
 Vindictive, haughty, fierce, flush'd with success,
 Against our country (guarded by the gods!)
 Points his assailing arms; my glorious boys,
 Fir'd by their grandsire's, mighty Scipio's, soul,
 All terrible in arms may stand arrang'd
 In martial panoply; and valorous move
 To sweep invasion hence, or greatly die!
 While from warm Gratitude's transmitting hand
 Shall rise their sculptur'd forms or sacred busts,
 Exemplars high to their remotest race,
 To emulate the Gracchi's patriot name!—(*Comes forward.*)
 Hence may reflection bear her marking eye,
 To Britain's conflicts in these arduous times;
 When fierce Ambition's spirit rages wild
 Through Europe's rounds, and (save this happy isle)
 The nations tremulate beneath the scourge!
 Well, the rude trial dauntless Britons meet
 With phalanx'd front; united, brave, and free!
 All little jars dismiss'd; all difference sunk;
 And every private care in one absorpt,
 Our altars, throne, and country to defend!
 While from the gen'rous patriot passion springs
 A host of minor virtues:—charity,
 Which narrowing bounds disdains of sect or clime!

Temperance,

Temperance, of healthful bloom, forgetting self,
 When by the public call'd, to yield her aid!
 Patience, enduring all, by Hope sustain'd;
 Pure lineal Love, alike by son and sire
 Heartfelt reciprocal; Friendship, alert
 In deeds unask'd, dispensing Honour's gifts;
 Firm Fortitude, of lion-port and brow;
 Valour, thrice arm'd in Rectitude's great cause;
 Bounteous Benevolence, with influence bland,
 Extending wide its all-pervading rays,
 At Merit's call or Science' humblest claim:
 This truth confirm'd by the presenting scene
 I feel with joy:—with gratitude I bow. (*Curtain falls.*)

TALAVERA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 17.]

THE day had dawn'd, the sun was low,
 When, like a river's winter flow,
 Swell'd by the mountains' melted snow,
 On sudden came the rushing foe
 To snatch a laurel'd victory.

And many an eye that hails that sight,
 And brightens at the coming fight,
 Like eagles in their aery flight,
 Shall bid the setting sun good night,
 Amid the shouts of victory.

On as they rush, and rushing raise
 Vain shouts anticipating praise,
 They feel the still and steady gaze,
 That all their fiery blood allays,
 And awes a noisy enemy.

Lo! gloomy as a polar night,
 Ere thunder gives electric light,
 Collected in their sober might,
 The men of England meet the fight,
 And stem the dashing enemy.

On! on! Old England bids you on!
 The foe are fierce, and two to one;
 Now! now! or never must be done
 A deed of fame—a battle won,
 To match with Cressy's victory!

Then

Then instant, wide, the fire-sheet spread,
 Wide, instant was the havoc dread,
 The dying fighting 'midst the dead,
 A bold and bloody spectre made,
 Of furious, fruitless victory!

Night veils the sulph'rous welkin, torn
 With cannon's roar and bugle-horn;—
 From watch to watch the hum is borne,
 While warriors wait the ling'ring morn,
 All eager for their enemy!

And now dawn streaks the eastern dun,
 Slow Night her sulky course has run;
 Deep peals the adamantine gun,
 And Britons welcome up the sun
 That lights to laurell'd victory!

On they speed as the lightning's course;
 On they sweep with the tempest's force;
 The foe that stood, soon sunk a corse;
 The foe that fled, the trampling horse
 Trode down in dreadful revelry!

Ye British lions! bravely done!
 Great Talavera's day 's your own;
 And England, on her sea-girt throne,
 Amongst her brightest days will own
 Great Talavera's victory *!

GENERAL LAUGHTER.

[From the same, Aug. 18]

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am one of those timid animals who do not see all the brilliant prospects arising from the present war, which dance before the eyes of my neighbours, I partake but little of that propensity to *laughter* which seems to be at present a national characteristic. Instead of any of those reasonable fears and cool apprehensions which used to mark a state of warfare, we appear to be in search of nothing but subjects for humour and ridicule; and instead of asking, *What news?*

* We now ask, with a sigh, *Cui bon?*

the

the favourite question is, *What is there to laugh at to-day?* And such is the encouragement held out to the authors of *bon mots* and *satirical strokes*, that I have known a *repartee* engraven and published, both *plain* and *coloured*, within four-and-twenty hours. Even a certain worthy and facetious Alderman, who graced our expedition with his presence, was actually in the print-shops before he lost sight of land.

The *Four-in-hand Club* too*, they, forsooth, must come in for a share of public ridicule, although a more harmless, nay useful set of beings, cannot easily be imagined; nor can I point out any description of men who are more closely following the intentions of nature in their creation, or more assiduously rectifying that blunder by which they were born the representatives of illustrious families, and put to school and college to study learning and the polite arts, when it is most obvious that they were intended for the *coach-box*. I have no doubt that if any of them were seriously asked what is the chief end of man, and why was such a being created, he would readily and conscientiously answer, *To drive four-in-hand!*

And, Sir, are such men to be laughed at? Are men to be laughed at who have found out what they are fit for, at a time when we see so many thrusting themselves into situations of trust and importance, for which they have not one single qualification? If we wish for subjects of ridicule, if the discharge of peals of laughter be necessary for our health, or for the good of the nation, let us leave the stables and the coach-houses, and go to the boards and the public offices, and then say whether, if we diminish the number of statesmen, we might not make a very comfortable addition to our list of coachmen and postillions. Let us calmly consider, whether ham and tongue under the seat, be not a wiser appointment than an army with empty knapsacks; and whether drivers, with good boots, are not

* See p. 43, 95, and 201.

more likely to perform what is expected, than soldiers without shoes.

Sir, I have no objection to bursts of laughter, nor even, occasionally, to the pursed-up smile of satire; but I could wish that the subjects for these risible delights were chosen with a little more discrimination.

For the present I say no more.

DEMOCRITUS PRUDENS.

LORD CASTLEREAGH AND SIR WM. CURTIS.

[From the same, Aug. 19.]

MANY persons of sensibility were much affected at the parting interview between Lord Castlereagh and Sir Wm. Curtis, when the worthy Alderman sailed with the expedition. Since Gay's "Black-eyed Susan," there has scarcely occurred a more pleasing subject for lyric poetry; and a parody on that beautiful composition has been prettily attempted by Mr. Dent.

The simile of the skylark and Mr. Hawkins Browne is one of Mr. Dent's happiest efforts.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When Castlereagh appear'd on board,

"Ah! where shall I my Curtis find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,

If my fat William sails among your crew?"

William, who high upon the poop,

Rock'd by the billows to and fro,

Heard, as he supp'd his turtle-soup,

The well-known Viscount's voice below;

The spoon drops greasy from his savoury hands,

And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So Isaac Hawkins Browne at prayer,

Shuts close his hymn-book to his breast,

If Perceval's shrill note he hear,

And drops into the Treasury nest.

The noblest biscuit-baker in the fleet

Might envy William's ear that call so sweet.

"O Castlereagh, thou spotless Peer,
 My vote shall ever true remain,
 Let me wipe off that *Union* tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change Ministers about!—my vote shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee!
 "Believe not what reformers say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They swear contractors, when away,
 Two strings to *every bow* can find:
 Yes, yes; believe them when they tell thee so;
 Thine are my only strings and only bow.
 "Though *Flushing* claim this face to-day,
 Let not a paler statesman mourn;
 Though cannon roar, yet Castlereagh
 Shall see his Alderman return.
 All safe and sound, though forc'd meat-balls should fly,
 And claret still shall wet his civic eye."
Framingham Chatham gave the word,
 Sir Home his swelling topsails spread,
 No longer Castlereagh's on board,
 Sir William wept, and went to bed.
 The Viscount's boat unwilling rows to land,
 "A Jew!" he cried, and wav'd his lily hand.

ALARMING DISORDER, BY WHICH HUNDREDS HAVE BEEN LATELY CARRIED OFF.

[From the General Evening Post.]

WE are extremely sorry to announce to our readers
 the very alarming progress of a disorder which
 has made its appearance within these few days in the
 metropolis, especially in the city. Although not,
 strictly speaking, of the kind called a consumption, it
 is attended with many of the symptoms of that dreadful
 scourge; such as a *tickling* cough, a *teasing* complaint
 not only upon the lungs, but even the *organs* of speech.
 a *weariness* upon the smallest fatigue, and a sensation
 as if the parties could not breathe.

The

The faculty who have been called in have, in general, recommended an immediate removal from the air of London to that of *Kent* or *Sussex*; and such is the number of persons affected, that stage-coaches and chaises have been put in requisition, while small vessels, called packets and boys, are provided for the poorer sort, or for large families who prefer that mode of conveyance.

We are sorry to add, that this disorder, as on former occasions, is very prevalent among *shopkeepers*, and sometimes goes through a whole family with wonderful rapidity. It generally begins with the younger branches, especially if *females*, who are supposed to have caught it at *boarding-schools*.—The *mother* is very soon affected; and the males of the family either take it of course, or by way of preventive are removed to the coasts of *Kent* and *Sussex*, where they may breathe a purer air than in *shops* and *counting-houses*.

The course of medicines recommended to the patients, when they arrive at the place of their destination, are very *simple*. Besides bathing and walking, they are enjoined to take a *raffle*, or a *pig-race*, once or twice a week, with a suitable quantity of *hops* and *pools*. Breakfasting in *public* is likewise found to be very efficacious, especially if followed by a *canter* upon a *jack-ass*. In general, medicines that have a tendency to *open* the *chest*, and lower that *plethora* of *yellow stuff*, which is contracted behind the counter, are found to effect a cure in a very short time.

We have only to remark on this increasing disorder, that if the patients are not removed as soon as they show an inclination (which they are apt to do by *fits* and *tears*), we cannot be answerable for the consequences. Whether from any alteration in our climate, we shall leave to the consideration of *Dr. Herschel*: but it is certain, that, at this season of the year, it is not possible for the patients we have been describing to

exist in London without what the faculty call *anxietas circa præcordia*, that is, a degree of fretfulness and impatience, which may be attended with very serious effects.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

[From the same.]

A LAS! what pity 't is that regularity,
 Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!
 But there are swilling wights in London town,
 Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—*alias* Swine;
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
 These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,
 Dozing, with head-aches, till the afternoon,
 Lose half man's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
 One of this kidney—Toby Tossplot hight—
 Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
 And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine—
 Although he had a tolerable notion
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'T was n't direct—'t was serpentine,
 He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming through a cork;
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a
 fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate;
 When reading "Please to ring the bell;"
 And being civil, beyond measure,
 "Ring it!" says Toby—"very well;
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down;
 He waited full two minutes; no one came;
 He waited full two minutes more—and then—
 Says Toby—"If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
 I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But

But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's *Antipodes* in bed—

Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself did say—

Calming his fears—

“Tush! 't is some fool has rung, and run away;”

When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor;

And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,

He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street door,

While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac ey'd Toby fearfully askant,

And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall—

Then put this question—“Pray, Sir, what d'ye want?”

Says Toby—“I want nothing, Sir, at all.”

“Want nothing!—Sir, you've pull'd my bell, I vow,

As if you 'd jerk it off the wire!”

Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—

“I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire.”

“At mine!”—“Yes, yours—I hope I've done it well;

High time for bed, Sir; I was hast'ning to it:

But if you write up *Please to ring the bell*,

Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

Cheltenham, Aug. 21.

THE following poetical epistle was picked up near Stiles's boarding-house, and has created considerable amusement in the circles of strangers who have scudded hither to drink water. It is evidently a *ruse de guerre* in favour of some boarding-establishment:—

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

[From the same.]

Eamus quod ducit gula.

Miss Priscy Jones, sweet belle of Dowgate-hill,

Or whate'er name the parish-priest has given you,

Come live with us in style, and eat your fill;

Ah! quit that hovel where the Fates have driven you.

Every thing here is monstrously genteel,
 Nothing indecorous, or low, or rude;
 I won a pool on Tuesday at quadrille,
 And yesterday Miss Coppercase was loo'd.
 Each dormitory looks upon a field,
 Where Nature blazons, while the king-bees suck her;
 There breathe all sweets the circling year can yield;
 Here Flora laughs in her best bib and tucker.

When the wind's southward kindly Zephyrs rise,
 And waft their perfumes while the lodger dozes;
 Steal in our chambers from their kindred skies,
 And bathe our members with the balm of roses.

Such water-basins, bidets, and all that,
 To aid you in your fav'rite hydrostatics;
 Such stylish articles for lean or fat,
 There's not a bit of Delft but in the attics!

No poffing's here at whist, as at East Bourne,
 For none dare practise it if they were willing;
 We've no cards mark'd, although they're six weeks worn;
 No mean confed'racies to fob a shilling.

The tea made here comes down in Twining's hamper,
 No British heath-dust's palm'd from mere economy;
 On every Sabbath eve, by way of damper,
 Miss Flyblow reads a page from Deuteronomy.

Plenty of beaus shed poison from their eyes,
 In leers, and winks, and bosom-rending arrows;
 Some in unwieldy shapes of fearful size,
 And some hop up in groups like amorous sparrows!

An Irish Knight, who'd got a bloody hand,
 Led me to dance on Monday I declare;
 I call'd for "Drops of Brandy" to the band,
 But Lady Muir would have "Sir Hunter Blair."

Our inmates never mingle with the crowd.
 If you should like a tart, to-morrow they'll bake it;
 No honour-murdering prattle's here allow'd;
 Who talks the scandal is presum'd to make it.

Good manners, if not wit, at least goes round;
 Duty's on tiptoe to forestall each wish;
 They never grumble if you eat three pound,
 And change your plate with ev'ry greasy dish.

We've

We've table water-glases ev'ry day;
 But recollect this hint, and pr'y'ce follow it,
 When you have rinc'd your mouth, 't is thrown away;
 Don't, like Miss Tabby Gulpem, gape, and swallow it.
 How can a spinster, with so large a heart,
 Squat down with hawbucks to eat mutton cold;
 And fly the only booth there's in the mart,
 Where youth and beauty can be bought and sold?
 Would I munch mackarel, caught at least nine days,
 Swept from the rancid stalls of the metropolis,
 Fried on the coach-top by the solar rays,
 Some miles ere it could reach the Chelt'nham populace?
 Would I be fed with stomach-tearing slices,
 And have my sugar measur'd by a rule;
 Or frown'd on if you ask but where the spice is,
 Stinted like younkers at a Yorkshire school?
 Would I tear out my teeth each time I feed,
 With teguments of hens, which she calls poultry;
 Or eat no peas until they're fit for seed,
 Yellow as kite's feet, or as hard as bullets?
 Would I, to gratify a mean cupidity,
 Sit down and sigh, with half a portion cramm'd;
 Or cry "No thankee," from mere timidity,
 While the poor belly wants "No thankee" d——d?
 We've one bed left, the furniture white chintz;
 If you'll enjoy it, you shall have the preference;
 And as to character, Miss *Flyblow* hints,
 As I have known you, there need be no reference.
BELINDA BUCKSKIN.

METEOROLOGICAL MORALITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 22.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE influence of the stars on the destiny of mortals
 has long been acknowledged, and that of the
 moon on their actions is, perhaps, more universally
 experienced than some of us are aware of; but, strange
 to tell, the effect of the weather on the superior work
 of

of nature is scarcely ever adverted to but in jest, notwithstanding the consequences of its varieties on her inferior productions are both obvious and admitted.—One or two of our most celebrated writers have, to be sure, cautioned the fair sex against the operation of the *spring months*, and *November* is usually represented to be a busy time for the coroner; but, besides that these suggestions are infinitely too vague and general to be attended with any practical benefit, it does not appear that they have ever been received or even offered seriously. Do we not still find juries obstinately adhering to their old verdicts of lunacy or self-murder, although, on the principle stated, it is obvious that their decision should be—*died through the inclemency of the weather?*

For my own part, I am fully persuaded that the atmosphere has a very material influence on human conduct; and that when the barometer stands at particular points, the best of us has much occasion to pray that he may not be led into temptation. This theory will be found to abide the test of a rule to which philosophy is much indebted, which refers the validity of systems to the actual state of facts. The voluptuous inhabitant of the East passes his days within the precincts of the Harem, in a tranquillity as uniform as the temperature of his climate. As we advance northward, we find skies more unsettled and dispositions more disturbed; and in England, where our sunshine is almost as uncertain as our law, we are every moment incited to stare at the inconsistency of those around us, forgetful that by so doing we afford a glaring proof of our own.

Perhaps it would not be going too far to aver, that no cause but the one alluded to will be found equal to the vast and irreconcilable medley of effect which we have to account for; and that, by deducing the behaviour of some amongst us (and those of no slight note) from the particular state of the *weather*, we hit on what

what can alone explain its absurdity or apologize for its atrocity. It has, indeed, been suggested, in favour of the fair, that

When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they :

but it is to be feared that some recent instances of female frailty are of too monstrous a description to be justly saddled on these celestial delinquents. No rule of destiny, for example, can account for such a strange jumble of virtue and vice, feeling and insensibility, as characterizes an event which has not yet ceased to occupy the conversation of the public. We hear of a lady of rank, cherishing the strictest religious sentiments and alive to the tenderest maternal emotions, violating, in an unhappy hour, her duty to her children, her husband, and her God : forsaking her family and forfeiting her character, and while professing the sincerest contrition and the humblest sorrow, obstinately rejecting proffered forgiveness, and clinging, in spite of entreaty and reproach, to her paramour. What more lenient, nay, what more rational conclusion can we draw in a case, the different features of which possess strong claims on ridicule, horror, and compassion, than that a sudden and unfavourable *change in the air* brought a fatal *blight* over the heart and understanding of this unfortunate woman, withering and destroying every better principle and feeling ?

As all charitable persons must believe, that the sex would not allow themselves to be so often surprised, were they but put more on their guard, it were to be wished that a *weather-glass* should form an indispensable appendage to every toilette. By a careful inspection of this useful article in the morning, the comparative danger of the day would be accurately ascertained ; and thus, without imposing on herself any unnecessary restrictions or severities, a lady might tell, even to the fraction of a liberty, what civilities

she may safely permit, and what attentions it is prudent to decline;—how far languishing thoughts may be indulged, and when it is expedient to fly to the prayer-book or scandal for refuge.

I am aware that there are many niceties to be attended to, should these observations ever come to be acted on: it will doubtless require much experiment and careful discrimination accurately to arrange the *moral scale* of our barometers; a rare union of ethical with natural knowledge will be necessary to determine the highest point of *virtue*, and the lowest point of *vice*, with their intermediate divisions. Nay, I am not without fears, that some few very eccentric characters must have instruments adjusted to their own peculiar temperatures. But these are practical difficulties which do not come to be considered in a sketch of the system. That the latter is founded on the immutable basis of truth cannot be denied, but by those who are hardy enough to assert that the fluid which circulates in our veins, which impels our actions, and gives a flow to our feelings, is of a more insensible nature than spirits of wine, inclosed in a glass tube, and hung up against our walls.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY WEATHERWISE.

A COUNTRY HOUSE—AND A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 26.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS there may be some little interval between the taking of Flushing and of Antwerp, I hope you will find room to represent the grievances of a man who dates all his misfortunes from that which forms the

the hopes and happiness of two thirds of his fellow-citizens—I mean the possession of a *country-house*.

Influenced by my wife and family, and by the physician and apothecary, who, I verily believe, were in league with them, to persuade me that London, at this season of the year, is very pernicious to the health, and on Sundays absolutely fatal to human life and happiness—I say, Sir, teased, tormented, and half convinced by these arguments, in an evil hour I took a *country-house*—a house, Sir, in which I was taught to believe that I could enjoy the calm pleasures of rural solitude, unruffled by the buzz of promiscuous society, and the many external and discordant noises which disturb the auricular faculties of the Londoners.

A *country-house* I took, and that it might be the more convenient, within five miles of the metropolis; close to a road through which stages were hourly passing and repassing; so that any of my family might have a *cast*, as it is called, at a very trifling expense, besides the great *convenience* of errand-carts, return chaises, and other vehicles for labour or pleasure.

But, Sir, let no quiet citizen henceforth hire a house that is beset with so many *conveniencies*, and let him know, by my hard fate, that the *conveniencies* he enjoys may be enjoyed by others; that the carriages that are hourly passing and repassing may convey those whom he does not wish to see; and that a house within five miles of London, on a public road, is a fair mark for loungers, idlers, and consumers of time and provisions. I had not been *quietly* settled a fortnight at my country-house, when I found it turned into an inn, or a *Sunday ordinary*, a *cake-house*, a *tea-drinking place*, and, in short, every thing but what I intended.

In an evil hour I praised the *conveniencies* of my house,—how could my friends believe me without

witnessing them? I spoke of my lofty rooms—they must dine in them; of my excellent bedchambers—they must stay a night with me; of my garden and fruit—they must pluck it with their own hands; of my fine arched cellar—they must taste my wine; and of the many pleasant rides in the neighbourhood—they must come down for a week!

I vainly hoped for one day of quiet. Sunday, emphatically styled a *day of rest*, I thought I could depend upon. Alas! Sir, it is with me a day of bustle and perplexity. Although I have neither *license* nor *profus*, I am all day providing for my guests, who are so good-natured as to praise the contents of my pantry and my cellar in the most extravagant terms. There is no port in the country equal to mine; my *Madeira* is better calculated for gouty habits than any that ever passed the line; and my *hock* is so healthful in hot weather, and so little disposed to turn acid on the stomach, that the greatest compliment they can pay me is to use it as a *substitute for malt liquor*!

Sir, I once tried what an early hour would do. Loving to have all my children and grandchildren about me on Sunday, I fixed my dinner-hour at three o'clock, fondly thinking that I should bilk those *impromptu* visitors, who are then only drawing on their boots, and thinking which way they shall set their horses' heads, and upon whom they shall inflict a visitation. But let no simple soul depend on his cunning. My three o'clock scheme made no alteration but this, that what I called *dinner* became a *luncheon* to my visitors, who having eaten and drank some of my *excellent light wines*, departed just in time to gallop five miles farther, and dine with another friend, who does business of that kind in the evening. And scarcely are they gone, when they are replaced by another set, who having been compelled to dine with *old Square-toes*, at his d—d hour of *half past two*, pop in on me,

me, to tell me the news and taste that *curious claret* they had heard so much about!

I have only to add, that the present summer has contributed not a little to my grievances—so many wet evenings, “one could not turn out a dog in such weather;” and my *beds* are so *excellent*, many of my friends never slept so *sound* any where—and then a ride next morning is so *pleasant*—the *dust* laid. Even when the weather is as favourable as can be wished, yet the *cool of the morning* has so many charms, that my *spare beds* (I wish there never had been such a piece of furniture invented) are all occupied; and were you to hear of all my *excellencies* and *conveniences*, you would be puzzled to know whether I was most renowned as the keeper of an *inn*, a *tavern*, or a *hotel*.

But an end must be put to these things; and I hereby give notice, that if any London gentleman wishes to go into this *line of business*, I shall be happy to treat with him for the lease of the house, and he shall have the *good-will* for nothing. I cannot, however, conclude, without mentioning the opinion of a friend, to whom I lately communicated my grievances. After a short pause, and striking his forehead, he exclaimed, “Mr. Placid, I have hit it!—I have hit it!—all your distresses arise from this one mistake—you took a *country house* instead of a *house in the country*!”

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HUMB. PLACID.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

[From the same.]

IF the stock of our bliss is in strangers' hands vested,
The fund, ill secur'd, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—Wife, children, and friends.

Though

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
 And around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
 The bow'r where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.
 Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,
 The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
 Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers
 How blest was his home with—wife, children, and friends.
 The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children, and friends.

ON COLONEL WARDLE DISPUTING THE VERACITY OF MRS. CLARKE.

[From the British Press, Sept. 1.]

COLONEL Wardle declares he is grieved to remark,
 "No liar is equal to Mary Anne Clarke."
 For rivals to judge of each other is whim—
 Her folly appears to be—*lying with him.*

DRESS OF THE POLICE OFFICERS.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 2.]

SIR,

THE importance of *dress* cannot admit of a question; if it did, I should be the last person in the world to agitate it at a time when the reports of fashion are made in monthly portions, and a regular system is established, by which the most distant parts of the kingdom are become nearly as wise as those in the vicinity of the metropolis. I can also forgive the minute descriptions of the dresses of a *birthday*, of a *grand rout*, of a *marriage in high life*, or of a distinguished actress in a *new comedy*. Involved as we are, in a war of infinite perplexity and apprehension, I would not deprive the gay world of a species of intelligence

ligence which they very naturally prefer to *bulletins* and *Gazettes*, *battles* and *retreats*, *armistices* and *negotiations*.

But, Sir, while I make all this allowance, I hope I may be permitted to animadvert on a species of intelligence respecting dress, which has lately crept into our fashionable papers, and which I cannot trace to any principle of utility. I allude, Sir, to the very minute accounts these papers give us of the dress of persons who happen to be brought before the *sitting magistrates* for various offences. There appears to me to be something in that kind of situation which would naturally lead the mind to considerations of a more serious kind than the forms of *dress*, nor does that very particular description of *person* appear of more importance. Yet within this week we have a very striking instance of the information to which I object.—A lady who has been so unfortunate as to incur the suspicion of forgery, is thus portrayed:—

“She appeared to be from thirty-five to forty years of age, dressed in black, and above the middle size, inclined to flesh: although we cannot call her handsome, her countenance is expressive and pleasing.”

Now, Sir, although the age of this lady may be an information of some utility, yet I am puzzled to conceive of what use it can be, in cases of *forgery*, to know whether the accused be dressed in *black* or *white*, whether above the *middle size*, or greatly *under it*; a *Maypole*, or a *dwarf*: whether “*inclined to flesh*” (as it is very elegantly expressed here), or inclined to *bone*. As to this portrait-painter not being able “to call her handsome,” I allow that in some cases this might be a subject of regret; and in no case should an accusation of so *serious a nature* be brought, especially at a first examination, although perhaps it may be thought that an “expressive and pleasing countenance” is some apology.—But what has all this to do with

with the *forgery*? Are persons who unfortunately come into this situation to be convicted by their *dress*? Is it more or less *suspicious* that they are above the middle size? Or are they to be pronounced guilty upon the circumstantial evidence of *fat* and *lean*? Will the counsel, when this matter comes to a trial, insist upon these particulars, begin with the bonnet or hat, proceed to the laced shirt, thence to gown or pelisse, and wind up his arguments in an affecting appeal to the *height* and *breadth* of his client?—Will the jury *acquit* because the countenance is “pleasing and expressive?” or will they pronounce a verdict of *guilty*, merely because “they cannot call her handsome?”

I repeat it, Sir, that I am no enemy to the gratification of popular curiosity in matters of dress, and can therefore tolerate the description, however tedious, of a *court* dress, a *roué* dress, an *opera* dress, or even a *Park* dress; but really, Sir, when we come to *Bow Street*, or *Marlborough Street*, to *Hicks's Hall*, or the *Old Bailey*, I cannot help thinking that we have matters to attend to of more importance than the *dress* of the persons brought for examination or trial. No law of fashion has yet established a *costume* either for capital offences or petty larceny; and while our magistrates, our judges, our juries, and our barristers, are exercising their very serious functions, and deciding on the life, liberty, or reputation of their fellow-creatures, they will not be much disposed to examine the size of the prisoner, nor pay attention to “the round robe of jaconot muslin,” the “fine worked laced tippet,” or “the spencer boddice of pale pink satin.”

I am, Sir, yours,

ANTI-FRIVOLOUS.

NEW VOCABULARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 5.]

"The present age wants a *new dictionary* most damnably."

PLAY OF JOHN BULL.

ADMINISTRATION.—A partition treaty among ten or twelve noblemen or gentlemen, of different political principles, to share all the great offices of the state, and to support each other in the possession of them under all circumstances.

Allies.—Nations who unite in the prosecution of a war in which each has separate, if not opposite, interests.

Combined Forces.—An army composed of two distinct classes—1. The combatants—2. The *spectators*.

Subsidy.—Three or more millions paid to any continental prince on the eve of his ruin.

A splendid and immortal victory.—A temporary repulse given to the enemy, with immense slaughter upon both sides.

A retreat.—Taking a new position.

A defeat.—A slight check, cannon, camp equipage, and wounded, *not taken*—only left behind.

Parliamentary Reform.—A most desirable thing imperiously calling for discussion; *dangerous*, however, to be discussed in time of war, and inexpedient to be discussed in time of peace; therefore, *not to be discussed at all*.

Jacobin.—Any person who opposes His Majesty's present Ministers.

Opposition.—Jacobins.

Church and state.—The Rev. Spencer Perceval, Doctor Duigenan, and the bench of Bishops.

Liberty of the press.—Liberty of praising Ministers and libelling their opponents.—Vide Gibbs's Reports, vol. i. King v. Harte and White.

Existing circumstances.—Any public disaster that happened ten or twenty years ago, *kept alive* as a pretence

tence for a change of opinion, *id est*, giving up principles without giving up place.

Delicate investigation.—A very indelicate inquiry.

Corruption.—Influence.

Energy.—Sending a large army to a distant country, and leaving them to starve upon their own energies.

Decision.—Sending Lord Chatham peremptory orders to—wait for further orders.

Dispatch.—Equipping an expedition all the time it might be of use, and *then*, when that time has expired, a telegraph order for the baggage to hold themselves in readiness the moment the wind shifts.

Eloquence.—Prose epigrams without point, and Latin quotations without application.

Fundamental features.—A pretty nonsense alliteration to come in (when speaking in the House), if nothing else will.—N. B. Most earnestly recommended by Lord Castlereagh.

Keen satire.—The philippics of the *Morning Post* against its contemporaries.

Sunt quibus in satyris nimis acer.—HON.

An independent writer.—Ex. gr. Mr. Wharton, who, independent of grammar or common sense, wrote down the *Edinburgh Review*.

A disinterested servant of the public.—Ex. gr. George Rose.

A tried servant of the public.—E. G. Lord Melville.

THE CONTRAST.

[From the British Press, Sept. 6.]

C-NN—G has wit, but wisdom's strain;
In C-nn—g we must seek in vain;
Hear him once argue, and you'll find
A new distinction in your mind;
A new distinction, marking clear
What argument and reason are;

And

And proving this to your content,
 That reason is not argument;
 Flimsy in thought, he passes by
 The depth in which the questions lie;
 And, as a sea-gull skims the sea,
 He flaps his wing-creating spray;
 Then mounts aloft sublime in height—
 Not ev'n the surface in his sight—
 And wonders he could not subdue
 The argument from which he flew.
 But C-stle—gh, the world allows,
 Has other qualities than those:
 Not on the surface does he scud,
 But, straightway, dives into the mud;
 Not airy, light, and prone to glee,
 But stupid with solemnity.
 No depth he shuns, but, depth creating,
 He puzzles every thing by stating;
 And never yet was known to fail
 Of being unintelligible.
 In truth, he is a paradox,
 By far surpassing Pitt or Fox:
 They, when they argu'd, full of thought,
 Ideas into language wrought;
 And, if their eloquence could warm us,
 Why, they had something to inform us:
 But he, without a notion, thunders,
 Upon the language working wonders;
 Disposing words, in train extensive,
 Yet damning matter as offensive:
 A tedious thing, and foolish too,
 When men have eloquence in view;
 That act like music, lately found
 To charm with nothing but a sound.
 Such C-nn—g is; such C-stle—gh;
 What think you of the contrast, pray?
 A contrast, not like that we find
 Dividing great from little mind;
 But that which may exist, you see,
 'Twixt those in error, who agree.

EULOGY.

EULOGY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 7.]

" O most lame and impotent conclusion ! " — OTHELLO.

" Acribus initiis incurioso fine. " — TACITUS.

R AISE, Britain ! raise thy sea-encircled head !
 Round the wide world behold thy glory spread :
 Firm as thy guardian oaks thou still shalt stand,
 The dread and wonder of each hostile land.
 While braggart Frenchmen impotently fight,
 And curse the fate that lent thee Chatham's might.
 Fir'd at the name, my genius spreads its wing,
 And flees where Walcheren wooes a Belgian spring.
 Ye future ages hear it, and admire !
 On Flushing's town he opes a dreadful fire.
 The cry of women—virgins' shrieking fears,
 Ring no alarm in his intrepid ears.
Still undismay'd, he peals the instant gun,
 And swears, while turtle lasts, he'll never run.
 Thy name, dread Chief ! while England has a name
 For—folly, ~~disgrace~~ *disgrace*, and shame,
 For dulness, that conviction cannot reach ;
 For stubborn wrong, misfortune cannot teach ;
 For all the teeming blunders each supply,
 Thy name, Earl Walcheren, can never die.
 If, with one hundred thousand fighting men,
 He sail'd from England to—sail back again ;
 If he displays to *curious* Castlereagh
 The *grand spectacle* of the fleet at sea ;
 If he leads Curtis to a foreign shore,
 Which *ne'er, by no means*, Curtis saw before ;
 If there arriv'd, he quits the troubled main,
 And lands to feast, sleep, wake, and feast again ;
 If while our flinty tars look round with wonder,
 And ask, Why sleeps the voice of Nelson's thunder ?
 While Strachan brooding o'er the idle sea,
 Is d—n—g calipash and calipee ;
 If our great Chieftain calls his chiefs together,
 To council measures 'gainst the rainy weather :
 If, since the hero vainly copes with France,
 He eagerly deems it useless to advance,

And

And firm resolves (O most resolv'd of men !)
To lead his hundred thousand back again !
And all this done by Chatham's greater son,
Heaven bless the hero !—*what a deal he's done !!!*

THE SUBSTANCE OF SEVERAL LONG DISSERTATIONS IN "THE MORNING POST."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 9.]

YE Jacobin scoundrels, who daily complain
That we waste blood and treasure—retract the assertion;
Don't you see how in Italy, Holland, and Spain,
Lord Castlereagh's plans have *created diversion !!*

ON THE GRAND EXPEDITION AND ITS
ULTERIOR OBJECT.

[From the same.]

- "The King of France, with forty thousand men,
March'd up the hill, and then march'd down again."
- Great Chatham, with one hundred thousand men,
To Flushing sail'd, and then sail'd back again.

O HAPPY country ! who by such a threat
Your shores defend, your enemies defeat;
O happy people ! who for such a show
You fleets, your armies, and your wealth bestow;
O happy King ! blest in a council wise,
Displaying vigour, judgment, enterprise;
O valiant Chatham ! matchless deeds like thine
Shall o'er thy brow the laurel wreath entwine.

E. G.

IMPROMPTU AFTER DINNER.

NAPOLEON FELO DE SE.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 9.]

ON Chatham's failure cease your strife,
He still will end proud Boney's life;
Sure as this wine I'm quaffing,
When news shall reach his royal tent,
Of how he came, and how he went,
He'll kill himself—with laughing !

THE DISPUTE.

[From the British Press, Sept. 9.]

ASSERTION.

WHO dares of P—rc—l complain,
 Who leads the Ministerial train?
 Of those that tread the legal hall,
 The wisest once, and best of all;
 And now the greatest of the great,
 Who crowd St. Stephen's with their state.
 In precedent and parchment wise,
 And in religious mysteries,
 Oh! turn on us thy saving eyes!
 For all at once unite in thee,
 Religion, law, and policy.

REPLY.

If 't is religion to be narrow,
 He does possess the very marrow.
 If legal knowledge can consist
 In being regularly dress'd,
 With robe professional, and wig,
 The head not mattering a fig—
 He was a lawyer. If the state
 Need nothing in its guide but prate;
 A supercilious pertness join'd
 With quibbling aptitude of mind;
 I cannot question then his claim,
 Nor that of fifty fools you 'd name,
 To being, in a sense so broad,
 A politician, or a god.
 But that is not Religion's arm
 Which does the Catholic an harm;
 And that is not Religion's force
 Which makes the state of millions worse;
 It will not prove a lawyer sound,
 To be in deeds and titles bound,
 Or ornamented with a tail,
 That touch'd him at the very heel.
 A politician, too, you 'll find,
 Requires a magnitude of mind,
 Acuteness, prudence, common sense,
 Not folly and extravagance.

If

If cruel and coercive means
 Were all the necessary pains
 To govern well—alone completing
 The happy knack of legislating;
 This were enough to save the state,
 A monster in the cabinet.
 Then, Spencer, turn thine eyes away;
 Believe me, Spencer, well you may,
 Without depriving us of day!
 Release us from thy circling arms,
 Abandon us to smaller harms;
 Avoid us, spurn us, let us lie,
 Neglected to prosperity.

INS AND OUTS.

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post.]

IN promise rich, but poor in pay,
 In the King's Bench a *Talent* lay;
 "Why *In*?" cries *Colin Clout*.
 His visions fled, his fortunes crost,
 Broad-bottom answered, "Borough lost,
 I'm *in*—because I'm *out*."

AN EXTEMPORARY RHAPSODY,

DESCRIBING A FEW OF BONAPARTE'S TRICKS.

[From the General Evening Post.]

I SING of a robber, renown'd in fight,
 A notable thief, Napoleon high;
 Who stole into France in an evil hour,
 And made it submit to a tyrant's pow'r.
 To aguish Holland he quickly came,
 And show'd them a trick of the very same game;
 Where Lewis, a king of this bastard breed,
 'Mid fogs and bogs, found a crown of reed.
 Degen'rate Italy's fiddling band
 Saw him screw the strings with a master's hand;
 With flats and sharps, Boney kick'd up a row,
 And the scraper's head he broke with his bow.

He

He rode the poor Pope like a jaded hack,
But when cross'd and anointed he sent him back;
His three-crown'd hat from his temple fell,
And nought he had left but his beads to tell.

The Russian bear came out of his hold;
A match, as he thought, for this tiger so bold;
But they both were content with one furious tug,
And it ended at last in a friendly hug.

Tardy Prussia received such a terrible thump,
That she sits ever since on her wounded rump.
Brave Austria, though struggling in bloody campaigns,
I fear must submit to his galling chains.

In Spain brother Joe finds a slippery throne,
And I hope that this upstart ere long will be flown;
As fam'd Talavera struck up such a dance,
May Sir Arthur soon show him the way into France!
'Mid all this confusion, which ruins the world,
These fiery darts, by fierce Discord hurl'd,
Thanks to Heaven, Old England, the queen of the sea,
Is still left unsubdu'd, happy, loyal, and free.

CLERICUS.

THE HERO OF FLUSHING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 12.]

" See the conqu'ring hero comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!"

WHEN the Hero of Flushing to England shall come,
Line her shores, sons of England! and welcome him
home;

For, if while he slept on an enemy's shore,
Every day he remain'd, but disgrac'd us the more;
If the country so soon of such honour bereft,
Had he longer remain'd, she'd have no honour left;
Then rejoice that the chief shall no longer remain,
Bays he *never* could earn—for ever to stain,
Rejoice, that no longer the blight of his shame
Can mildew the glories of national fame,
And forgetting the *soldier*, approve of the *man*,
For hurrying homewards as soon as he can.

Lo!

Lo! the hero! and bark! one unanimous shout,
 "Would to G—! turtle Chatham had never gone out,
 Or that Heav'n (if the hero *must* sail from our shore)
 Had sent back our Chatham—but five weeks before."

APPROACHING JUBILEE.

[From the Public Ledger, Sept. 14.]

SIR,

I AM sure your impartiality will give admission to the following remarks, although they begin with finding some fault with a paragraph in Tuesday's Ledger, in which you endeavour to throw "cold water" on the intended jubilee in honour of His Majesty's long reign.

As I do not belong to any of the committees or parties that have met on this occasion, I am quite ignorant of the mode in which this jubilee is to be conducted—except that I may conjecture, with the highest probability, that *eating* and *drinking* will constitute a very important part of our rejoicings; and as this happens to be the prime season for turtle and venison, there will be no lack of opportunities to testify as much loyalty as our stomachs can bear.

But, Sir, you are pleased to insinuate the impropriety of our intended festivities: "*at a gloomy period like the present*;" and these are the words with which I am disposed to find fault; or, rather, which I am disposed to contradict in every particular. On this, then, we are at issue—I *deny* that the *present* is a *gloomy period*.

I can find no such period—no such gloom, in the public mind.—I find something like it, indeed, in the newspapers, especially in those where it is the *practice* to censure all public proceedings, and where it is the *principle* that Ministers can do nothing right; and, I am sorry to add, I find something like it in papers

which, I should suppose, might have held a different language, especially as they confess, one and all, that they have no facts to go upon, and no information upon which they can rely !

We have, therefore, *gloom* enough *upon paper*, but where else am I to find it? Am I to look for it in the metropolis, where the demand for *amusement* is so urgent, that amusement seems to be the "chief end of man?" and where the public tolerate and encourage every species of petty theatre and vulgar entertainment that can be offered to them, and flock in thousands to places of amusement, not one whit above the merit of those we lately witnessed in Bartholomew fair? Am I to look for *gloom* in the wonderful stir now making about the opening of a new theatre, and in those *awful convulsions* and *revolutions* which a *shilling advance* on the boxes is likely to create? Am I to look for *gloom* in our parties of pleasure, in the extravagance of our entertainments, and the success of our taverns?

Failing, then, of my object in the *metropolis*, where am I to go in search of the *gloom* with which you have covered the public? Am I to go to Margate, or Brighton, or Cheltenham, or any other of those places where our *gloomy* citizens have no other distress but how they shall barter Bank notes for every species of inconvenience and extortion; and where the affairs of Germany, of the Scheldt, of Spain and Portugal, are of infinitely less importance than the singing and dancing of strolling players, or those more dignified amusements of ass-races, pig-races, raffles, and lounging-shops? Is it there that I am to look for the *gloom* of a people conscious that they have met with losses and disappointments, which, while they affect their minds, should produce some corresponding effect on their conduct?

I repeat it, Sir, that there is enough—or, at least, a very decent proportion of *gloom* in some of our
newspapers

newspapers—but I can discover it no where else.—*Suicides*, too, were never more plenty—but I do not find that any man has hanged himself because we have not got possession of Antwerp, or because Lord Wellington is falling back upon Portugal.—There may also be instances of *low spirits*, and of *broken hearts*; but unless you can trace these to our *Gazette* s, or persuade me, that a people who can be delighted with the veriest trifles, are a gloomy people, I must beg leave to retain my opinion; and, although with all possible respect, to differ from the writer of the article in question. I am, Sir, yours,

CONSISTENCY.

BON MOT.

THE AMOR PATRIÆ.

[From the British Press, Sept. 14.]

FAIR Silvia, who oft jeer'd the conjugal life,
On a sudden grew kind, and became Damon's wife.
When ask'd by a friend, "why she chang'd her opinion,
And gave her *free life* for a *tyrant's dominion*?"
She exclaimed, "Do not think it was Love's mighty fire,
Which compell'd me to seek what most women desire;
Know, my friend, by a motive more noble possess'd,
At the *call of my country*, my Damon I bless'd—
Since our fam'd *expeditions* destroy half the nation,
I thought it my duty—to aid population!"

Johnson's Court.

N.

THE QUARREL.

[From the Morning Post.]

TWO persons I met, t' other night in the dark;
The one a gay Col'nel, the other A. Clarke!
They quarrell'd, and really were ready to fight;
And both acted wrong—when they *tried to do Wright*.
I strove to appease them, yet laugh'd in my sleeve;
(The greater their quarrel, the less I should grieve.)
'T is strange, yet, believe me, notoriously true,
What one says is *black*—t' other swears to be *blue*!!

Richmond Buildings,
Soho Square.

M 2

CADWALLADER.
IMPROMPTU.

IMPROMPTU,

UPON HEARING A CERTAIN "PRYING GENTLEMAN"
CALUMNIATE THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[From the British Press, Sept. 15.]

THE Hero fell—his country wept !
And e'en the fiend Detraction slept,
Till Party's cry awoke her :
Thus ravens, when the fight is done,
Croak o'er the field where fame was won ;
Nor can the sod Moore sleeps upon,
Be sacred from a Croaker !

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN AT THE NEW THEATRE, CO-
VENT GARDEN, BY MR. KEMBLE, ON MADAME
CATALANI'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

[From the Morning Post, Sept. 22.]

IN ancient times, in days of good Queen Bess,
Than now the playhouse prices were much less ;
"The Muse with cheek reclin'd," and pensive frown,
Blush'd to see boxes fill'd for half a crown.

Actresses sprang at length—(observe, till then,
The female parts were all perform'd by men) ;
Admissions were advanc'd, and soon the town
Were larger sums accustom'd to put down ;
Again the Managers John Bull oppress'd,
And without new advances could not rest.

Improvement rapidly thus gaining ground,
A something novel every day was found ;
To raise the taste of a degen'rate age,
Asses and dogs now trod the British stage ;
While streams of real water found their way,
To bid the town expect still more to pay.

"But all divine when" I!—at length "appear'd ;
'T was then the drama's majesty was rear'd"
On Covent Garden's boards :—"t was then you heard
Of "a—ches," and saw me the public "beard ;"
'T was then you saw your hisses scorn'd, and knew
What 't was to be each night defied anew ;

Insolence

Insolence genuine springs from nature's parts,
But Managers must court the *finer arts*.

Hence sprung new innovations, and from hence
That taste which immolates, for sound, good sense;
"Dance, music, painting, pageantry, parade,"
And all that could the cause of nonsense aid.
Harris from Taylor "caught the spark;" the plan
Has turn'd the brain of that advent'rous man.
Our scene no longer, as in former years,
Shall call forth smiles or tributary tears
By British acting—Oh no! give way all
(Save when I play)—[*Aside.*]—to Catalani's squall;
And when I die, Shakspeare, that scribbling elf,
Shall rest for ever on the prompter's shelf.

For an Italian banish we to-night
Each British sentiment as weak or trite;
Let no contempt for an outlandish strain,
Stale and worn out, be heard—'t will all be vain.
"No naked truisin be cloak'd anew
To tell"—you 'll ever give ' the devil his due!"
No—for this actor we applause bespeak,
Her voice is strong, although her cause is weak.
We know what *should* please best, what is your due;
And this fine actress we've engag'd for you
To pay; "while zealous as yourselves we stand,
To guard the staple genius of our land*."

Firm our engagement, heavy our expense,
We rest our hopes upon your lack of sense;
What we bring forward, be it what it may,
Th' expense your extra shillings will defray:
So, if we should fall short, you 'll sure be willing,
Another year, to add another shilling.

* This may appear somewhat inconsistent. Probably by "staple genius of our land," we are merely to understand Messrs. John and Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. But inconsistency is of no consequence in an Address.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING
CHRONICLE.

SIR,

YESTERDAY evening, having taken my usual place in a much-frequented public room, not far from Covent Garden, I was a good deal amused by the conversation of the surrounding company, which consisted of more than twenty persons of different ages, and apparently such as are commonly called Gentlemen; that is to say, lawyers' clerks, shopkeepers, naval and military men on half-pay, a squire or two from the country, some five or six collectors of intelligence for the daily papers, and a few of such as are said to live by their wits. Among the latter, Mr. Editor, I class myself; and could you behold my threadbare coat and meagre limbs, you would scarcely dispute my title to the rank I assume.

At my entrance, and while I remained, a most astonishing variety of topics underwent discussion, at one and the same time, in voices equally loud, and each speaker seemingly addressing his observations to all the rest.

This reminded me of a very pleasant paper in some part of Goldsmith's works, and suggested the thought of supplying your numerous readers with as accurate a report of this instructive *conversazione*, as it is in my power to give; in the humble hope, not only of contributing to their entertainment, but of transmitting to future generations (through the medium of a paper which will surely reach their hands), a sketch of the leading subjects that at present engage our attention in the capital of this enlightened country. "Upon my soul—and oyster sauce—I cannot possibly conceive—Catalani be d—d—a brown bitch—and a bad peace, which is worse than no peace at all—Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Perceval—three th.....—an Union of virtue—Castile soap—bad grammar, and—
Tal—

Tal—Talleyrand—the Devil on Two Sticks—written by—Sir Richard—who never eats any thing, except—pale ink, and bluish paper—with mustard and a *leetle* Cayenne—Sir William Curtis—sailed—in a basin of turtle soup—like the man in the play—shadowed with laurels—of which to my certain knowledge there are two kinds—in the Island of Walcheren—cursed hard running—a famous cure for a bone-spavin—Lord Wellington—look in the Racing Calendar—neck and neck, by the Lord Harry—from Talavera—at the wrong side of the *Morning Post*—and Mrs. Clarke—turned tail—on—at least one half of the Officers of the Guards—His Royal Highness—never struck a stroke—stakes down—will not do—the scene of the highwaymen—when Lord Chatham came back—got in at Pit price—with his finger in his mouth—along Pall Mall—and nothing but cries of, Off, off—turn him out—poor Mrs. Liston—as broad as it's long—sound sense—in the King's—a pretty period to talk of Merino sheep—with brown hats on—pantaloon and pipes in their mouths—*Bona-parte* will play hell with such a Cabinet—of curiosities—fools—and an army of pickpockets—Heaven deliver us from—Ministers—and the property-tax.”

If you like this specimen, and will please to insert it, you shall have more another time from

Swan Tavern, near

PETER PUNCH.

St. Martin's Lane, Sept. 20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,

IT was with no small surprise that I read an Address in your paper of Tuesday last, stated to have been *spoken* on the preceding night. I have been very credibly informed, that, instead of any Address *spoken*, Mr. Kemble actually *sung* the following stanzas: and, from some of them being very appropriate to the pre-

M 4

sent

sent state of the Drama, I am inclined to think that my information is more correct than yours.

To the tune of—"When I was a servant in Rosemary Lane."

In Greece, we are told, that their barbarous actors

At first on a tumbrel perform'd their characters,
While the Muse, luckless damsel! beheld it with shame,
Vex'd to see her sons seeking such by-roads to fame.

Fol de rol, rol, &c.

Then Æschylus rose, Sir, and made a great pother,
With his sword in one hand, and his pen in the other;
And while from the former his enemies shrunk,
With the latter he scribbled his friends in a funk.

Fol de rol, &c.

Yet this militant Poet so mended the age,
That the tumbrel and cart soon gave place to the stage,
Which, rear'd of rude planks, overspread the bare ground,
Like a huge kitchen table, in midst of a pound.

Fol de rol, &c.

But not till old Sophocles rais'd up his head,
Had the Muse of the Drama a house or a shed;
For then first the builders a playhouse erected,
And poor devils of Greeks from the weather protected.

Fol de rol, &c.

The wiseacre Poets then first did discover,
That Punch would beat Poetry all the world over;
And therefore resolv'd, that their players should be
Dress'd spruce as a carrot, and lac'd cap-a-pee.

Fol de rol, &c.

Then scenes were invented, and painted with skill,
And every art courted the playhouse to fill;
Till, at length, these same Arts were so powerful grown,
That they up with their fists, and they knock'd Nature down.

Fol de rol, &c.

In England, old Shakspeare, that foolish Art-bater,
Succeeded in giving new life to poor Nature;
But our age of *taste* her authority spurn'd,
Till, enrag'd at neglect, she our theatre burn'd.

Fol de rol, &c.

But

But we'll have revenge, and, out of pure spite,
 We'll tip her a piece of her fav'rite's to-night;
 And to show her our pow'r, if she does not now know it,
 I'll warrant we'll murder both her and her Poet.

Fol de rol, &c.

To complete the dame's downfall, if there should be any
 Strength wanting in us, we've engag'd Catalani;
 Whose notes, so piano, o'er the old beldame's grave-o,
 Shall sound through our house, till our house echo "Bravo!"

Fol de rol, &c.

But now, that John Bull to John Bull may speak plain,
 Our house is expensive, and *small* is our gain.
 Then is there among you one Briton not willing,
 To see Nature murder'd, and pay the *old* shilling?

Sept. 21.

Fol de rol, &c.

SONG AND CHORUS,

BY MESSRS. HARRIS AND KEMBLE, AT THE NEW
 THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 23.]

JOHN Bull, don't huff,
 You've had enough
 Of Shakspeare's stuff—
 You must learn of th' Italiani;
 Nor reason nor rhyme
 You shall have next time,
 But the ~~squalls~~ *sublime*.
 Of the great Cat—Cat—Catalani.

Chorus.—John Bull, 't is not fit
 You should come to the pit
 To bawl for wit;
 And such-like vulgar blarney—
 We'll have in these walls,
 No more cat-calls;
 But the tuneful squalls
 Of the great Cat—Cat—Catalani.

M 5

John

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

John Bull, take advice,
 And don't be so nice
 About the *new* price
 Which shall never (at least as we hope) end :
 But come here and doat
 On the tuneful throat
 Which a one-pound note
 Pops out every time it is open'd.

Chorus—John Bull, &c.

Then cease your good lacks
 About tax upon tax ;
 Never *ax* what we *ax*,
 But crowd in with the jovial throng ;
 Come, come to the play,
 And be merry and gay :
 'T is by far the best way—
 Like us pay your debts with a song.

Chorus—John Bull, &c.

Then stop your bull's mouth,
 For in troth, in good sooth,
 'T is so vastly uncouth—
 We will stop it at once with *our* gag :—
 Keep off, or perhaps
 You may sink in our traps,
 Or Bow-street's fierce chaps
 In the round-house invite you "to brag."

Chorus—John Bull, &c.

HISTRIONICS.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 23.]

THIS is the House that *Jack* built.

These are the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, that visit
 the House that *Jack* built.

These are the *Pigeon-holes* made for the Poor, over
 the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, that visit the House that
Jack built.

This

This is the *Cat* engaged to squall, to the *Poor* in the *Pigeon-holes* over the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, that visit the House that *Jack* built.

This is *John Bull* with a *bugle-horn*, that hiss'd the *Cat* engaged to squall, to the *Poor* in the *Pigeon-holes* over the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, who visit the House that *Jack* built.

This is the *Thief-taker* shaven and shorn, that took up *John Bull* with his *bugle-horn*, who hiss'd the *Cat* engaged to squall, to the *Poor* in the *Pigeon-holes* over the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, who visit the House that *Jack* built.

This is the *Manager* full of *scorn*, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the *Thief-taker* shaven and shorn, to take up *John Bull* with his *bugle-horn*, who hiss'd the *Cat* engaged to squall, to the poor in the *Pigeon-holes* over the *Boxes* let to the *Great*, who visit the House that *Jack* built.

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

JOHN Bull has gain'd *one* point—that's flat ;
 For Kemble has *whipt* out the *Cat*—
 Shut up his house, and gone to bed,
 With *fewer* *itches* in his head.

Sept. 23.

HISTRIONICUS.

THE DEPARTURE FOR IRELAND.

[From the Morning Post, Sept. 26.]

WHEN Grimalkin, the spy, took a peep in the house,
 And saw such confusion and strife,
 He stole to the green-room as soft as a mouse,
 And thus he address'd his dear wife :—
 " *Mon Dieu!*—don't sit purring, as if all was right,
 Our measure of meanness is full ;
 We cannot stay here to be bark'd at all night,
 I'd rather be toss'd by a *Bull*."

ANTI-GALLICAN.

ON A LATE DUEL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 26.]

" **STILL** let us arm 'gainst England's foe,"
 Cried Viscount Castlereagh:
 " Still let us England's foe assail,"
 Canning was heard to say.
 But who are England's direst foes,
 At whom such loyal pothor?
 'Our valiant statesmen answer this,
 By arming 'gainst each other.

ANOTHER.

CASTLEREAGH and George Canning
 Fail'd, in Cabinet planning,
 The country advantage to yield.
 Truth and Candour must say,
 They at last chose the way
 Of serving her cause—in the field.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE TWO STATUES IN FRONT OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

[From the same, Sept. 27.]

WITH steady mien, unalter'd eye,
 The Muses mount the pile;
 Melpomene disdains to cry,
 Thalia scorns to smile.
 Pieria's stream when moderns quaff,
 The cause they plainly show;
 Their Comedy provokes no laugh,
 Their Tragedy no woe.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Bristol, Sept. 18, 1809.

THE Bards, we know, in ancient days roused their
 country to exertion, by celebrating the glorious deeds
 of their Chiefs. A modern Bard, alas! has not always
 before him glorious chiefs to celebrate; and be his
 patriotism never so great, his powers are very limited.
 Take,

Take, however, if you will, the two following attempts.
If you think either worthy publicity, they are at your
service for insertion, from THE BARD.

THE NEW DAINTY DAVY.

A SCOTCH LILT.

I HAVE had a bonny reel,
Dainty Davy, dainty Davy;
I have had a bonny reel,
Dainty, dancing Davy.
Now I 'm up I 'll look around,
From this station, from this station;
For I may fall to the ground,
From my elevation.

Melville had a golden rule,
I have learned in his school—
“Get for aye—or you 're a fool—
Never mind the nation.”

The Greys I 've got, and Chelsea too—
Though but little, though but little,
We will try what we can do,
To make this little—mickle*.

The 95th now wants a head—
What an ass to let it pass!—
I 'll take that post and go to bed—
It 's Colonel Davy Dundas.

And to prove my martial skill,
All posts I can take, so I will;
And keep them too—or may the de'il
Play dandy with Sir Davy.

PERCEVAL'S PROCLAMATION.

SURE we 've made a nice pretty campaign on 't,
Our troops have been cut up by sections;
But what if the people complain on 't?
Why—then go to fresh elections.

Then we 'll have drinking and ranting,
And playing the parson and ape, Sir,
The posts we can't carry by canting,
May fall at a show'r of our grape, Sir.

* Much.

But we shan't, like Sir Arthur or Chatham,
 Surrender the posts we have taken ;
 The swine may grunt—we 'll laugh at 'em,
 Determin'd to save our own bacon.
 At last, if we 're forc'd to knock under,
 Yet still we can make a diversion ;
 We 'll march out well loaded with plunder,
 And retire to our out-post—Reversion.

The Austrians know how to weigh well
 The ingots of Johnny Bull's gold, Sir ;
 The Spaniards, too, know what to say, well,
 When wise John 's about to be fool'd, Sir.
 Like them we will draw—on your purses,
 And back you—by staying behind you ;
 We 'll brag of our care of the churches,
 And in taxes—'t is we that will mind you.

SALES BY AUCTION.

CAST HORSES, THE PROPERTY OF CERTAIN GENTLEMEN
 RETIRING FROM OFFICE.

[From the British Press, Sept. 29, &c.]

TO be sold, at the old repository for hacks, &c. in
 Downing Street, without reserve, the following
 horses, the property of certain Gentlemen going out of
 office :—

Premier, a dark grey horse, aged. He is the only
 horse of Dutch pedigree, of any note, in the annals of
 the British turf. He formerly ran, under the name of
Portland, for the *Whig* stakes, and was then thought
 a horse of some bottom, although of very poor per-
 formance. Being now quite broken down, he has
 been used for some time, merely for show, in the state
 caravan that drives weekly between Downing Street
 and Buckingham House.

Admiral, formerly a troop-horse, but lately used as
 the leader of the team to the British Neptune's car.
 He is but a sorry sort of an animal, and has a habit
 of

of going round and round, as if he had been accustomed to turn a mill. A cat and dog's meat man, however, who was in distress, might think him worth his attention.—To be seen at the stable in the Admiralty.

Chancellor, a dark brown horse. Some say he is a *Scott*; others, that he was bred at Newcastle.—When a colt, he was reckoned good at a *Bar* leap; and on the Chancery course not a bad *mover*. He was, however, never well upon his haunches, and *dishes* confoundedly.

Duellist, a brown colt, bred in the North of Ireland. He is cat-hammed, goose-rumped, and ewe-necked. Yet, with all these defects of shape, he was a horse of considerable performance, and excellent wind. He won the Union cup in Ireland; but in running lately for the Walcheren and Madrid stakes, he broke down most miserably. He can never be entered for a King's plate again; and, for many reasons, he will not answer for breeding. But as a hack to run in a chaise, or the like, he is still of some value.

President, a bay horse, aged, dam by *Chief Justice*, grand-dam by *Patriot*, great grand-dam by *Liberty*, out of a *Wilderness* mare. His sire was the famous *Garden*, who won the *Magna Charta* stakes, distancing 17 others. *President* is a strong bony punch of a horse, in good condition, very steady and quiet in harness, but a dull mover. For the plough, the cart, the dray, or the team, he will be found serviceable, as he is sound in limb, his constitution is good, and there is a good deal of hard meat in his belly.

Squib, a bay horse, originally used in a gig, or as a palfrey or pleasure-horse, by the late Mr. Pitt, who bred him. He is, however, by no means safe, as he is skittish and as fidgetty as a colt fresh *figged*.—In 1808 he was matched for the Commercial stakes, against the famous American horse *President*, rode by Jefferson, and the Jockey Club at Lloyd's pronounced it

it a *dead heat*.—It is, however, now well known, that there was a great deal of crossing and jostling on the part of *Squib*, and that *President* had the advantage by a full head. In a late match on Putney Heath, against *Duellist*, he received a hurt in one of his quarters, in consequence of which he was drawn, and, it is supposed, he never will be fit to enter the lists again. We know nothing of his stock, either dam or sire. We have examined the Racing Calendar, but can find no trace of his pedigree.

SECOND DAY.

Young Jenkey, a dirty cream-coloured colt. This, like the *Vicar of Wakefield's* colt, has been upwards of seven years in the family. He was matched, in the last century, against *Sans Culotte*, in the celebrated race to Paris, but paid forfeit. At the *Tranent Meeting*, some years ago, in which many people were killed on the course, he showed some *blood*; and in the sweepstakes on the Westminster turf, after the death of that celebrated jockey Mr. Bill Pitt, he ran off with the famous *Goose* of the Cinque Ports to *Walmer Castle*. *Young Jenkey* is very deficient in bone and sinew. He was got by *Ploughboy*, dam by *Courtier*, out of a *Sycophant* mare.

Yelper: This is a little, bitter, hard-mouthed, hard-bitten, hardy poney, something like a Scotch gallo-way. He is a constant goer; but the creature is scarcely equal to a feather. He was got by *Delusion*, dam by *Anti-pope*, grand-dam by *Old Cant*, out of a *Quiz* mare, own sister to Lord Egremont's celebrated cart-horse *Reversioner*.

Nineteen-pence halfpenny: A wall-eyed old horse, in very low condition; but, *pishopped* and *figged*, may make a showy appearance. He is very well known in Westmorland.

General, own brother to *Sweet William*, by the celebrated

celebrated horse *Chatham*, out of a *Grenville* mare. This is a horse of as good blood as any in the kingdom, but he was spoiled in the training. He is a remarkably dull mover. When he started lately for the Antwerp stakes, he was not able to strike a trot, and was drawn to save his distance. Just recovered from the *sleepy staggers*.

Apsley, a br. h. got by *Bathurst*, won the *Claret stakes* last year, beating *Bumper* and several others.

The following lot to be disposed of at the same time, to the first bidder: *Blaster*, a cart-horse, got by *Fuller's-earth*; he is a horse of good carcass—not warranted. *Treasurer*, late *Cheesenipper*, got by *Purser*, out of *Old Rose*—a very serviceable hack, but long past mark of mouth. *Secretary*, a fresh hack, by *Defaulter*, out of *Scotch Kate*, dam by *Melville*—own brother to *Wha wants me*?

Note.—In our description of *Duellist*, one of the cast horses advertised on Saturday, we forgot to mention that he is an exact likeness of the Vicar of Wakefield's horse *Thornberry*, who, Doctor Goldsmith says, wanted a tail.

THE NEW CHEVY CHASE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 30.]

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our cash and comforts all,
In Covent Garden, while I sing
The row that did befall.

To chase the Cat with howl and horn,
John Bull went to the play,
And though she laughed him to scorn,
I trow he won the day.

The Kembles, Harris, Son, and Co.
Did vow to God—God willing—
That for Grimalkin and their show
They 'd touch—the other shilling!

For

For they a Theatre had made,
 This famous Cat to squall in;
 With "*Annual Boxes*" for the trade
 No doubt of caterwauling!
 John's native drama to undo,
 With foreign *airs* and vices—
 And so they e'en impos'd *their New*,
 And banish'd his "*Old Prices*."
 Their *Bowmen* bold, from Bow Street brought,
 All chosen men of might—
 Resolv'd to stuff down Johnny's throat
 Their Prices—wrong or right,
 But John, whose skull with brains is cramm'd,
 Their schemes did soon unriddle;
 "And if I have, may I be d——d,
 (Quoth he) your *Cat* and *Fiddle*!"
 "What! think you me to tax and gull,
 For building *this here house*!
 Or thinks a *Cat* to catch John Bull—
 Just as she'd catch a mouse?"
 "Your modesty, upon my soul,
 Much with the ton increases,
 That fain would cram *each Pigeon-hole*
 With *Seven Shilling Pieces*!"
 "No, no—it will not do, *Black Jack*,
 It shall not do—by jingo;
Old Plays and Prices we'll have back,
 And no outlandish lingo!"
 The orchestra struck up in vain,
Macbeth and *Wife* were hiss'd!
 And "*Birnam Wood to Dunsinane*"
 Unnotic'd pass'd, I wist.
 For "*banners on the outward wall*,"
 The Tyrant had no use—
 Their scrolls within so thick did fall,
 Though *ne'er a flag of truce*!
 On Monday first the row begun,
 Or call it what you may,
 'Tis certain they kept up the fun
 Until the Saturday.

The Actors ran through every scene,
As fast as they could go—
As it a pantomime had been,
Or eke a puppet-show.

And though the people that were there
Most loud did roar and rage,
Their backsides all, with special care,
Were turn'd upon the stage.

O C——! it was a grief to see,
(For word you could not hear—
Except the speech of *Mister Leigh*)
A tragedy so queer!

To *catgut*, *catcall* did reply,
With bell and bugle brazen!
And all *the gods*, that sat on high,
Help'd out the diapason!

Yet bides Jack Kemble on the bent,
A Don of thorough blood;
With *a-ches* though his head was rent,
Firm as a mule he stood.

"Show me," said he, "*what 't is you want—*"
"*What want ye here,*" he cried—
"We neither want your Cat or *cant,*"
Our Englishmen replied.

"Our *notes* for hers you sha'n't command;
And for her pipe, perdie,
We trust we have within the land
Five hundred good as she!"

With that there came a glorious roar
Of rattles and of row-sticks;
As such there never did before
Confound the *Catacoustics!*

Then look'd our Manager, I trow,
Like one in doleful dumps;
His pride was humbled to a bow,
Almost upon his stumps!

As thus he said—"At length I yield,
You've got what you have wish'd;
You've won, John Bull, you've won the field,
And so—the Cat is *dish'd!*"

God

God save the King, and bless the land,
Our liberties and laws,
And thus may Britons ever stand
United in their cause!

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

[From the British Press, Sept. 30.]

SOME noblemen and gentlemen are preparing to celebrate the jubilee with private theatricals. The following pieces are in rehearsal for the occasion:—

Mr. Wardle—*Plot and Counterplot—He is much to blame—Such Things are—Trial's all—and, The Upholsterer.*

Mrs. Clarke—*Hear him out—Stop him who can—More Secrets than one—and, The Sixty-third Letter.*

Lprd Chatham—*Delays and Blunders—He would be a Soldier—The Humours of the Army; with Britons strike Home.*

Lord Wellington—*The Wild Goose Chase—The Fatal Vision—and, The Wanderer.*

Lord Castlereagh—*The Revenge—Better late than never—and, Who would have thought it?*

Mr. Canning—*The Double Dealer—The Artifice—and, More Ways than one.*

Lord Mulgrave—*The Connoisseur—The Chapter of Accidents—and, 'Tis well it is no worse.*

Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, and Co.—*Pic Nic entertainment—The Plotting Lovers—The Perplexed Couple—Try again—and, Any Port in a Storm.*

Lord Castlereagh *—*The False Friend—Who's the Dupe?—and, The Duellist.*

Mr. Perceval—*The Last Shift—The Devil to Pay—and, All in the Wrong.*

Lord Westmorland and Lord Camden—*The Perplexed Couple—False Delicacy—and, All for the Best.*

* It will be observed, that some of these private theatres are to have different performances on different nights.

Mr. Saunders Dundas—*The Wheel of Fortune—The Agreeable Surprise—and, Get Money; my Son.*

Mr. Canning—*The School of Arrogance—Duplicity—Plot and Counterplot—and, Out of Place.*

Mr. Croker—*Who is he?—Fortune's Frolic—Seeing is Believing—and, The Bashful Man.*

Mr. Wardle—*Work for the Upholders—The Cruel Gift—and, The Double Deceit.*

Mrs. Clarke—*The Sea-side Story—The Biter bit—and, A Trip to the Nore.*

Covent Garden Rioters—*Liberal Opinions—Much ado about Nothing—and, The Humours of Bow Street.*

The Duke of Richmond—*The Man of the World—Free and Easy—and, All in good Humour.*

The Marquis Wellesley—*He would and he would not—The Way to win Him—and, Speculation.*

The Ministers—*The Cabinet—The Three and the Deuce—The Dilemma—and the favourite Song of The Story of Woe, harmonized for three Voices, by Lords Eldon and Liverpool, and Mr. Perceval.*

Right Hon. John Foster—*A new Way to Pay Old Debts—The Farmer—and an Interlude, called All in the Family Way.*

Countess of Clare—*As you like it—and, The Widow's Choice.*

Colonel Prendergast Smyth—*He would be a Soldier—The Goodnatured Man—and, Love's Labour Lost.*

Mrs. Clarke—*The Comical Lovers—The Intrigues of a Morning—Time's a Tell-tale—and, Trial's all.*

Mr. Croker—*The Humours of the Navy—Dead Alive—and, Not at Home.*

Marquis Wellesley—*The Sultan; or, A Peep behind the Curtain—Just in Time—and, As you like it.*

Lady Mary Crawford Lindsay—*The Lady of the Manor—The Trial—and, Much ado about Nothing.*

Colonel Wardle—*The Conspiracy—Try again—The Deaf Lover—and, Hear him out.*

Mr.

Mr. Giles—*The Beaux Stratagem—A Bold Stroke for a Wife—and, The Heiress.*

The Orange Knight—The Busy Body—The City Wife's Resentment—and, The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger.

Mr. Galindo—The Beggar's Opera—More Ways than one—and, Raising the Wind.

Mrs. Siddons—The Friend in Need—Fatal Friendship—and, 'Tis well it's no worse.

Mrs. Galindo—The Inquisitor—The Fruits of a single Error—More Secrets than one—and, The Exile.



WANTED,

A PLASTER for a weak-backed rickety Administration, which has lost its two eyes, and also the use of its limbs. Doctors Grey and Grenville are allowed to possess an infallible cure for this shocking malady: but they insist, that the whole subject is bad, and that the remaining members are, in fact, as peccant as those that have dropped off, being little better than *proud flesh*, without any vital principle, and as such that they ought to be cut away. The poor patient, now quite exhausted, we fear has not spirit and strength to undergo the operation; and as the disorder admits of no other cure, a few days of miserable existence are all that remain. The case being, therefore, desperate, his best and sincerest friends now ardently hope that he may be soon released from his sufferings; a hope in which they are cordially joined by every friend to his country, and humanity.

[From the British Press, Oct. 2.]

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Oct. 5.]

SIR,

IT is with heartfelt grief that I am thus publicly obliged to address you on a subject of much national importance;—I shall briefly state the cause of my pain, without making any further comment.—Having had the pleasure of seeing a card of invitation for a grand festival, to be held on Monday next, *in honour of the Earl of Chatham's birthday*, as Master-general of the Ordnance, I thought it but a proper due of praise to so great a man; and immediately inquired if the Poet Laureat, Mr. Pye, was applied to for an ode on the occasion; I was answered in the affirmative; but, having a grand effort to make “on account of a *much* greater jubilee, and his *fire* being naturally low, he was fearful, if another ode was put into the poetical oven, both might be forced to come to table but *half done*, which would d——n his name for ever!!!”

Sir, you now know the cause of my grief; yet, determined that this great General should not have a birthday jubilee without an ode, I seized the poetic pen, and wrote as follows:—

ODE,

To be sung on the 9th Day of October 1809, at the New London Tavern, Cheapside, by all the Servants of the Ordnance Department, at a celebrated Birthday Jubilee, given in Honour of the Right Hon. the Earl of Chatham's grand Victories in Walcheren and other Parts, Master-general of the Ordnance, &c. &c. &c.

STRIKE the lyre in lofty strains,
Sing of war and dire campaigns,
Tell the world of dangers vast,
Tell the deeds of glory past:

Free from battles lost—safe from battles won,
Th' immortal Master-general Chatham's come;

'T was

'T was he who led his fifty thousand men,
 'T was he who conquer'd gloomy Walcheren!
 Mark the hero's laurell'd brow,
 Bend, ye captives, bend and bow;
 Let the cannons loudly roar,
 Glory's lost in one uproar!
 Hail his triumph on this day,
 Nymphs with flow'rs shall strew the way.
 Now the clariou, now the drum—
 Hark the shout of joy's begun!

Warriors! ne'er
 With him compare,
 For if ye dare
 We'll not despair
 To give a vengeance due!
 From short repose,
 At ten he rose,
 Fix'd cravat on,
 Till nearly *one*,

Then march'd to grand review;
 At *four*, view'd stubborn Flushing from afar,
 At *six*, on turtle din'd amidst the war;
 O'er watchful claret mark'd each nightly storm,
 He drank, he *fought* (at chess) till *three* next morn.

Arriv'd in pomp, arriv'd in state,
 So shall he banquet with the great;
 Now the hero's plac'd on high,
 Shouts of rapture rend the sky!
 Now they sing of Flushing's fall!
 "Bear the standards from her wall;
 Greater than the Granic fight,
 Is this wondrous work of night."

Like Bacchus crown'd,
 He looks around;
 He deigns to nod,
 He seems a God:
 One frenzy seizes all—
 "Drink we!—drink we!—
 A three-times-three;
 Who'd live to see
 (The day ne'er be)
 Our Master-general fall!!!"

Elate the Hero's swelling soul
 Bursts forth enraptur'd o'er the whole;
 And more than mortal now he seems to be,
 He quaffs their healths—to ev'ry clerk is free!
 Whilst they, delighted more and more,
 Again drink *his*, full o'er and o'er;
 Till, mad'ning with ecstatic joys,
 They shout a wish in thund'ring noise:—
 “Ye mighty Gods and Goddesses on high,
 Great Hercules was plac'd amidst the sky
 For actions lowly to compare
 With those of elder Chatham's heir!
 For all his former worth, his greatness past,
 Let him be made a demi-god at last;
 Crown—crown his glory, ne'er forsake him;
 Be kind, ye Gods, and unto heaven take him!!!”

P—r.

 EPIGRAM.

[From the same, Oct. 6.]

CANNING, you did but waste your shot,
 Since, take whatever aim you may,
 I'll answer for it that you'll not
 Blow out the *brains* of Castlereagh.

ANOTHER.

On Putney Heath—in Downing Street—
 If our enlighten'd statesmen meet,
 It matters not a feather.
 The world has but too plainly seen,
 That in both places they have been
 At *loggerheads* together.

 FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

[From the Times, Oct. 7.]

THERE is not likely to be such a *general change*
 this month as was expected. The *duelling habit*
 gains ground. The Canning *whines* and the Castle-
 VOL. XIII. N reagh

reagh *swaps* have entirely *gone out*. The Portland designs are on the decline. The attempt to introduce the Grey and Grenville *whigs* has been the cause of a complete *refusal* of that article; for it cannot *consistently* be worn with the Perceval *spencer*, which has now gained universal sway. It is preferred by some *à la Liverpool*. The *military* costume *à la Chatham* has not yet *gone out*, although it has considerably lessened in the esteem of the political fashionables. The Scotch costume *à la Melville* seems likely to *come in*: it is the same that was so prevalent some years back, and was then set aside by various *peach-coloured articles*.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS.

[From the same.]

To the Tune of "Oh! 't is a tight little island."

IT's scarce more than a year,
 Since the sounds far and near,
 Of "No Popery" ran through the nation;
 When the Tories combin'd,
 With one heart and mind,

To run down the Administration:—

"Oh, the poor Administration!
 Was e'er such an Administration?

If they don't wheel about,
 And quickly turn out,

It's plain that they 'll ruin the nation."

Thus with clean hand and heart
 The Whigs quickly depart,

And give up the care of the nation—

And the Tories proceed,
 As well there was need,

To patch up an Administration.

Oh, such an Administration!

Was e'er such an Administration?

But they 'd not the wit,
 This one truth to hit,

That they could not govern the nation.

Let us judge by th' event,
 Though by this, their intent

Seems

Seems t' have been, not to save the poor nation ;

For they greatly have err'd,

In the way they preferr'd

To proceed in their Administration.

Was there e'er such an Administration ?

Old England says, " No ;

I 'm sure it 's not so—

No ; not *such* an Administration."

From the first to the last,

They have talk'd very fast

In abuse of one Administration—

Because Madam Fame

Chose to give them a name,

Which they could not procure from the nation.

But *this* is the Administration ;

There ne'er was such an Administration.

If they don't wheel about,

And quickly turn out,

It's over, I fear, with the nation.

Expeditions they 've sent,

But what was their intent,

No one knows, save to ruin the nation ;

Which would soon be the case,

Were they longer in place—

Oh ! this wonderful Administration !

Was there e'er such an Administration ?

Pretty fellows to govern the nation !

I swear, by St. Paul,

That they 'll ruin us all,

If they keep in the Administration.

Moreover we see,

Since they cannot agree

'Twixt themselves, what will come to the nation ;

Therefore let them be gone,

And that very soon,

And give up the Administration.

Pretty fellows to govern the nation !

Away with such Administration !

Let them fight to their fill,

And do what they will,

If they do not quite ruin the nation.

M. Y. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

[From the same.]

SIR,

I AM just arrived in town from on board one of the last frigates returned from the boasted expedition, and which with so much "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," sailed a few weeks past for Flushing. We have at last, thank God, though in a very sickly state, brought our ship to a safe anchorage; and I dare say you will not be surprised when I tell you that we were all well pleased, after so long a spell in the Dutch swamps, to get on shore, and enjoy the comforts of sweet water and fresh provisions. Having the good luck to be in the Chatham division, I got leave of absence at Sheerness, and on the top of a coach was soon trundled to London. You may better suppose than I can describe to you, my trouble of mind and heaviness of heart, on being told, as soon as I left my station aloft; that you have here had almost as foul weather and bad success as we experienced on t'other side the water. The first newspaper I grappled at Sheerness was full of nothing but Admiral Curtis's jubilee; but in going up to the Golden Cross, some old shipmates, who had just left the Admiralty as the coach passed, spied, hailed, and followed me; and on my getting down, one of them, with tears in his eyes, told me that the famous first-rate, the *Britannia*, had in a high and sudden land-breeze been deserted by the crew, and most of her officers; they all had indeed left her, but the governor of the Cinque Ports, who is no navigator, but a great palaverer—the sly smirking boatswain, who about two years ago piped the late crew together, and was then boatswain's mate of the *Queen Charlotte*—and the old purser, who we all know will never quit the ship as long as a *rat* will remain within hail of her. He'll have, to be sure, said he, poor doings with his slops during

during the absence of the crew : but he need not mind that now, for he has been so many voyages in her, under his old commander Admiral Pittachio, that they say he is from prize-money alone as rich as a gold-mine, and has timber enough in his woods to build a navy. "Shiver my timbers, messmate," said I, "this is sorrowful news, indeed!—What could be the cause of it?—The crew of that ship were all thought to be so fond of her, that they would have gone into Port Infernal with her, before they would have lost their foot-hold!"—"Why, faith, messmate," replied my friend Jack, "so I have heard too; but it seems the first and second lieutenants could not agree. The first found fault with the bad construction and management of the last new frigate the *Expedition*, which was trusted to the steerage of the other, and applied also to the admiral to dismiss him the ship, on account of some smuggling and trafficking in East India commodities, and for a breach of orders in that famous second-rate the *Parliament*, which so nettled the second lieutenant, that as soon as they were off duty they took a pop at each other, and on the second shot the first lieutenant was winged. Some of the other officers, not liking the smell of powder, left the ship in a hurry; and the crew taking advantage of this want of discipline, followed the scandalous example, turned tail upon that fine stately vessel, and left her to the management of the boatswain and purser, who with great difficulty brought her into Port Deliberation—and they are now in a mess with the Governor, in the great cabin of the Windsor Castle, trying what they can do to new-officer and man this renowned ship of war."

This dismal story ended, we adjourned to the Ship, at Charing Cross, to drink success to the navy of Old England, and to the speedy refit of the *Britannia*, that has so long been the admiration and terror of her nu-

merous enemies; and under skilful and united officers will never want a gallant crew, that will enable her still to set all her foes at defiance. Till this refit takes place I shall have no peace; and as your paper is a favourite in every ship in our fleet, I wish, through so general a channel, to ease my breast of half its load, by imparting to my messmates on board, the deep concern which I feel on the occasion.

I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your dejected humble servant,

A MIDSHIPMAN.

P. S. If you favour me with the insertion of this, you may, perhaps, hear from me again before I go on board.

THEATRICALS.

[From the Examiner, Oct. 8.]

MR. EXAMINING EDITOR,

I OBSERVE with infinite surprise the prevalence of gloomy speculation on the decay of public spirit, and of the extreme apathy with which events are regarded, of the greatest importance in their nature and consequences. Convinced of the mischievous tendency of such dire prognostications, I am anxious, through your medium, to satisfy the world of the extreme carelessness and want of observation in the authors of such remarks; and to prove, by a few recent instances, that we retain all that philosophic spirit and calm good sense, by which, as a people, we have always been distinguished: in short, Sir, that we are spirited in the proper place, and resigned in the proper season.

First, as to the public spirit.—You attend Covent Garden theatre, Mr. Examiner, and must observe the laudable and determined opposition to large receipt and overgrown emolument therein displayed. Even the

profuse expenditure and unreasonable efforts of the managers to engage superior talent, is canvassed with a feeling of prudence and economy, perfectly characteristic. The nicety of our discrimination is here manifest, because no people can exhibit greater patience at similar extravagance on less important occasions. With what stoical serenity do we contemplate the expense of *diverting* continents and peninsulas! and with what equanimity do we regard the sage managers, and brilliant performers, who have produced and enacted in these memorable interludes! No, Sir! we wisely reserve our personalities for individuals like the Kembles. The success of a family who have no pretensions but considerable natural capacity, much study, and prudent application, ought, I say *ought* to excite dissatisfaction in a strictly commercial country. Why, Sir, they have amassed fortunes equal to many button and buckle makers! The mushroom mechanic is a natural production of the land; but to encourage mental *fungi* would be an evident departure from that shopkeeping system, by which we are so exalted in the opinion of sensible foreigners and ourselves. It must be confessed, Mr. Examiner, there is an insolent pertinacity in talent, not at all congenial with the reigning taste for solid mediocrity. That ~~Al~~low Kemble, for instance, assumes more than His Majesty's Ministers, and does not, like them, exhibit that oily complacent kind of dulness, which feels itself at home among the dust under the feet of its patrons. We are certainly the most generous people on earth; we only require the partakers of our bounty to crawl on their bellies all the days of their life, to repay insult with submission, and enmity with abasement. In remunerating actors, too, we should establish the wise principle of a *maximum*, to distinguish them from the aforesaid Ministers, who, for their extreme pliancy and exquisite sympathy on the subject of Catholic idolatry,

lary, and the formidable old gentleman at Rome, should be unsparingly rewarded with sinecures, pensions, and reversions, altogether befitting their high and honourable characters.

In a word, Mr. Examiner, were I to enumerate all the instances of profound and accurate regard and disregard, inverse and direct, of the existing public, I should far exceed your limits; I shall therefore conclude by briefly informing you I am an optimist, and opine that every thing is going on in the best possible manner for a national consummation of all things, and, in accordance with the sentiment, subscribe myself

Your constant reader,

Oct. 6, 1809.

PANGLOS.

VETERES AVIÆ; OR, THE PHOENIX.

AN ODE FOR MANAGERS.

[From the Times, Oct. 9.]

'T WAS said of old time,
 In blest Araby's clime,
 The phoenix *, about to expire,
 Cover'd up to the breast
 In her ruinous nest,
 Awaits a new birth from the fire.
 Then renew'd all so pretty,
 To Phœbus' gay city
 Doom'd by fate her first journey to run,
 She hies her away,
 Nor halts night or day,
 Till she pops on the shrine of the sun.
 Her voyage effected,
 On her ashes collected,
 From Olympus she summons the flame;
 Submiss to her nod,
 Hastes the fiery god,
 And she posts lighter back than she came.

* Vid. Claudiani Idyll. de Phœnicē.

Our managers thus—
 Though with rather more fuss,
 Proud so bright an example to follow;
 When Fate seem'd to lower,
 Invok'd a new power,
 And knelt at the shrine of Apollo:—

“ In the prospect of death,
 Receive our last breath,
 And grant us to flourish once more:
 Though Christians and Jews
 Thy orgies refuse,
 Yet Incas and priests shall adore †.

“ Our house is thy home—
 On the top of the dome ‡
 Thy image colossal 's survey'd:
 By that we invoke,
 Oh! parry the stroke
 Which fain would thy temple invade.”

The Godhead was mov'd,
 For the people he lov'd,
 Who still to his worship are true:
 “ I grant your petition;
 Fulfil the condition,
 And your credit I swear to renew.

“ Run the cash ne'er so low,
 Your house shall o'erflow.”
 Thus, when all was distress and vexation,
 By wonderful trick
 They were sav'd from Old Nick,
 And replac'd on a solid foundation.

† Alluding to the “ the getting up, as we phrase it” (vide Mr. Kemble), of Pizarro, at Drury Lane, by which the exhausted funds of the theatre were replenished; and in the pageantry of which, the splendour of Peruvian idolatry in the worship of the sun is the prominent feature; an incense, we conceive, not very grateful to any but the heathen deities.

‡ On the propriety of this emblem, see Plumptre's *Discourses on the Stage*, lately published, page 123.

T' other theatre soon
 Implor'd the same boon;
 And enfeebled by age and decay,
 In mouldering dust
 Disdaining to rust,
 In flames melted sudden away §.

A new phoenix straight,
 From the ashes of Fate,
 To dazzle our wondering eyes,
 More firm and tenacious,
 More grand and *capacious*,
 Exalts its proud head to the skies.

Great patron of physic,
 Who curs'd gout and phthisic,
 If thus potent thy healing devices;
 With the manager's cries,
 Hear the audience likewise,
 And reduce *the exorbitant Prices*.

 EPIGRAM.

[From the General Evening Post, Oct. 10.]

SAYS Dick Long to Jack Small,
 "Will you go to Guildhall,
 To hear a long *city debate*;
 Where the orators bawl
 About nothing at all,
 Except about what *they shall eat*?"

S. E.

§ The late theatre royal, Covent Garden, was burnt to the ground on the night of September 20, 1809, after the representation of Pizarro.

TO THE MANAGER OF THE BRITISCHE PRESS CORRESPONDENTEN.

[From the British Press, Oct. 10.]

SIR,

I HAVE arrive two week from Riga, where, and Petersburg and Mosco, I have hear mutche of Britische liberaltie, gustice, charite, and loyalte—I believe this thing, becauze I see the height honour of Britische merchand in these citys—Since I come to this countrie, I have mutche cause to dout this true; and I will say you why—The first curious thing I go to see after the grand church of Sto Paulo, and Westminster, and the big pillar, call Monment, was the convockashon of the merchands of Londre, call common countzel.—Here, as the dictionare teach the word, I found the work very *common* indeed. They questchon whether to be loyal by dine together or no; and I find they say that dinner in Englonde is good thing (which indeed I do now know) but never befor that it was loyal thing—So mutche I say to myself for the loyalte of the Britische—I then go to the beautyfull theatre de Covent Jardin, which is indeed the magnificent prove of Englische liberalite and splendor—How I do stare when I find that the liberal Englische come with all sort of dam din to drive from there stage a beautyfull woman, a foreigner, claiming there proteckshon; and the mos fine singer in the worle—At Petersburg, those the Englische call savage Russ bears, treat her otherways—So mutche I again say to myself for Englische liberalite.

Encore I consider Englische gustice, when I hear that the poor gentleman in blak dress have spent a fortune upon this splendor building, and that he have not for his money so mutche as underwriter have for insure one cargo from Hollande to Englonde. This is prove by great men in Londre, who sine a paper to say so, and yet Englische gustice will say No, on mere surmise.

Poh! say I, this is Englische gustice. As for English charite and other virtues, I have not yet made the inquire; but if they are like there loyalte, liberalite, and gustice, the Good Father send me safe to Siberia, or Kanschotka. I subscribe myself to you, Sir, who have take a noble part in this questschon (and are I think in my heart a Russ) your very good friend,

DE RIGA.

Pardonne my bad Englische; it is good enuff for the bad subjeck.

FORT LILLO; OR, THE DREAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 11.]

THE anchor's weigh'd, the ship's unmoor'd,
 Borne high upon the sportive billow,
 And valiant Chatham safe on board,
 Big with the fate of strong Fort Lillo.

Fresh was the breeze, the sails were bent,
 The jovial sailors sung twang-dillo;
 In state, the warrior sat intent
 On the destruction of Fort Lillo.

Night came, and, from the toil of thought,
 The Knight repose sought on his pillow;
 When Morpheus to his fancy brought
 Bergen-op-Zoom and strong Fort Lillo.

For he that day with Curtis din'd,
 And both of turtle took their fill O;
 Hence, during sleep, his *active* mind
 Still dwelt on vengeance and Fort Lillo.

Before him stood a doctor grave,
 In his right hand he held a pill O,
 And said, "Take this, thou warrior brave,
 And thou shalt conquer strong Fort Lillo."

Eager the pill the hero took,
 And thank'd the doctor for his skill O;
 When rous'd from sleep by sudden *puke*,
 The doctor vanish'd and Fort Lillo.

Astounded

Astounded at this dread portent,
 He straight conceiv'd the omen ill O,
 So order'd home his armament,
 And turn'd his back upon Fort Lillo.

O. W. B.

OLD G—E R—E'S *NEW* MODE OF SWEARING.

{From the same, Oct. 12.]

“An oath! I have an oath in heaven!”—SHYLOCK.

SOME people think it very odd
 That George so often *vows to God*;
 But what surprises somewhat more,
 Is—often as he vow'd before—
 He vow'd to God the other day,
 In quite a *new and different* way;
 For when he vow'd, in any case
 He'd rather keep than leave his place,
 'T will be by even foes allow'd
 That *here* old George most *truly* vow'd;
 And when *his* “vows to God” are true,
 Such vows, from *him*, are—*truly new*.

A QUERY.

George *vows to God* he loves his place,
 And does not wish to leave it;
 If George had vow'd a different case,
 Would any man believe it?

THE RIVAL MANAGERS:

{From the same.]

AT Covent Garden, ev'ry night,
 Two managers the town delight;
 Their names are,—I will not dissemble,
 Poor John Bull and great John Kemble.
 One, in the boxes and the pit,
 Displays his vig'rous, native wit;
 And one upon the distant stage
 Struts, frets, and fumes away his rage.

One

278 CONSOLATION FOR NEGLECTED BARDS.

One entertains the ear alone,
 With many a hiss and many a groan;
 And one impairs the *itching* sight,
 With pantomime's full glare of light;
 One deals in uproar and confusion,
 And one in scenical illusion.
 One boasts his bugle-horns and trumpets;
 And one his snug retreats for s——.
 One through the house roars out his raillery;
 And one appeals to favour'd gallery,
 Not rais'd in price, but rais'd more high,
 As gods should still be near the sky.
 And, last, the one his placards boasts;
 And one his Jews and Bow Street hosts,
 Betwixt the mummary, sight, and sound
 Of these two managers profound,
 The genuine drama seems quite ended,
 The senses altogether blended.
 Often their partizans unite,
 To show their taste, or urge their right;—
 For mark! when springs the watchman's rattle,
 Commences pugilistic battle.
 See! see! the well-aim'd blows go round!
 See bloody noses meet the ground!
 And eyes, as black as any coal,
 Around the pit indignant roll.
 These great and notable transactions,
 These dramas of the rival factions,
 How long, the parts thus oddly cast—
 How long will the confusion last?
 Until *High Price* chagrin'd retires,
 Or pale *Monopoly* expires.

October 11.

CONSOLATION FOR NEGLECTED BARDS.

IN vain for present fame you wish,
 Your person first must be forgotten.
 For poets are like stinking fish,
 They never shine till they are rotten.

NEW

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 12.]

This present Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1809, will be presented, by an entire New Company of Performers, and not acted these sixty years, a Tragi-Comedy,

CALLED,

HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE.

Principal characters by Messrs. Mendoza, Belcher, Gregson, Cribb, Will Perry, Harry Lee, Dutch Sam, Solly, Richmond, and Pittone.—To conclude with a Grand Chorus of hired Ruffians, fighting Israelites, and Bow Street Officers.—Preceding the Play, Mr. K——e will recite the celebrated popular Address, called “Set a Beggar on Horseback, and he will ride to the D—l;” and at the end of the third act he will sing a new comic Song, written and composed expressly for the occasion, entitled,

“I cring’d and I bow’d till a fortune I made,

Then I bullied my masters, and knock’d up the trade.”

To which will be added, for the third time, a new Melo-Drama,

CALLED,

THE BEAR GARDEN; OR, JOHN BULL BULLIED.

Performers as before.—The above Pieces having been received with the most unbounded and reiterated applause, will be repeated every evening until further notice.—For the better accommodation of the Public, and to give greater spirit to the Performance, the Stage will in future be removed into the centre of the Pit.—Boxes 7s. Pit 4s. Gallery 2s. Second Gallery 1s.

To the Public.—Mr. K——e, *ever grateful* to the kind, indulgent, liberal, and “most enlightened public in the world,” for the numerous favours himself and family have been in the habit of receiving for these last twenty-five years; and, *anxious only for their amusement*, begs leave *humbly* to state that he has engaged the above Company of capital Performers, at a very considerable expense; and he trusts, that, also considering

considering the high price of paper, whole reams of which he is obliged nightly to expend in orders, for the support of the Theatre, those who can pay the small advance of 1s. on the admittance to the Boxes, and 6d. to the Pit, will not object to

Vivant Rex et Regina.

ON THE MISPLACING OF ONE OF THE ORNAMENTS IN COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

[From the same, Oct. 13.]

SMIRKE and Kemble, we see,
In their fondness for show,
Have painted a *key* *
On the boxes below.

To make all agree
With their scheme for snug love,
They should place this same *key*
On the boxes *above*.

Bow Wow!

TO BOW WOW!

[From the same.]

KEMBLE, you say, and Mr. Smirke,
To show their real design,
Upon their *up-stairs* shameful work
Should place that same *key* line.

You're wrong, Bow Wow!—the wights have tried
To spare no hints from sin:
Below the *key* is shown *outside*,
Above 't is shown *within*.

Mew Mew!

* The fronts of the lower boxes are covered with the Greek device called a *key*.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER PLAYBILL.

[From the Morning Herald.]

Last Night of Performance at the New Prices.

NEW THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening will be presented, for the last Time, an
Operatic Farce, in One Act, called
IMPOSITION.

Characters—Avarice, Pride, Affectation, Insolence,
Noodle, Doodle, &c.

New Price, as Old Prices (with the Song of “Many
a true Word is spoken in Jest.”)

Between the Scenes, Slight of Hand and Legerdemain
Tricks, by the Proprietors.

After which, as an Interlude,
RAISING THE WIND,

Otherwise Raising the Devil, or Diddler Diddled. In-
cluding the Bilking Scene between Diddler and Sam.

Diddler. “You have n’t got such a thing as eighteen-
pence about you, have you?”

Sam. (John Bull.) “Yes, and I mean to keep it about
me, do you see!”

In the Course of the Interlude, Mr. K. will recite, as on
a former equally suitable Occasion, when it was re-
ceived with unbounded Approbation and Applause, by
a highly gratified Audience, his celebrated Address of
“WHAT DO YOU WANT?”

Immediately following the Interlude will be presented,
for the Benefit of the Proprietors, the last Scene of

THE FARCE OF THE CONFEDERATES,

Being a capital Deception, by the following inimitable
Performers, hired for the Occasion :

Le Chevalier ap Rice, Le Sieur Thomaso le Plume,
Gallows Black Jack, of the Old Bailey, M. Witless,
from Threadneedle Street, and Mynheer Pharisee
Ankerstin, the well-known public subscription Actor.

Afterwards will be performed, for the last Time, the
first Act of a grand unfinished Tragic Ballet of Ac-
tion, called JOHN OX;

Or,

Or, The Cruel Attempt to despoil John Bull of his
Noble Parts.

The whole being arranged under the Management
of Mr. Jew K.

The Representation will take place in the Audience
Part of the House, a most numerous Corps de Ballet
being distributed in the Boxes, Pit, and Galleries, for
that Purpose.

The Proprietors, after various unsuccessful attempts,
not having it in their power to conclude the above
striking representation agreeable to their wishes, it will
be withdrawn, and this Night will be presented the
celebrated One Act Piece (revived expressly for the
occasion) of

A long Pull, a strong Pull, and a Pull all together,
As introductory to an entirely new National Drama,
called

THE SEQUEL; OR, JOHN BULL VICTORIOUS.
In which the Part of John Bull will be performed (after
an absence of several years) by the Public.

Boxes 7s. Pit 4s. Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s.
To-morrow Evening the Old Prices will be taken, as
usual.

THE TWO KINGS OF BRENTFORD.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 14.]

WHEN Canning fir'd at Castlereagh,
His shots were like his speeches :
As empty air those pass'd away,
And these no reason reaches.
Though Castlereagh could better aim,
He's just as bad as Canning,
In shielding Britain's wealth and fame,
By fighting or by planning.
Ye Kings of Brentford then forbear
To meddle with the nation ;
To some secluded spot repair,
And seek a private station :

There

There Castlereagh may storm the wind;
While Emily * rehearses,
And there poor Canning's restless mind
May play with nonsense-verses.

Nos NUMERUS SUMUS.

CUNCTATOR.

[From the same, Oct. 20.]

IF sleep in danger prove a general brave,
If long delays a sinking country save—
Say, where like Ch——m can a chief be found,
So slow in council, and in *sleep so sound*?

[There having been errors in the copy sent us on Thursday,
the following advertisement, corrected, is reprinted.]

NEW GRAND IMPERIAL INCOMBUSTIBLE THEATRE.

[From the British Press, Oct. 20.]

WHEREAS an advertisement has appeared, announcing a *New National Subscription Theatre* (the prospectus whereof is promised in a few days): it is deemed an attention due to the public to remind them, without meaning the slightest disrespect to a Mr. Fry, the subscribing solicitor to this supposed speculation, of the palpable delusion which must belong to the scheme; inasmuch as, when it first started, with the assertion that a great sum had already been subscribed at Lloyd's, it immediately appeared, that not a single merchant or banker had ever subscribed a single shilling, or even had heard one word upon the subject.

We, who have now the honour to address the public, proceed upon a principle of a very different cha-

* Lady Castlereagh was Lady Emily Hobart; and it is said that she is very fond of rehearsing her husband's speeches.

racter.

racter. We are ready to admit, that any attempt to defeat or counteract the endeavours, said to be earnestly persevering in, to re-erect Old Drury, and to satisfy, in the most just and liberal manner practicable, the various and weighty claims of those who have embarked their property on the faith of the patent, would be felt and resented by the public at large, as a base, unfeeling, and fraudulent endeavour to take advantage of a temporary destruction, by the calamity of fire, of a great concern, every way entitled to the peculiar protection of the public patronage. The persons engaged, therefore, in the present speculation, namely, the erection of *A New Grand Imperial and Incombustible Theatre*, scorn to attempt to filch any countenance to their proposition from the present ferment, created by the resistance to the new prices at Covent Garden Theatre. They equally scorn to shrink from the admission, that if Old Drury can be rebuilt, and that the report be also true, that, should there appear a real call for a third theatre, the dormant patent belonging to the proprietors of Old Drury will be also brought into action to fulfil the public wish in that respect, it would ill become them, as gentlemen and honest men, to persevere a moment longer in their plan. Should the event, however, turn out otherwise, we are prepared to enter the list of competition with Mr. Fry; and are convinced, that the discerning public will even now decree the palm of superior sincerity to us, when we frankly declare, which Mr. Fry and Co. have forborne to do, that this address is by the express order of an Ideal Committee, selected from the general body of non-existing subscribers.

(Signed) GREGORY GRILL,

First Clerk to Messrs. Hum and Hoax, Solicitors.
No. 1809, *Labour-in-vain Hill*,
Lower Thames Street.

N. B. Mr. Grill, having great doubts of the actual
existence

existence of such a person as Mr. Fry, conceives that he is acting in the fairest manner, by thus avowing his own name, and that of his respected employers.

P. S. Such noblemen and gentlemen as are desirous of supporting the undertaking, by becoming subscribers, will please to send their names to Messrs. Hum and Hoax, or to any banking-house in London not receiving subscriptions for the plan of Mr. Fry: in suggesting which restriction, Mr. Grill is confident that he does not exclude a single banker in the metropolis.

SOLILOQUY

OF A WORTHY ALDERMAN, BARONET, AND M. P.

Occasioned by the Common Council negating the Proposition for a Dinner at the *Expense* of the *Corporation*, on the Day of Jubilee.

[From the same, Oct. '21.]

Scene—A Dining-room.—Sir William C—— sitting in an easy posture—A Translation of Apicius's * work on the means of provoking appetite, in his hand.—A large tureen, filled with turtle-soup, on the table before him.

SIR WILLIAM.

IT must be so ;—Apicius reasons well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This *longing* after *foreign delicacies* ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and *inward* horror,
 Of *abstinence* and *pray'r* ? Why shrink the guts
 Back on themselves, and *grumble* at *starvation* ?
Self-preservation 't is that stirs within us,
Gaunt Hunger loudly bellows for a *banquet*,
 And point to *calipash* and *calipee* !

* Apicius, an epicure, who lived in the time of Nero—he squandered a large property in pampering his appetite; and, becoming unable to support his former luxury, hung himself! He wrote a work on the modes of inciting appetite!

O calipash !

O calipash! thou aldermanic food,
 Through what variety of transformation,
 Through what strange preparations dost thou pass,
 Ere thou art fitted for my appetite!
 Lo! the capacious basin stands before me,
 And sav'ry fat, and spices, swim around it!
 Here will I hold—If there's a *cook* in London,
 (And that there is, *Sam. Birch* proclaims aloud,
 On fam'd Cornhill,) he must delight in *turtle*,
 And that which he delights in must be wholesome!
 But why this luscious food should be forbidden,
 At *corporate expense*, on Wednesday next—
 I'm weary of conjectures—Thus I'll end them.

[Taking a ladleful of soup]

Now am I doubly arm'd—My *wine* and *soup*,
 My *bane* and *antidote*, are both before me!
Wine very quickly robs me of all sense,
 But *unctuous turtle* soon subdues its pow'r!
 The man *secure of contracts*, thus may banquet,
 Though Poverty stalk grimly through the land;
 Smile at Reformers, and defy the rage
 Of those who bellow for *economy*,
 And deprecate thy cost, delicious turtle!
Lamb shall no more be priz'd—*ven'son* itself
 Shall from the table vanish—e'en *roast beef*,
 Old England's former glory, be forgotten;
 But *thou* shalt flourish at the civic board,
 Unmov'd amid the squibs of newspapers—
 The shafts of envy—and the wiles of malice!

Johnson's Court.

QUIZ.

CUNCTANDO RESTITUIT REM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 21.]

FROM aguish coasts when modern Fabians came,
 Some clouds, 't was own'd, obscur'd his mighty name;
 Yet friends foretold that, scarcely landed here,
 The blaze of truth should all his conduct clear;
 Facts, stubborn facts, in print, his cause should plead;
 And all should know, they said, and all should read.

Yet

Yet days, and weeks, and months, have pass'd away,
 And prudent Fabius yet has nought to say.
 True to the last—in him the world shall find
 Consistent actions and delib'rate mind :
 At home, abroad, alike to foe and friend—
 Slow to attack, and slower to defend.
 Like him of Rome, abroad no deeds he wrought;
 No foes he vanquish'd, and no fields he fought :
 No tumult here his firmness shakes, or draws
 To risk his object for the mob's applause.
 'T was slowness triumph'd, thus, in either case—
 That sav'd his country—this will save his place.

THE BATTLE OF PUTNEY.

[From the British Press, Oct. 24]

ON Putney, when the sun was low,
 The misty vapours hov'ring slow,
 We mark'd the chariot rattling go,
 Of Canning, driving rapidly !
 But Putney saw a stranger sight,
 When Castlereagh burst forth to light,
 Who came *clean-handed* forth to fight
 His former friend's sincerity !

The seconds fix'd the rivals' place ;
 Each statesman seiz'd the deadly case,
 And one had laugh'd to see the face
 Of Ellis, grinning horribly !
 The dreaded sign the seconds gave,
 But Doodle hit not Noodle grave,
 And Noodle's shot at Doodle brave
 Whisk'd by right harmlessly.

But once again must Putney's heath
 Re-echo back the arms of death ;
 But ne'er before did History's breath
 Record such deep duplicity !
 'T is true that not their country's weal,
 Or Monarch's honour, could unsteel,
 Or make the rancorous bosom feel,
 Of either Secretary !

The

The signal drops, the bullets fly ;
 "Haste, Ellis, haste, nay, do not cry,
*He yet may roll the poet's eye,
 And still may feed his relatives ;"*
 But if he falls, will e'er he meet
 A nation's woe, that solace sweet,
 When he beneath the winding-sheet
Has stabb'd a soldier's memory ?

A QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Oct. 24.]

SIR,

Monday, Tottenham Court Road.

I REMARKED in an advertisement of the Olympic Pavilion, in a Sunday newspaper, that "the first appearance of Young Saunders, who is engaged for twelve nights," is very triumphantly announced ; and the public is also promised, in the same paper, "Horsemanship by the Double Company, particularly by Young Saunders, who will go through the whole of his equestrian exercises, and also his performances on the tight rope." As I profess myself very ignorant of political, though extremely curious about dramatic changes, I will thank you to inform me, through the medium of your intelligent paper, 1st, If the Young Saunders, above mentioned, is the same gentleman who declined the Secretaryship of State last week ?—2dly, If he be ; whether, in your judgment, he is likely to become any great acquisition to our pantomimes ? The circumstance of never having heard of his speeches, inclines me to hope that he may excel in that line.

A friend of mine assures me, that the *Double Company*, in the above advertisement, means the rest of His Majesty's Cabinet ; but I cannot help believing that he is attempting to impose on my credulity, or
 that,

that, at any rate, he must be mistaken in his supposition. With anxious expectation of an answer,

I am, Sir, your constant Reader,
HISTRIONICUS.

THE JUBILEE.

[From the Public Ledger, Oct. 24.]

DESIROUS as we are that the approaching jubilee may be observed with every demonstration of loyalty, and, indeed, convinced that it will be so, we cannot help censuring the conduct of some of our contemporaries on this occasion. Not content with recommending things that are *prudent* and *practicable*, they have indulged their imaginations in raising expectations and exciting hopes which will infallibly end in disappointment, and had, therefore, been better kept out of sight and out of mind.

Having taken some pains to inform ourselves about these matters, we think it our duty to communicate to our readers the result of our inquiries; and, in the first place, we can assure them, upon undoubted authority, that

The Secretary of State (wherever he may *happen to be* on Wednesday) does not mean to send a letter to the Mansion House, announcing the *signature* of the *preliminaries of peace*.

Nor, on that day, does Mr. Canning mean to *dine* with Lord Castlereagh, and invite Lord Camden to make a third.

The managers of Covent Garden theatre have no intention of concluding the performances of the night with a *bonfire*, lighted by an immense mass of *bail-bonds*, belonging to the ladies and gentlemen who do not like the new prices.

Mr. Sheridan does not mean to call together the proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, and announce that

he has raised a sum, on his own *personal security*, more than sufficient to rebuild that house, on or before September next.

Mr. Mendoza has no intention of swearing that, so far from frequenting the theatre, he knows no more of the *five acts of a play*, than he does of the *Five Books of Moses*.

Certain members of the common council do not mean to vow and declare, on Wednesday next, that they will never offer a *personal reflection* on *one another*, but continue to read and practise Chesterfield's *Principles of Politeness* as long as they live.

No considerable number of tradesmen have determined to cross their books, and treat their customers on that day with *stamped receipts*, without receiving a farthing of money.

Mrs. Clarke and Colonel Wardle have no more intention of depriving the public of another *most comical* and interesting *trial*, than they had six months ago, any reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The lottery-office keepers positively deny, that they ever promised to celebrate the jubilee by distributing the *unsold* prizes of the late lottery, among the purchasers of the *blanks*.

Nor is it true that the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange agreed to meet on that day, and listen to no reports from the continent, but what were *undeniably authenticated*.

And, lastly, the tavern-keepers, butchers, poulterers, and other purveyors of provisions, have taken no oath before the lord mayor and aldermen, or the justices of peace for Middlesex, that they will part with every article, in which they deal, at five per cent. *lower* than they charge at any other time of the year, Easter week, lord mayor's day, and Christmas not excepted.

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL REJOICING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 25.]

THE pregnant breeze is passing by
 That bears expiring Europe's cry;
 With ruins swoln, from Danube's plain,
 The deluge backward turns on Spain:
 Britain, to whom they look'd for aid,
 By rash, rapacious councils sway'd,
 Sees all her ill-plann'd efforts fail,
 And stands exhausted, breathless, pale:
 Her navy sleeps, her armies brave,
 Station'd where valour cannot save,
 Victims of incapacity,
 By fever, or by famine, die.—
 Have Ministers a proof in store
 Of folly and of malice more?
 Yes, it remains that they expose
 To wondering and deriding foes,
 A nation proud of its undoing,
 And dancing on the brink of ruin:—
 While they, whose parricidal hand
 Lit for their country's weal the brand,
 Shall, at the mighty blazing pile,
 "Grin horrible a ghastly smile,"
 And, senseless of remorse or shame,
 Like Nero, fiddle o'er the flame.

H. G.

THE EXPEDITION.

[From the same, Oct. 25.]

Navy or army! Who is in the wrong?
 Oh, gallant Popham! Gallant Popham, oh!!!

A VERY NEW BUT A VERY TRUE SONG.

OH, Popham! Oh, Popham!
 How could you thus stop 'em,
 And not let our heroes through Cadsand advance, Oh!
 They say that your juggling,
 And old art of smuggling,
 Have made us the jest and the laughter of France, Oh!

Had Chatham—bold Chatham !
 But cried out, *Have at 'em !!!*
 And rush'd, like a man, up to Antwerp or Lillo ;
 We then should have had
 Something worthy his dad,
 Or even his brother departed, poor Bill, Oh !
 But now we are left,
 Of our heroes bereft,
 By agues and fevers too quickly cut off, Oh !
 And what is still worse,
 Of ourselves we're the curse,
 And of France—hard to own—both the laughter and scoff, Oh !
 See then, sinking Britain,
 The rocks you must split on,
 As long as such fools and such hypocrites please, Oh !
 That care not a penny
 For those call'd the many,
 Provided the few—call'd themselves !—live at ease, Oh !

THE FOG.

[From the British Press, Oct. 30.]

THE fog was so thick in this metropolis, on Saturday night, that it was with great difficulty passengers could find their way through the streets ; and several accidents happened, many of them of a very serious nature. The following cases have been reported to us by a correspondent of unquestionable veracity.

As Mr. Perceval was on his way to the Old Bailey, with his little blue bag, containing a little brief, in behalf of some clients, charged with swindling and other fraudulent practices, he *mistook his road*, and *went astray* into Downing Street, where he sat down in the chair of the First Lord of the Treasury.

Mr. Canning sat down to write a *full, clear, and luminous* explanation of the late *dark* intrigue in the Cabinet, and had scarcely finished his work, when he found himself and it all enveloped in a fog.

Some

Some choice spirits set out, as usual, to kick up a row in Covent Garden theatre; but they unfortunately took a wrong course, and, to their great surprise, when the fog was dissipated, found themselves in the Sessions House, near Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Fry's subscribers having set out in quest of a site for their new theatre, fortunately stumbled upon the *Hummums*, and found plenty of appropriate materials in the fog.

Several Aldermen, returning from a turtle-feast, went astray; Alderman Curtis, however, went straight home, as he had only to follow *his nose*.

As a link-boy was showing a certain fashionable *mide*, in Baker Street, out of her carriage, she was mistaken for *Venus* in a cloud, attended by *Cupid*. It is needless to observe, that it was her lover who made this mistake.

Mrs. —, a very corpulent lady, from Leadenhall Street, had scarcely gone down three *contre* dances at Willis's Rooms, when her partner lost sight of her all in a fog.

O. P. AND M. T.

OFFERED TO THE NOTICE OF J. K.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SUBMIT, stubborn Kemble, submit, do, I pray,

Thy int'rest *alone* sure might tempt thee;

For know, if for ever O. P.'s done away,

Thy playhouse will always be M. T.

Oct. 31, 1809.

H. G.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

Aude, atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem.—VIRGIL.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a scarce little pamphlet, entitled, "*It cannot rain but it pours; or, London strewed with Rarities,*" 1726, I find it said of the Arabians, of which nation

there were then some in London, that as for duels their mode is this—When a person is injured, he goes to the tent of his adversary, taking a witness with him, and there deliberately states the wrong he has received. If the offender refuses to make reparation, he then gives him a *challenge*, which is—to repair to the enemy's camp to take a prisoner; and he that, with the least assistance, takes a prisoner, comes off with honour; the other is disgraced.

Now, Sir, the occurrence of the *State Duel* may make it worth while to think a little of this custom; for, though we may allow an *infleta turba* of some score Bucks to be annually spread upon our plains, we are not so well stored with Statesmen, as to permit them to be thus taken from the community. Perhaps, none will deny, that the Arabian custom would be beneficial for other countries; and if suitable for individuals, how much more so for statesmen, who, we all know, can have no care but for the public good, and who must, therefore, rejoice to think, that their own quarrels will tend to diminish the force of the enemy. If such a custom had prevailed among us three months since, my Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning would, of course, have repaired either to Walcheren or Spain, and their dispute might by this time have brought us a Bernadotte or a Soult. I propose, therefore, that though individuals may be left to shoot one another according to their own liking, a law shall be passed in the next session of Parliament, requiring Cabinet Ministers to *argue* in a different manner, and to record the merits of their disputes upon the pates of our common enemies. At a moment when a new Cabinet is forming, I beg them to consider this as regular notice of such a bill; and that neither my Lord Palmerston nor Mr. Ryder will accept an office, unless they are ready, upon the first quarrel, to contend for a French prisoner.

prisoner in Spain, not for six feet of cold ground upon Putney Heath.

Yours,

Oct. 31.

PLANET-STRUCK.

ILLUMINATIONS EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the British Press, Nov. 1.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH I was much gratified by the account given in your paper of Thursday last of the various scenes of rejoicing which the metropolis exhibited on the occasion of His Majesty's entering on the 50th year of his reign, yet I confess I felt somewhat surprised at your not noticing, in your description of the illuminations, several *transparencies*, which attracted very general observation, and of some of which I have taken the liberty to send you a sketch.

Johnson's Court, Oct. 31.

N.

The front of Mr. P-r-c-l's house displayed a transparency of considerable size.—At a distance it seemed to represent *Atlas bearing the world upon his shoulders*. On a nearer view, however, that which, on a transient glance, appeared intended for a delineation of the *globe*, turned out to be nothing more than a *circular shield*, divided into compartments; which, instead of the names of kingdoms and states, bore the following inscriptions:—

“Surveyor of the Meltings, and Clerk of the Irons in the Mint.—Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.—Chancellor of the Exchequer.—First Lord of the Treasury,” &c.

Round the shield was inscribed the following motto:

“Oh! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many, then, should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commanded, that command!”

The *design* of this painting was very bad, and excited general contempt. The figure bearing the shield

seemed totally inadequate to the burden, and absolutely tottering under it. The whole being lighted by *candle-ends*, had a very *sombre* appearance.

The Earl of Ch-t-m's residence was nearly covered by two paintings. The *first* (over which were written the words *Parturiunt montes*) represented *the disembarkation at Walcheren*. The troops appeared in the most spirited attitudes, as if ardently desiring to signalize themselves, and impatient for the completion of the "ulterior objects" of the Expedition. In the distance, Sir W. Curtis's barge was distinguishable, with an enormous turtle hanging from the stern. The *second* (which was inscribed *Nascitur ridiculus mus*) exhibited *a view of the interior of Walcheren, after the Commander in Chief had left "his brave companions:"* and, instead of an army burning with ardour to meet the foe, presented to the eye a gloomy prospect of the dead and dying—a perfect *Golgotha*—*Here the insidious dysentery triumphed—there the typhus reared its horrid head—and, in a third quarter, the ague seized his victims.*—The scene was terminated by a distant view of South Beveland, on which a number of French soldiers were observable.—They seemed waiting till the *mortality* at Walcheren should place that island in their possession, without *the trouble of fighting!* Underneath I observed the following lines from *Homer's Iliad* :—

"Ye Gods! *what wonders* has *Ulysses* wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his *courage* yield—
Great in the council, glorious in the field!"

This transparency having rather a showy appearance, when not strictly examined, attracted many spectators; but they uniformly retired, *horrified* at the subject—and *disgusted* with the *management* of the *piece!*

By a singular coincidence, the houses of Lords Grey and Grenville exhibited a similar transparency.—The subject

subject was *Cincinnatus cultivating his paternal farm*—
with the inscription—

“When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station!”

The Earl of L-v-p-l's house was ornamented with the representation of a first rate, on whose stern I could distinguish the name “*United Kingdom*,” contending with a furious storm—her masts gone by the board, and exhibiting every symptom of distress.—But what attracted particular notice was, the manner in which the first and second Captain, and the other officers, appeared occupied:—instead of infusing spirit into the crew, for the purpose of saving the ship, the former appeared busily employed in packing up a great quantity of *loaves* and *fishes*, which were scattered about the deck; while the latter, equally careless about the vessel's safety, seemed to labour zealously in *setting the crew by the ears*—by dealing out a *double portion of grog* to some of them who came from a favourite country—while others, who *equally shared the labour*, but who were not natives of the envied spot, seemed to be threatened with the punishment due to mutiny, when they advanced, in a suppliant posture, to request a participation in the good things which their ship-mates were enjoying. The painting was thus inscribed:—

—“Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder, in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the *men*
Who owe *their* greatness to *their* country's ruin!”

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the same, Nov. 2.]

WANTED immediately, a number of *substantial props* for a new Ministry; English, Irish, or Scots timber will do; but the tenders must be made
o 5 instantly,

instantly, as the building is in danger of falling to pieces for want of *proper supporters*.

Wanted for the same, a quantity of *varnish* and *colouring*, the latter to be as near as possible of a *Jubilee* colour.—N. B. *Grey won't answer*.

Some clever lads, as apprentices, wanted. They shall *board* with the family, and be treated with all possible respect.

KING JOHN IN A COCK'D HAT; OR, HEIGH-HO, SAYS KEMBLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

JOHN Kemble he would an acting go,
Heigh-ho, says Kemble;

He rais'd the price which he thought too low,

Whether the Public would let him or no,

With his rowly powly, gammon and spinnage,
And ho! says Manager Kemble.

The mob at the door made a mighty din;

Heigh-ho, says Kemble:

They dash'd like devils through thick and thin,

And over the benches came tumbling in,

With their rowly, &c.

'T will do, says Manager Kemble.

Soon as they pass'd Bill Shakspeare's hall,

Heigh-ho, says Kemble,

They thought the lobbies were much too small,

So they gave a loud roar, and they gave a loud bawl,

With their rowly, &c.

Hollo, says Manager Kemble.

Pray what do you want? (in a sort of a huff,)

Heigh-ho, says Kemble.

Says Mr. Leigh, "Nonsensical stuff!"

Pugh, none of your gammon, you know well enough."

With your rowly, &c.

"O dear," says Manager Kemble.

He held by the tip his opera hat,

Heigh ho, says Kemble,

"Indeed

"Indeed the concern is as poor as a rat;"
Says Bull, "No, d—me, we don't stand that,
With our rowly, &c.

'T won't do, great Manager Kemble."

He folded his arms in a sad nonplus,

Heigho, says Kemble,

With Queen Anne's prices he made a fuss;

Says Bull, "What the devil's Queen Anne to us,
With her rowly, &c.

'T won't do, great Manager Kemble."

He swore to himself an oath by Styx,

Heigh-ho, says Kemble,

"Kind ladies and gentlemen, none of your tricks,

I love seven shillings much better than six,

With my rowly, &c.

I do," says Manager Kemble.

Then roar'd the gallery, gentle souls,

Heigho, says Kemble;

"No private boxes, no pigeon-holes;

We'll douse your glims in a crack, by goles,

With our rowly," &c.

"Pray don't," says Manager Kemble.

"I can't those private boxes rob,

Heigh-ho," says Kemble;

"With Lord O'Straddle I drink hob and nob,

And I'm hand and glove with my Lord Thingumbob,

With his rowly, &c.

I am," says Manager Kemble.

NEW THEATRE.

[From the same, Nov. 8.]

AS Covent Garden must soon be ruined or shut up,
Drury Lane is at an end, and the old company of
St. Stephen's have quarrelled so about their salaries
and precedence, that the partnership is dissolved; the
public are respectfully informed, that a new-raised
strolling company have *by special command* been in-
duced again to open St. Stephen's for the ensuing sea-
son,

son, trusting much to the liberality of a British audience, as all the first-rate performers are in disgrace.

Those members of the society who have notoriously *made the most* of their former inferior situations, will be carefully promoted; the candle-snuffers who have *made the most* of their *candle-ends*, will be placed in a line more suitable to the display of their talents; and the *scene-shifters* who have been most successful in their deceptions upon the public, will meet with all due encouragement. Those gentlemen who have hitherto been always unsuccessful, will be now placed elsewhere, every man being fit for something. It is presumed, that as they have hitherto failed wherever they have been tried, their new situations must be those for which nature designed them. To complete the number of characters necessary for a *great National Theatre*, a selection of young men has been made from those who have shown *most spirit* when brought before the public in the late popular piece called the *Royal Culprit*.

The company will commence the season with a new tragi-comic *Farce*, called the *Administration*, or the *No Popery Rump*. The part of *Expedition* will be given to a promising young nobleman, who, having twice failed in his attempts upon Cambridge, has been thought peculiarly adapted to the character. *Old Conscience* and *Bigot* are to remain, as the parts cannot be better filled. *Ways and Means* will be moved into the Treasury, the necessity of this change being obvious.

The duel-scene between *Intrigue* and *Prosy* must, it is feared, be omitted.

Great hopes are entertained of being enabled to procure the public favourite *J. Kemble*, whose present concern is declining so fast, and who has shown himself so admirably qualified to take the principal part of *Old Vigour*.

MR.

MR. PERCEVAL'S SONG FOR THE JUBILEE.

[From the Waterford Mirror.]

Tune—"Ye Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses."

I.

YE *Westminster* lads and ye lasses,
Let's see how your Jubilee passes;
Though you may be glad,
For *myself*, I am sad;
Yet the lad of all lads is your *Treasury* lad.
Though you may be glad, &c.

II.

To be sure, when I think how I pleaded,
And that no one so *little* succeeded;
And now when I see,
I'm the top of the tree,
One should think that no lad was so happy as me.
And now when I see, &c.

III.

Yet the truth is, that even *John Kemble*
For the fate of his playhouse can't tremble
So much as I do
For my playhouse too,
When the season begins, lest the *thing* should not do.
So much as I do, &c.

IV.

I'm afraid that I have not much reason
To expect such *good luck* as last season;
"The *No Party men*"
Will be at me again,
And my *company's* d—bly *damag'd* since then.
The "No Party men," &c.

V.

Here are two of our lads who've been fighting,
And the *blockheads* have now got to *writing*;
So our old *farce* again,
"Don't abuse public men,"
Will never go down with the "No Party men."
So our old *farce* again, &c.

VI.

VI.

Then this d—ble thing about Canning,
This disclosure of all we 'd been planning;
How with faces so gay,
We *betray'd* Castlereagh,
What the d—l, I wonder, will Wilberforce say?
How with faces so gay, &c.

VII.

Poor Wellesley has got, too, his nose in;
'T was *he* that propos'd this *deposing*;
He *denied*, it was true,
That the practice was new,
For he 'd *tried* it himself, on a *Nabob* or *two*.
He denied it was true, &c.

VIII.

When the Wellesleys all voted so hearty,
Against Castlereagh and Clancarty,
The "*No Party men*"
Did not know the trick then,
But now we shall have it again and again.
The "*No Party men*," &c.

IX.

Then, alas! I have lost my best *joker*;
And though I have hir'd *Ally Croker*,
I'm afraid it won't do,
For only us two,
To play all our pieces—the *old* and the *new*.
I'm afraid it won't do, &c.

X.

There's the d—ble *Dutch* expedition,
There's the curs'd *Putney Heath* exhibition;
These pieces, 't is true,
Are *pathetic* and *pew*,
But, by Ch—t, *Ally Croker*, they never will do.
These pieces, 't is true, &c.

XI.

To be sure, there's the *crack* Spanish actor,
Whom I once thought our grand benefactor.
But poor *Baron Douro*,
He *turns out* so so,
And whether to hire him again I don't know.
But poor *Baron Douro*, &c.

XII.

XII.

When I think how the guns we were firing,
 Whilst the Baron so fast was retiring—
 And to write, as he did,
 Of his *march to Madrid*,
 When he'd only just time to *get off* as he did.
 And to write as he did, &c.

XIII.

Then to think of his *hum-bugging* letter,
 Where he says—"how he thinks it was better,
 That *Cuesta* should stay,
 Whilst he went and fought *Ney*,"
 When he left his *sick lads*, and himself got away.
 That *Cuesta* should stay, &c.

XIV.

Then "*the times we live in*," I'm afraid of—
 Such *wicked* stuff some folks are made of—
 The *No Party* chick
 Will play off their trick,
 And again I shall hear of that *curs'd Quintin Dick*.
 The *No Party* chick, &c.

XV.

So, my dear Ally Croker, your hand, Sir,
 Let all *honest* men "*make a stand*," Sir;
 And though it is true
 This piece is not new,
 Yet, perhaps, *after all we have seen*, it will do.
 And though it is true, &c.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 9.]

YE Masters of Oxford, to rise who intend,
 A fig for Lord Eldon—make Grenville your friend;
 For though Eldon might give a *few livings perhaps*,
 There's Grenville may get you *all Cardinals' caps*.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE REPLY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 10.]

“ Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus.”—HOR.

THE CHALLENGE.

St. James's Square, Sept. 19, 1809.

'TIS needless for me, Sir, to make any rout;
 For facts that preceded our sudden turn-out;
 For me 't will suffice in this letter to state,
 I find you propos'd, in a secret debate,
 Tow'rd's the close of last session, that I might be sent,
 (Without beat of drum, or my private consent,)
 From the Cabinet squad; and, by hook or by crook,
 A promise perforce you procur'd from the Duke.
 Notwithstanding this trick, by which you pronounc'd
 That I, a mere nincompoop, must be denounc'd;
 Notwithstanding this trick, by which my high station
 Was forc'd to depend on your sole approbation;
 In the closet we both still, by night and by day,
 Took our turns at a pinch on the same *chaise percée*;
 Not a shrug, not a sneer, not a frown, not a wink,
 Gave the hint, my sweet savour was chang'd to a stink.
 Nay, how can I mention such deeds without blushing?
 In my last *scarlet fever*, and fainting, and *Flushing*,
 Throughout each sad process—I 'll now say no more than
 You handled my papers, you emptied my jordan.

You knew mighty well, Sir, that had I but known,
 By a sneer or a shrug, by a wink or a frown,
 My presence annoy'd you—a fig for evasions!
 I had ceas'd in the office to do my occasions.
 Your conduct deceiv'd me. Your finger and thumb
 Held paper *galore* for the calls of my bum.

Yet though I write this, I am free to confess,
 That, when my removal you ventur'd to press,
 You urg'd its disclosure; whilst, bless him! the Duke,
 Who pitied the qualms of my East Indian puke,
 Resisted your motion. I ne'er can admit,
 'T was in such an emergency decent or fit
 That others should judge of the state of my feelings,
 Since *you*, even *you*, disapprov'd of such dealings.

Nor

Now can I admit that you may, as you choose,
With the lock of our Cabinet play fast and loose,
And the number and length of my visits dispose,
By a course of snug artifice, *under the Rose*.
No, no. Were I once to allow such a thought,
Men might well set the seat of my honour at nought.
Your act, Sir, your conduct deceiv'd me, 't is plain;
I scorn to be fobb'd, though I ne'er sit again.

I should have done wrong, had I shown the least heat,
Though you made me give up my particular seat,
Aye, and quit the whole Privy; I soon might have found
Other houses of ease upon popular ground:
But I clearly do right, to parade and make speeches,
Thus thrust out before I can truss up my breeches;
There was plenty of room for us all; and, if not,
You yourself might have gone out, without any blot.
You knew my predicament well; those vile *ducks*
And drakes, hatch'd at Walcheren, brought on my flux.
Fundamentally injur'd in comfort and fame,
Without more ado satisfaction I claim, &c. &c. &c.

C-STLER-GH:

• THE REPLY.

Gloucester Lodge, Sept. 20, 1809.

God wot, my Lord! your note displays such blunders and
such ire,
Right cheerfully I condescend to grant what you require,
&c. &c. &c.

G—GE C—NN—NG.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE MOB BREAKING MR. KEMBLE'S WINDOWS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 11.]

WHEN Kemble's *act* the public's censure gains,
They neither spare his *atches* nor his *panes*!
W—b—n.

P.

IRREGULAR

IRREGULAR LINES UPON IRREGULAR PROCEEDINGS.

POEMA HEROI-COMICUM.

[From the same.]

———"Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat?"

RECITATIVE.—Air, *Rumdi idity, row, row, row.*
UPROARIOUS cits! and Bond Street loungers, tremble!!
The world is threaten'd with the loss of K—ble!
Sound the alarm! your vocal noses blow!
And vent, like Bedlamites, your frantic woe!

AIR.

The first of critics—first of actors—
First of semicolon factors—
Out of patience with the age,
Swears, alas! he'll quit the stage!
Tasteless nation!—tasteless nation!
On ourselves have we brought down
Rumours of a resignation,
Hung in terror o'er the town.
We, forsooth, must needs be hank'ring
After *baxes! prices! grace!*
Hence, within his bosom cank'ring,
Rose the spleen that marks his face.
Who shall now, of all his cronies,
To their kind protection take
All his *variæ lectiones!*
Made for variation's sake?
Who shall fix, with equal care,
Points—in doublets or in speeches;
Who adjust, with such an air,
Slash'd soliloquies—or breeches?
Little heeding things that merit
Deep research and curious art;
Others do but take the spirit,
And direct it to the heart.

RECITATIVE.

Hush'd be your sorrow, and your rage suspended,
Complaint's superfluous, when th' occasion's ended:

No

No longer let your dolorific quill
 The sable tears of sympathy distil!
 Relenting John *, in pity to mankind,
 On second thoughts may change his mighty mind,
 Yes!—may resume the task of punctuation,
 And bringing back stray'd commas to their station.
 Pray, gentle Reader, ere I close the strain,
 Let this prognostication soothe your pain:—
 "As long as Britain shall maintain her ground,
 And twenty shillings make one sterling pound,
 So long (should Fate permit them here to stay)
 Will Mr. K—le and the Sidd—ns play !!!"

CHORUS ALLEGRISIMAMENTE.

Good people, pray don't be uneasy;
 You are threaten'd the better to please ye,
 For the devil a step will they budge:
 You may think what you will of the matter,
 It's only a *Jeu de Theatre*,
 Their exit is nothing but *Fudge!*

Fudge! Fudge! (Da Capo.)

Their retirement nothing but *Fudge!*

Signor SECCA COGLIONI, Plebeian.

EX TEMPORE.

[From the same.]

TWO noble Lords contend an Oxford prize—
 Both honourable, upright, just, and wise:
 If Grenville's classic mind some claim afford,
 Eldon ingratiates by his *princely board*.

A BON VIVANT!

O. P.—A PARODY.

[From the Rebellion.]

SAID a P to an O,
 On the hat of a beau,
 Where Bull lately roar'd stormy weather,
 In truth, lovely O,
 The cause I don't know,
 Which brings you and me here together.

* See the Bill and Advertisement of Tuesday, October 24.

I came here forlorn,
 From the alphabet torn,
 To heighten the Managers' grief;
 And I, said the O,
 Am now quite the go,
 To give Mr. Winholt relief.

O now, lovely O,
 The secret I know,
 We both are old Dilworth's abettors;
 Whenever O. P.
 In a hat-band you see,
 The wearer is learning his letters.

SHIP NEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 14.]

O. P. Mouth.

CAME in the *Rattlesnake*, *Catcall*, *Placard*, and *Bugle* gun-boats, from a chase after the *Imperieuse* 50-gun ship, which, it will be remembered, captured, in the confusion of a fire in one of our out-ports some time since, the famous *Oldprician* frigate. These vessels were attacked in the *Pit Straits* by several of the enemy's *men of war*, which, however, they *beat off*. In *Dungeoness Bay* they struck upon the Brandon rocks, and all of them sprung leaks—they must inevitably have gone to the bottom, but for very expeditious *bailing*. Indeed, several smaller boats which accompanied them, among which was the "*Mary Austin*," and which were not so well manned, parted company; but it is hoped, the *Subscription*, 300-gun ship, which is sent out after them, will be the means of their recovery. The inhumanity of the Port Admiral *Grameanreed*, cannot be too strongly censured, who being himself on shore at *Dungeoness Bay*, and seeing the distresses of these smaller vessels, yet *committed* them to the fury of the elements. It being suspected that the above-mentioned *Pit Straits* are infectious from the noisome stench of the *sharks* who have

have lately infested those *seas*, all ships coming from thence are put under strict quarantine for one hundred, or sometimes even five hundred—days, by the N. P. harbour masters, whose authority *for the present* supersedes that of the Commanders at this place.



INVENTORY OF THEATRICAL PROPERTY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 16.]

“The dream of a shadow.”—PINDAR.

“What the *lofty grave* Tragedian taught.”—MILTON.

MR. EDITOR,

THE other night I fell asleep after reading the celebrated inventory, in the 42d *Tatler*, of the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esq. and my fancy speedily presented to me a vision of a similar nature, which, in my mind, confirms the sage doctrine of modern metaphysicians, that our dreams result from our waking perceptions, or, as *King Lear* has long ago told us—

“Nothing can come out of nothing.”

I imagined myself, then, Sir, in the *Garden* of some *Convent*; but the vegetables seemed to my fancy to be flourishing without root, and the nuns of the place were so totally divested of all sanctimonious graces, that they seemed rather a rout of Thracian revellers, than any beings even by courtesy termed Christian. “While I was rapt in the wonder of it,” from an arch-way, at the end of a piazza, stalked forth a tall figure in deep mourning—his hair was made as white as chalk, and upon the tips of his fingers he sustained an opera hat, over which he bowed with the solemnity of an undertaker. But it soon struck me, that the respectful style of his approach was rather the trick of custom than the dictate of veneration; and it appeared, indeed, that disgust had induced him to come forward to offer for sale a certain quantity of *property*, which was thus described in the inventory. He read it aloud
to

to the polite assembly I have already mentioned, precisely as follows; except that he pronounced it in a way so remote from its orthography, that I could not but wonder by what singular artifice he had contrived to falsify all the terminating syllables of the language.—

Imprimis—Hamlet's *inky* cloak—quite new, never indeed worn.—

N. B. None of the sable professions need apply; as the said *inky* cloak is *green* lined with *red*, the same having been bought of a slopseller at Elsinour, upon Hamlet's being shipwrecked coming from England.

Item—Cardinal Wolsey's handkerchief—curiously laced in the old English *custome*.

Item—Othello's do. for Cassio to wipe his beard with. All the strawberries as much *raised* from the ground as those Richard sends for from the Bishop of Ely's garden in Holborn.

Item—Iago's do.—folded so snugly as to lie in the smallest possible compass of the inexpressible Canary pantaloons—besides, I have given up the part to Cooke, who plays it *like a villain*—Now that's villainous!

Item—Six *easy* chairs for Q. Catherine in the *restless* scene. The cushions have always tumbled about so in the Queen's slumber, that the *swimming Jewess* waked Her Majesty one night with laughing.

Item—A royal cap and feathers—for Macbeth to strut and fret his hour in—so tall—in short, as Hamlet says, a *forest* of feathers—that a mad fellow called the thing a *shuttlecock* from Brobdignag.

Item—My beard in King Lear—*Curse that same goat's beard!*—The first night the audience supposed half the *curse* stuck in my throat, because I could not get it out; I mean the *beard*. Thus I gave it!

That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper—cuk!—uk!—uk!

Item

Item—A great bell of a *ton* weight, for Lady Macbeth's dressing-room, for the Queen to ring *two* upon. Singularly recommended by the following passage of the Poet :—

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.

Item—A basket-hilted sword, to be used in the dagger scene—adopted in pursuance of Shakspeare's plain direction :—

I see thee yet (*the dagger*) in form as palpable
As *this* which now I draw.

Item—Twenty *reports*, or more, to throw at the prompter's head, in the same character : hinted at only by the great man—

Bring me no more *reports*, let them *fly* all—
that is, as I understand it, not the *Thanes*, but the said *reports*.

Item—All the prompter's books of the playhouse—rendered *offensive* by the usual marks of entrance upon the stage—Enter O. P.

N. B.—As I never will enter O. P. again, that is, *opposite* to the prompter—I have put the prompter *opposite* : in other words, altered his *station* at the Theatre : he is *right* on the *left* side.

Here my ears were assailed with a din so alarming,
that I awoke, and consequently conclude O. P.

ON A LATE EXHIBITION IN THE PIT OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

[From the Public Ledger, Nov. 16.]

TWO Cockneys took their night-caps to the play,
But found no rest, to Bow Street dragg'd away.
Had Kemble acted, and O. P. been quiet,
They might have slept, and 'scap'd the charge of riot.

O. P. Q. IN A CORNER.

A FABLE.

(WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF GAY.)

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 17.]

WHEN men, advanc'd to high estate,
 With sudden dignity elate,
 Forget the means by which they rose,
 And other means would interpose;
 These men are quickly hurled down,
 The scoff and laughter of the town.
 A statesman of experienc'd parts,
 Possess'd of all a statesman's arts,
 While groaning at the point of death,
 Thus spoke his friends, with gasping breath:
 "My friends (said he), whate'er you do,

Continue to each other true;

Though ranks of opposition rail,
 Let no *internal* jars prevail;
 Supported by each other's aid,
 Of nothing need you be afraid;
 But, from the moment you forget
 This maxim, you are overset.

Discord 's the prelude to disgrace,
 And (what is worse) to loss of place.
 I charge you then, whate'er you do,
Continue to each other true."

He said—and, with prophetic sigh,
 Dismiss'd them, and prepar'd to die.

Instructed thus, the little crew
 Continu'd to each other true;
 And, at his death, set up a plea
 Of *Vigour* and *No Popery*;
 By which they were accordingly
 Elected to the Ministry.

—Of place and power now possess'd,
 They put his counsel to the test;
 Defended, with their utmost skill,
 Abuses of notorious ill;
 Bought certain seats, and others sold,
 In bargains, with the *Treas'ry* gold;
 And places of the Board of Trade
 A medium of barter made.

In

In cases of *small* enterprise
 The Park and Tower ordnance flies ;
 But, though so ready with their gun,
 In *great* ones, they could fire none.—
 In short, the public voice complain'd,
 But still their places they retain'd ;
 For this, and more too, they might do,
 So long as they continu'd true.
 When, lo ! in an unlucky hour,
 Regardless of the means of pow'r,
 A spark of enmity prevails,
 And quick each Minister assails.
 They wrangle now in constant strife ;
 They hanker for each other's life ;
 And all, with one endeavour, strive
 Each other from his post to drive :
 (Although, with most consummate art,
 Each plays a well-dissembled part,
 And feigns a friendship for the man
 Whose ruin he is known to plan :)
 Till, stifled to the last degree,
 The flame at length bursts openly ;
 And then this famous Ministry
 Of *vigour* and *No Popery*,
 Distracted by *internal* brawls,
 A victim to its *vigour* falls.

 THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

[From the same, Nov. 18.]

TALL as the steeple of the town,
 From which his title's ta'en,
 Lord Salisbury, of high renown,
 Once enter'd Drury Lane.
 At the box door stood young Wagstaffe,
 A wit devoid of grace ;
 He wanted but to gain a laugh,
 And Sarum's Peer a place.
 The Earl mistook the graceless cur,
 And cried, with looks askew,
 " Pray, friend, are you the Box-keeper ?"
 Says Wagstaffe—" No ; are you ?"

FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Nov. 18.]

“ Quam virum aut herosa, lyrâ vel acri
Tibiâ sumes celebrare ? ”—HOR.

FOR whom shall Oxford's hallow'd quire
Inspire with life the dormant lyre,
And raise the venal song ?
Shall Eldon, now, for once, control
The niggard genius of his soul,
And feast Corruption's throng ?
Shall he the sumptuous banquet raise,
And revel on the unbought praise
His *liberal* mind shall gain ?
Loudly shall he his *conscience* vaunt,
And spur, with many an impious taunt,
Dark Superstition's train ?
Shall he each sordid, selfish mind
With interest's steady fetters bind,
The churchman's guiding star ?
Shall deanery, prebendary stall,
Be offer'd us in lieu of all
We look for in our Chancellor ?
Shall Beaufort, polish'd, generous, gay,
O'er Learning's bow'rs hold sovereign sway,
And boast his high descent ?
These academic groves, of yore,
Would ne'er re-echo back the roar
Of sport and noisy merriment.
Enjoy, my Lord ; we leave to you
The well-earn'd glory justly due
To all your sporting feats ;
Let Learning, such as few can claim,
Unsullied honour, spotless fame,
Preside o'er Learning's seats.
And if to Oxford still was dear
That virtue which she must revere,
That patriot heart and hand—
If mild Religion's temper'd fires
Could plead—o'er Oxford's tow'ring spire
Would Grenville hold command.

But,

But, no; the wine is on the lees;
 Their lazy hours in gowned ease
 The dull fanatics pass,
 Whose earthly bosoms ne'er could feel
 One generous spark of virtue steal
 'Mid the chaotic mass.

Nor Orpheus have we now to save;
 In air their wooden heads they wave
 Majestically cold:
 Save where, beneath Kilcannon's arch,
 Fair Burton * strides with rapid march,
 More than a woman bold.

Proceed, fair maid—'t is thine to dare
 To spurn each modest female air,
 In Grenville's cause to rail †;
 Alas! where Orpheus' self would lose
 The power conviction to infuse,
 Thy impudence must fail.

THE GRAND SECRET DISCOVERED.

[From the Times, Nov. 21.]

SIR,

I HAVE frequently heard of a toast, said to have been given by a worthy Alderman celebrated for such productions: "Success to the wooden walls of Old England all the world over, *and every where else!*"

The latter part of the toast has occupied much of my attention; but I could never penetrate into the depth of the sage Magistrate's meaning, until I read in the Gazette the promotions at the Admiralty, on the 25th October last. It is with extreme pleasure I communicate to the public, through the medium of your patriotic journal, a most valuable addition to political and geographical science, which brings to light such an important accession of territory, as will amply com-

* "Sævis inimica virgo belluis."—HOR.

† "Blanda et amitas fidibus causis ducere quærens."

compensate our national loss, if we should be obliged to abandon Walcheren, and withdraw our army from Portugal and Spain. Charles Cobb, Esq. Rear Admiral of the Blue, it seems, has been promoted, by the wisdom of His Majesty's Ministers, to be Rear Admiral of the White, after being allowed to remain for a considerable time unemployed in the *tomb*. Lieut. Dove has also been promoted to the rank of Master and Commander, in the fleet serving *on the same station* *. It is said, that, on receiving His Majesty's commission, they bounded with joy, and hastened to go on board. By the last advices received from the squadron in the *Dead Sea*, we learn that the French had been driven entirely from the Elysian Fields, and that the remainder of their fleet in that quarter was now closely blockaded at the mouth of the river Styx. The following ships are in our squadron:—*Royal George, Queen Charlotte, Blenheim, Invincible, Venerable, Repulse, Nassau, Sceptre, York, and Proserpine* frigate.

It was confidently expected, that the energetic wisdom of the present Administration, which had fitted out the grand expedition, would quickly send them a large reinforcement, under the direction of that distinguished officer Ally Croker. Nelson and the heroes from Trafalgar have distinguished themselves by their accustomed gallant ardour, in vigorously pressing upon the enemy. It is hoped, that by their exertions he will be brought to such distress as to grant us, on honourable terms, "a speedy peace and soon." That event will highly gratify the country, particularly,

Sir, yours, &c.

BRITANNICUS,

* Two years dead.

LORD GRENVILLE'S LETTER TO HIS FRIENDS

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 22.]

MY friends, I entreat, without fail or defection,
 You'll to Oxford repair on the day of election;
 Next Wednesday come three weeks, there joyfully meet
 To give Church and King men a signal defeat.
 But if it should chance (which the Virgin forbid!)
 That by illness beset you're confin'd to your bed,
 I subjoin a short rule for your close observation—
 It is fair, and proceeds from abstruse calculation—
 Pair off with stout votes for Eldon and Beaufort;
 Not Beaufort alone, else Eldon will show for't
 Two votes to my cost; hence you plainly may see;
 That three are not two, and that two are not three.

November 20th.

GILT SPURS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 23.]

YE Bond Street loungers! delicate and soft,
 With vacant stare, and noses turn'd aloft!
 Truth has proclaim'd (no scandal deals her slurs)
 Your heels project a foot with gilded spurs!
 Well cas'd in armour were our knights of old,
 The brave defenders of the fair enroll'd;
 But our spruce heroes, self-admiring beaux,
 Seem less the sex's champions than their foes.
 For what proud daring are their bosoms warm'd?
 For what, say ladies, are their heels thus arm'd?
 "For mighty deeds," cries Lady Bab, and frowns—
 "To hook our petticoats and tear our gowns!"

DRYDEN'S ODE TO MUSIC IMITATED, &c.

OR, THE COVENT GARDEN ROW.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 25.]

'T WAS at a glorious row, for Clifford won,
 By German Wienholt's son,
 After the play was done,
 Aloft in drunken state
 Was plac'd the stupid candidate
 For O. P. fame and fun.

His fit compeers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with deadly-nightshade bound :
 So should desert like theirs be crown'd ;
 The *black-ey'd* Dolly by his side,
 Look'd like a Dutchman's bloated bride,
 Blushing with *spirits* * and with pride ;
 Happy, happy, happy pair,
 None but O. P.'s should have such *fare*.

The ——— plac'd on high,
 Whose pages let for "*filthy hire*,"
 With *fingers light* struck the smooth *lyar*,
 The trembling notes mount gallery high,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 Of *Proteus* Nixon was the song,
 A grocer's porter all the day,
 Who left his shop at night to stray,
 And join confusion's throng ;
 When amidst the howling pack
 A *dragoon's* fury form belied the *hack*,
 He to th' infernal pit his step address'd,
 With O. P. flaming high upon his crest.
 Oft as his friends were hard by numbers press'd,
 His coward form shrunk back ; he sneaks behind the rest.
 Next he sung the boxes fill'd
 With nought but rabble rout ;
 In daring falsehoods he was skill'd
 To pass for truth about :
 The greasy nightcap too he sung,—
 Of Jacobins the pride,
 How high upon a pole it hung,
 Scatt'ring its *perfume* wide.
 Each brainless hound admires the sound :
 A Jacobin ! they shout around ;
 A Jacobin ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears young Wienholt hears,
 Assumes the God—affects to nod,
 And shakes his lengthen'd ears.
 The praise of Clifford then the *lyarist* sung,
 Clifford ever bold in wrong ;

* Vulgarly termed—Jackey.

The jolly dog in triumph comes,
 Sound your rattles, beat your drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shows his brazen face !
 Now give the whistles breath—he comes ! he comes !
 Clifford bold, although but young *,
 Rowing joys did first ordain,
 Old Brentford echo'd back the strain :
 Uproar's blessings are a treasure,
 High destruction is a pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 When we count the plunder'd gain.
 Sooth'd with the sound, the boy grew vain,
 Fought all their batties o'er again ;
 Again, in fancy, beat his foes ;
 At length he tumbled on his nose,
 And tried to stand, in vain.
 The *lyarist* saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheek, his ardent eyes ;
 And whilst he Bow Street's power defied,
 Chang'd the sound, and check'd his pride :
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft slumber to infuse ;
 He sung of Cowlam, (call'd him good,)
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his self-rai's'd state,
 And weltering in his blood.
 Deserted in his utmost need,
 By those his purse before had freed,
 On a bare bench expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to wipe his eyes,
 Or aid him from the seat to rise.
 Sung next the horrors of the pit,
 And each successful breeze ;
 How daring Magistrates commit
 Poor innocent O. P.'s.

* Young in law.

The coatless orator he sung,
 The scarecrow of an hour,
 When late the house with laughter rung,
 To see their fallen power.

With downcast looks the senseless blockhead sat,
 Revolving in his fear-struck soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 To think the dangers of a row.

The *fabling lyarist* shrunk to see
 Despair was in the next degree,
 (For that he knew would spoil his fee :)
 He struck a lighter note, to move,
 (As wine will bid the fancy rove,)
 If possible, his soul to love.

Softly sweet, in legend measure,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasure.
Row, he sung, was toil and trouble,
 O. P. but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 If the wench be worth thy winning
 Think, oh think her worth enjoying.
 O. P.'s are not worth the wearing—
 Only got by falsehood swearing.
 Lovely Dolly sits beside thee,
 Take the goods the Gods betide thee.

The rabble rend the roof with loud applause;
 Thus love was crown'd, the rowing was the cause.

The boy, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Then tore his hair,

Stamp'd and rav'd, rav'd and stamp'd,
 Rav'd and stamp'd, and rav'd again.
 At length, with love or wine oppress'd,
 Drunk as a dragon sunk upon her breast;
 But now to keep his seat no longer able,
 Fell like a German boor beneath the table.

Now strike the fabling lyar again,
 A bolder yet, and yet a bolder strain,

Burst

Burst his bands of sleep asunder;
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head :

Amaz'd he stares round,

As awak'd from the dead:

Revenge ! revenge ! the lyarist cries,

See the constables rise,

See the staves that they bear,

Which our bands view with fear,

See the terrors which flash from their eyes ;

Behold yon ghastly band,

Each O. P. in his hand ;

These are the friends that have nearly been slain,

Friends that never would fail,

Yet unbail'd they remain,

Inglorious in jail.

Give the vengeance due

To the ragged crew :

Behold how they toss their placards on high,

How they point to John Kemble's abodes,

And glittering temple of his household gods:

The rabble applaud with a furious joy,

And three cheers they give to the maid and the boy.

Whilst he seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy,

She led the way, to light him to his prey,

To fire the dome that forms a nation's joy.

FALKLAND.

NOTES.—*For Clifford won*—The following is written on one of the pillars in Westminster Hall:—

Dan and his Master in Westminster Hall,

Long waited a client to spy ;

When Wienholt appear'd, they set up a bawl,

And loudly, A customer ! cry—

See John Bull.

Charge, Master, charge!

On, Wienholt, on!

Were the glad shouts of starving Dan.

Black-eyed Dolly Bull, the sprawling oratrix of the Pit.

Lyar, Lyarist.—I have preferred this spelling as best suited to the character of a certain print, as it also leaves the reader in suspense between a living and an inanimate instrument.

RAISING A NOISE.

[From the Public Ledger, Nov. 25.]

SIR,

BEING an enemy to *noises* of every description, I am one of those who have determined to stay away from Covent Garden until a peace shall be established. But my quiet disposition need not prevent my praising the ingenuity of the O. P.'s in inventing new species of noise, or which, at least, were never heard before within the walls of a Theatre. Some, discovering that the human voice, in its most powerful elevation, was not sufficient for their purpose, have called in the aid of trumpets, rattles, and bells. But, Sir, ingenious as all this may seem, I would have them to reflect that the public are soon tired of the best performances, and that, like other managers, they must soon provide them with a greater variety of sounds. As to coughing and sneezing, they appear to me to be many notes too low for their purpose; and other discharges of *wind* ought to be practised with moderation, because they have a tendency to encourage the sale of articles which cannot at present be procured at the *old prices*.

Industrious, therefore, as the O. P.'s have been in multiplying the instruments of clamour, I do not by any means think that they have exhausted the subject. They have not, for example, made a sufficient use of those patriotic ladies who accompany them, and who, with very little effort, might be made to *squall* an octave higher than any trumpet ever invented. I would also recommend to them the use of that excellent instrument the *saw*. A few of these might be placed with great advantage in the pit, and the operation of *sharpening* practised with prodigious effect; as this is supposed to be the most irresistible attack that can be made upon the nerves. And truly, Sir, at a time that the eyes of all Europe are upon us, nothing ought to be wanting to convince them that the concerns of a play-house

house and a rabble are of more importance in our eyes than the progress of Bonaparte's arms and the subjugation of Europe.

I am, Sir, yours,

QUIETUS.

ELEGIAC VERSES ON THE DECEASE OF OLD PRICES.

[From the British Press, Nov. 27.]

HERE lies O. P. who, while in life,
Kept London town in constant strife,
And made men cry, where they were wont to laugh.

The gods on high, from that abyss,
The pit, heard this vile demon hiss,
And struck him dead!—Lo! this his epitaph:

“His horn is blown, his rattle sprung,
His bell, yea, his *death-bell* is rung,
And in the *dust* his spirit laid—

• *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,
Is all that may be said upon him—
For of the bad, what may be said?

“As *spirit*, his vile schemes to cheer,
Was *Chronicle*d his sour *small-beer*,
Who *spiritless* upon the *bier* lies low;
Bad were *The Times* that gave him breath,
And, had he not been *Press*-’d to death,
He might have wrought a world of woe!

“Upon the stage he’ll strut no more,
His *loud rehearsals* all are o’er,
The *silent hearse* all that is left him now;
A *coffin* now his *private box*,
(That *house* that wants nor *keys* nor *locks*,)
And *Charon*’s boat his only chance to row.

“To *manage Managers* he tried,
And all his country’s laws defied;
To *bow* to *Bow Street* he esteem’d a stain,
He scorn’d the *baize* and spurn’d control,
But *grave* is now his *pigeon-hole*;
May we ne’er look upon his like again!”

HODGE PEDDER.

THE OXFORD CHANCELLORSHIP.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 27.]

WELL may poor *Alma Mater* weep and moan,
 To lose her trusty prop of Portland stone!
 Yet what's her present to her threaten'd evil—
 The Pope, Lord Grenville, Boney, and the D—l?

Poz.

CHEMICAL PHENOMENON.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 27.]

IT has been for some time a matter of surprise to philosophers, that the heterogeneous compound known by the name of the Administration, but which was in fact a neutral salt, in the strictest sense of the term, should not long ago have been decomposed. The weakness of the affinities between its component parts was well known; and we are obliged to Berthollet for the term "complex affinity," by which it is well described.

A volatile substance, called Canning, having a great capacity for caloric, has, as might have been expected, effected the decomposition; deflagration and detonation took place upon exposure at an increased temperature to atmospheric air, on Putney Common; this must have had the effect of the Galvanic battery, as a piece of metal, of a spherical form, supposed to be Mr. Davy's potassium, was projected from a tube containing nitrate of pot-ash, sulphur, and carbon.

Thus was Mr. Perceval's famous compound decomposed; Canning yielded red fluid, of the colour of human blood, highly concentrated sulphuric acid, and an impure alkali of a caustic nature.

Castlereagh gave a considerable quantity of aqueous fluid, and an oxyde of lead, which had of course lost all its metallic splendour. The residuum, consisting of vapours, and of various weak solutions, was not thought

thought worthy of analysis. Professor Perceval, still bigotted to his theory, is endeavouring to demonstrate this phenomenon synthetically: Dr. Grenville and Dr. Grey have given it as their decided opinion, that it is impossible.

Although we certainly respect the ingenuity of Professor Perceval, which was so successfully exerted in the famous York analysis, we must be allowed to say, that we have met with nothing in the annals of science, since the time of the alchymists, so visionary as his speculations.

EPIGRAM

ON THE RUMOURED RESIGNATION OF ADMIRAL
PUKE.

[From the County Chronicle, Nov. 28.]

I'M sick of the service—so tell the Grand Duke,
I've thrown up my commission—your servant,
JOHN PUKE.

ANACREON IN BOW STREET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY POCKET-BOOK."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 1.]

Θεῶν λεγέιν Ἀπρεῖδας.—ODE I.

AS, rapt, I sweep the golden lyre,
To Love I cry, "My notes inspire,
And let me sing of Rosa!"
But *Thespian wars* fill all my strain,
Tom Harris junior, hapless swain!
John Kemble and Mendoza.

Then if I to the stage belong,
Oh! let me sing the charms of song,
Of Billington and Braham!
In vain!—again my wishes fail,
I sing of nought but *heavy bail*,
Of Townsend and of Graham.

The

The soul of Harmony is dead,
 And vilest Discord reigns instead,
 With rioting and battles—
 To shrieking owls are turn'd my doves,
 To O. P. * men the little Loves,
 My lyre to horns and rattles !

HORACE IN LONDON.—BOOK II. ODE I.

TO MR. KEMBLE.

[From the Monthly Mirror.]

Motum ex Metello consule civicum, &c.

IN battles provok'd by the blood-tainted *Thane*,
 When tempests assail aged *Lear*,
 When fortune deserts the poor lunatic *Dane*,
 In *Richard* the cruel or *Hotspur* the vain,
 Oh! when shall your equal appear ?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns ?
 'T is a crown of the sweetest moss-roses :
 But when it the brow of an actor adorns,
 The public oft mix a few good-natur'd thorns,
 To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your theatre now bid adieu !
 Fly, fly from the tumult and riot !
 Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,
 But give them to *Townsend* to help to subdue
 The foes to *new prices* and quiet.

For, hark ! what a discord of bugles and bells,
 What whistling and springing of rattles,
 What screaming, and groaning, and hissing, and yells,
 Till mad-headed *Mammon* his victims compels
 To scuffles, *rows*, riots, and battles !

* I find that Horace makes particular mention of the O. P.'s, and the noise they made in Rome :—

“Opes strepitumque Romæ.”—OD. LIB. III. 29.

My old friend, the late Mr. Opie, was a man of celebrity : but he never made half so much noise in the world as any one of his numerous relations.

And

And now from the barracks of *Bow Street*, good lack!

A band under *Townsend* and *Sayers*
Wave high their gilt staffs, while the dull sounding thwack
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,
Or visits their pate with a merry-ton'd crack,
In aid of *King John* and the players,

The *Billingsgate* Muses, indignant to find
Catalani, and fiddlers from *Paris*,
Usurping their place; in revenge have combin'd,
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,
So fatal to *Kemble* and *Harris*.

What surly *Brown Bear* has not gladly receiv'd
The misers who old prices stick to?
At *Bow Street* what Knight is not sorely aggriev'd,
Where Christians are cross'd, unbelievers believ'd,
O story *mirabile dictu*!

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,
What prentice or clerk is unwilling?
From *Smithfield* and *Wapping* what heroes appear,
Who fight, I acknowledge, for all they hold dear,
When the object of war's the last shilling?

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield;
What Jews have not had bloody noses?
What victim of law, who to *Mainwaring* yields,
But gladly for ever would leave *Cold Bath Fields*,
To fight here *pro Aris et focis*?

But gently, my Muse: hush your angry-ton'd lyre,
From rows so disgraceful remove,
And, seated at home by your own parlour-fire,
Let beauty and claret your numbers inspire
To melody, laughter, and love.

H.

ON THE NIGHTLY UPROAR AT COVENT GARDEN.

[From the same.]

OUR writers dramatic must welcome, of course,
This downfall of sense and ascendance of sound;
Where pantomime gains an accession of force,
And long-sinking dialogue's finally drown'd.

Let

Let them join the loud dunces in Boxes and Pit,
 Of clamour and nonsense the instruments willing;
 Who care not a shilling for genius or wit,
 And whose own is confin'd to their care of a *shilling*.
 And yet these curmudgeons, who willingly waste
 Half a guinea (the *Opera*'s worth it, no doubt!)
 Must be wanting in thrift, or deficient in taste,
 Must be asses *with* ears, or be spendthrifts without:
Half a guinea for singers and shallow-pate scrapers,
 Whose resin, not reason, provides them with meals!
 Or a *Pirouette* puppet's *ad libitum* capers,
 Whose toe's in his head, and his head in his heels!
 Ye critics, who jingle your bells at your ease,
 And flourish on foolscap appropriate wit,
 Put *both* round your noddles instead of O. P.'s,
 And seem to the Stage what ye act in the Pit.
 So I shall no more in astonishment gaze,
 So ye will no longer the reason dissemble
 Why guineas are thrown to *Da Ponte* * and *Des Hayes*,
 And shillings regretted to *Shakspeare* and *Kemble*.

H.

 PRIVATE BOXES.

[From the same.]

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique, &c.

O VENUS, Queen of Drury Lane!

Soft partisan of amorous doxies,
 O'er tall Soho no longer reign,
 But patronize our Private Boxes.

Let Cupid, ardent chaperon,
 To Hart Street lead the London Graces,
 As loose of manners as of zone,
 With bosoms bare, and brazen faces.

Bring with thee, dame, a tempting show
 Of girls fantastic, gay, and jolly;
 Age without thee is sapient woe,
 And with thee, youth is joyous folly.

* The Opera House Poet.

Bring

Bring too the footpad demigod,
 Who once outwitted wise Apollo;
 O'er paths by truant Venus trod,
 Light Mercury is sure to follow.

J.

THE OXFORD CHANCELLORSHIP.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 2.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT seems a curious circumstance, that the respective friends of Lords Eldon and Grenville are, on the ensuing election at Oxford, to be entertained, the former at the *King's Arms*, the latter at the sign of the *Cross*. Upon this subject I send you the following

IMPROMPTU.

Would you judge of each candidate's motives and ends,
 You cannot be long at a loss;
 The *King's Arms* will receive the Lord Chancellor's friends,
 Those of Grenville the sign of the Δ .

LETTER TO THE EARL C——N, &c. &c. &c.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 2.]

Gloucester Lodge, Nov. 14, 1809.

TO send you an answer, my Lord, I of late meant,
 Directly your Lordship had publish'd your statement;
 But I kept it, by P——d's good Duke to be read,
 Which I cannot accomplish—because he is dead.

Thus the realm lost a patriot for uprightness noted;
 The King lost a subject fond, true, and devoted;
 The world lost a man, than whom no man is better;
 And I lost a critic to look at my letter.

So I now shall expunge, with most scrupulous hands,
 Whatso'er on the late Duke's authority stands,
 Which might not be believ'd from my single reciting,
 And state only things that I have down in writing;
 Or inform you, my Lord, of such facts and no more,
 Than were very well known to your Lordship before.

I protest

I protest and I beg, that no word in this scrawl
 May be thought to reflect on the late Duke at all;
 But I blame him for keeping your Lordship's lips clos'd,
 And your Lordship for keeping the silence impos'd.

I most deeply regret the reserve kept so fast,
 To Lord C——gh first, and to me at the last;
 For by that came to pass, (what I ne'er wish'd to do,)
 That, in turning him out, I turn'd out myself too.

I regret that I should not have learnt too in July,
 That your Lordship had never been party most truly
 To the general assurance of C——gh's friends;
 And that one the description above comprehends,
 Who'd a Cabinet place, but whose name I won't stir,
 (As I've heard since that time) had refus'd to concur.

Had I known but all this, I'd have made up my mind,
 And then, even then, I'd have boldly resign'd.
 Quite convenient had then been my prompt resignation,
 And 't would not have then been suppos'd by the nation,
 That our army's misfortunes, that Flushing's affair,
 Or the thousands of Britons we've sacrific'd there,
 Or causes like these unimportant, inspir'd
 My heart with the motives for which I retir'd.

But howe'er I regret, I don't mean to rebuke
 Any part of the conduct pursu'd by the Duke;
 Nor can it to aught in the Duke be imputed,
 But the mildness of nature for which he was bruited,
 Which made him endeavour the quarrels to cool
 Of the Cabinet he had the pleasure to rule;
 And any arrangement most cordial to meet,
 Which could fix his own Ministry firm in their seat;
 And to make us all friends, and one object embrace,
 And turn all our attention to keeping in place.

None who knows how the Duke love or friendship could
 win,

Or how I've ador'd him, since first I came in,
 Will think that, to render my own fame more bright,
 I mean to abuse him, whatever I write.

Such a base vindication be sure I'm not planning.
 My Lord, I'm your Lordship's obedient

G——E C——G.

MRS.

MRS. CUNNING'S STATEMENT.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 5]

MR. EDITOR,

STEPPING down Parliament Street the other day, I picked up the following fragment of a letter, signed *Elizabeth Cunning*; and, as it appears to be full as explicit and interesting as some other letters lately published and signed, by a name somewhat similar, I have conveyed it to your press.

I am, Sir, yours,

PETER PARODY.

“ TO MRS. PRATT.

(*part torn off*)—“ and so, *Madam Pratt*, by way of explaining the matter, since folks make such a fuss about the runpus between me and *Bob Stewart*, our cook, I will tell you the thing just as it happened. It is as far back as May last since I told *Mr. Bentinck*, our *old butler*, who is now dead and funct, that I did not like *Bob Stewart*, and I wished that master would employ him somewhere else than in the *town-house*: however, I did not wish him to know all this from me, but continued to give him his sop at noon, and his sleepy draft at night as usual; but to be sure I did bargain that you and the *old butler*, rest his poor soul, would somehow and somehow give him a hint; for I wanted the *privy* emptied, and my plates and dishes put in new order.—Well, I was put off from time to time, until I threatened at last to give my master warning: Don't do that, says the *old butler*, and you shall have your way, *Betty*: and so I agreed to stay, but at a month's end, the d——l an inch of my way could I get—so I said again, says I, I tell you what, *Mr. Bentinck*, I'll give my master warning directly; I'll not sleep another night under the roof with *Bob Stewart*, and that's flat;—and so I axed you again to tell *Bob* so; but not from me, for I would not for the world have him know that I was at the bottom of it:

The

The fellow, says I, is not fit for his place, and I had plague enough whitewashing him last winter, when folks said that he had made away with the *dripping and candle-ends*.—Well, upon this, you all said, *Dear Betty*—it was always *Dear Betty* when you wanted to gain your ends—don't give your master warning now; you shall have every thing your own way—but consider, master has ordered *great preparations* for a *grand dinner*, and we can't do without *Bob*, says you.—Well, says I, if so be that be the case, I'll stay; and we had a great deal of more talk about it—and I am sure, though I want *Bob* out of the way, I behaved very good-natured—for I made this bargain with you all—says I, Well—I hate *Bob*; but *for that reason* I consent that he shall stay out the summer. We are to dress a great dinner for some *foreign folks*—and *Bob* can no more dress a dinner than he can fly; and, *for that reason*, I consent that he shall dress the whole, and I will make believe that I am helping him; but mind this, says I, as soon as the dinner is over, be it well-dressed or ill-dressed, whether all the fat is in the fire, or just where it should be; whether the things be underdone or overdone; done to a T, or burnt to a coal; at the end of the business, *Bob shall pack off*.—I am sure this was very *good-natured* on my part, and acting like an *honest servant*, who prefers her master's interests to her own squabbles in the kitchen. And what have I got by it?—Now you have forced me out of the house, and *Bob* has called me names, and I called him names, until we *fit*, and all the world laughs at us—and this is all your doing, and the *old butler's*; but, as I said, he is dead and funct, and so I'll lay the blame on you, *Mrs. Pratt*, and the whole set of you—I'll let master know what you all are, and so you may—(torn off here.)

ELIZABETH CUNNING.

LOSS.

LOSS OF THE WARSPITE,

OFF THE STRAITS OF WALCHEREN, COMMANDED BY
THE HON. CAPTAIN GEORGE C——G.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 7.]

THE following diary contains the account of her voyage from the day of her sailing, April 2, to her foundering at sea, on September 21:—

April 2.—Hazy weather. Sailed in company with Admiral Van Bentinck, in the *Bergen-op-Zoom*, an old Dutch three-decker; Vice-admiral *Castlerag*, in the *Traffic* (commander of the gun-boats); Commodore C——n, in the *Ponderous*; Captain ——, in the *Mysterious*; with the following smaller vessels: the *Charles Ellis*, store-ship; *Leverson*, war brig; *George Rose*, King's cutter; *Stu-ges B——e*, *Huss-k——n*, and *Dog-Dent*, *traders*.

April 4 to 8.—Foggy. ~ Found my ship did not sail well; wrote Admiral Van B.; represented state of fleet; said I wished to strike my flag (but had no intention of doing it); changes must be effected; Admiral a stupid old fellow; wants more detailed explanation. Admiral upright and disinterested patriot, faithful, devoted, and affectionate subject, blameless man and noble-minded; keeps the best cook in town; is a good Protestant, an excellent Catholic, staunch Whig, and great Tory.

April 16.—Light breeze. Admiral opened the subject to Captain ——, of the *Mysterious*. *Alack! he never told his name.* The Commodore knows it. Captain —— objects; won't have any alteration in affairs till after the decision respecting the Vice-admiral's sale of the store-keeper's office.

April 25.—Squally. That question decided.

April 28.—Severe gales. The Admiral spoke again Commodore C. Commodore agrees that his friend the Vice-admiral is a d——d bad officer, and ought

to be cashiered; but the Vice-admiral's *feelings* must be consulted. Captain — proposes to put the Vice-admiral in a sloop.

May 5.—A great swell. The Admiral determines to lay the whole before the Admiral of the Fleet, and go on board the *Royal Sovereign*.

May 10.—Cloudy. Hauled my wind. Sounded. Admiral goes on board the *Royal Sovereign*; finds the Admiral of the Fleet very angry. He d—ns us all for a parcel of lubbers; swears he'll make his own *attorney* commander of the fleet. (Want to be so myself.)

May 31.—Very stormy. Took in three reefs. Lowered studding-sails. Went on board the *Royal Sovereign*; swore I'd strike my flag. D——ly frightened lest I should be taken at my word.

June 8.—Light breeze. Write to Admiral Van B.; tell him his arrangement is a bad one; 'nevertheless am ready to hoist my flag in as many different ships as he pleases, and work double tides sooner than go out of office. Thought the Vice-admiral would not like it. Did not care about the *public feeling*.

June 18.—Stormy. Admiral proposes new plan. Vice-admiral won't agree.

June 21.—Wind blows from every point. Admiral says, new arrangements shall take place.

June 27.—Foul wind. D——d angry with the Admiral, who had not communicated with the Vice-admiral. Wrote him a letter full of point and sarcasm; he can't understand it. Told him, old women should not command *fleets* and *armies*.

June 28.—Lowered my sails. Went again on board the *Royal Sovereign*; said I would strike my flag if the Vice-admiral was not cashiered. Commodore C. is *positively* to tell the Vice-admiral of the intended arrangement.

July 5.—More squally than ever. New difficulties arise: Admiral goes on board Commodore's ship; finds

finds him preparing to pack up his alls, and selling his old junk; said he would endeavour to make up his mind to strike his flag; but he was a poor man, with a large family, and must take some days to consider of it; the Admiral proposes giving the *Ostentatious*, a three-decker, to Marquis Tipperary; he knew this would please me, and make sure of us continuing in office.

July 13 to 20.—Charming weather. Keep my ship.

Sept. 2.—Dreadful storm. Tried to pass the Straits of Walcheren. Vice-admiral caught the Flushing frenzy fever. The Admiral saw a tremendous storm brewing; determined to strike his flag; said I would do the same; made signal to the *George R—e*, King's cutter, to come alongside; answered; she was leaky.

Sept. 7.—Hurricane. Found my timbers giving way; would not attend council of war.

Sept. 8.—Stormy. Vice-admiral struck his flag.

Sept. 14.—Stormy. Commodore came on board; dull as a November fog; could not explain any thing.

Sept. 19.—Foggy. Commodore wrote to explain; could not understand a word—no explanation at all.

Sept. 20.—Violent tempest. Vice-admiral writes a challenge; answer him *cheerfully*.

Sept. 21.—Vice-admiral fires a shot at the *Warspite*, hits the Captain's *stern-gallery*; made signals of distress; all the King's ships sheered off; sprung a leak.

N. B. At this moment the Captain and all the crew (which was a very bad one) went to their watery grave, probably never to rise again.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

INTELLIGENCE FOR THE COUNTRY,
IN A LETTER FROM MR. GABRIEL GUBBINS, IN LON-
DON, TO THE MAYOR OF ***, IN THE COUNTRY †.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 7.]

AT your instance, *dear Cousin*, I take up my pen ;
For the moment the name of that liveliest of men,
Colonel Wardle, rings out the tocsin of alarm,
It acts on your nerves as a sort of a charm ;
And whether it tends to his fame or his ruin,
You are earnest to know what the hero is doing.
You have heard of Newmarket, that high-flying seat,
Where second-hand racers get woefully beat ;
But, though beaten and distanc'd, yet firmly believe,
That some plate in the country their fame will retrieve.
So the Colonel, convicted by juries and law,
Still hopes in new trials to find out a flaw :
Like a duck in a fish-pond, when hunted amain,
Flies, dives to the bottom, then pops up again.
And truly 't is charming to see him so gaily
Thread the *Sessions*, *Exchequer*, *King's Bench*, and *Old Bailey* ;
Lead down with Lord Eldon a *Chancery dance*,
Then turn *right* and left, in or out for a chance ;
As a man who has lost his "good name or his purse,"
Makes a snatch at each twig, as he cannot be worse.
For truly his case is deplorably hard,
That a witness should swear without fee or reward ;
Should ruin the market, and knock up the trade,
When he for *this witness* so largely has paid.
But, alas ! though his counsel (and bad is the *Best*)
Declares "all the lady can swear is a jest ;
'That cheating the Commons might once be amusing,
But to credit her now, would all sense be abusing !"
Yet the Judges consider assertions as sport,
And the Colonel's best pleadings are kick'd out of court.
For they found, though for justice he seem'd to be wishing,
His real design was to go out a-fishing :
To learn from each witness the "sounding and bearing,"
And then to indict them most kindly for swearing.
And so, this most just and affectionate creature,
Whom *Liveries* have styl'd "the Perfection of Nature ;"

† See pp. 133, 135, 144.

Who, piously leaving the wife of his youth,
 Went forth with a *lady* to search out the truth :
 Who, to strengthen her evidence, promis'd her pay,
 Stole her person by night and her letters by day ;
 Addresses all England, states facts, then denies them—
 Blames his counsel for conduct—who prove he belies them ;
 Now brought to the stake !—let him kick as he will ;
 No issue is left him but—*paying the bill*.
 Sad exit for virtue, so pure and so true !—
 But *Jonathan Wild* had his enemies too.
 While the barristers round them facetiously state,
 “ *That law is the natural melter of plate ;*
That matter for curious remark it affords,
How nicely gold boxes can vanish in words ;”
 For paying the dancers, the piper and all,
 He will long bless the *music* of Westminster Hall.

KING JOHN WAS A MANAGER :

A NEW BALLAD.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 7.]

Air—“ *My Master's a Conjurer.*”

KING John was a manager mighty and high—
 Hey populorum jig,
 He built private boxes, the devil knows why—
 Hey populorum jig.
 There lords and gay madams were showing their scorns,
 But soon the fine gentlemen drew in their horns ;
 With battle 'em, rattle 'em,
 Fiddle dum, diddle dum,
 Spurn him out, turn him out,
 Kemble, O ! tremble, O !
 Hey populorum jig.

Then down our poor throttles new prices to cram,
 Hey populorum jig ;
 He hired Mendoza, he hired Dutch Sam,
 Hey populorum jig.
 O wonderful story ! O wonderful news !
 John Kemble, the Papist, in league with the Jews !
 With his battle 'em, &c.

John Bull is the civillest creature alive,
Hey populorum jig.

A baby may lead, but the devil can't drive.
Hey populorum jig.

Says he to the Alphabet right merrily,
Pay lend us your capital letters O. P.
For a battle 'em, &c.

As sly as a fisherman, Brandon arose—
Hey populorum jig.

He angled for P.'s and he bobb'd for the O.'s—
Hey populorum jig.

He fish'd up poor Clifford just like a dead cat,
Because he had got an O. P. in his hat.
With his battle 'em, &c.

He found his mistake, and he trembled with fear—
Hey populorum jig.

Because he had hook'd the wrong sow by the ear,
Hey populorum jig.

Poor Kemble look'd dull as a man in the stocks,
And Jemmy Box-keeper was in the wrong box.
With his battle 'em, &c.

When next Mr. Kemble he acts in *Macbeth*,
Hey populorum jig,

I think that the town will be in at the death,
Hey populorum jig.

And whenever a box-keeper passes his bounds,
I hope that a jury will give us five pounds,
For our battle 'em, &c.

ANTI-CLAVIS.

GRAY'S BARD—(A PARODY).

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 8.]

“**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless John,
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though bless'd with all the smiles of *ten*,
They mock the air with idle state:
Helm nor hawberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy sister's acting, shall prevail,
To save thy soul from nightly fears,
From O. P.'s curse, from O. P.'s cheers.”

Such

Such were the sounds that from the gallery's height
 Roll'd thundering to the pit below ;
 Rous'd slumbering Uproar from her seat,
 And wak'd the yell of clamorous Row :
 Fierce Weinholt stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 To arms ! Fitzgerald cried, and shook the scone :
 Perch'd on a box, with haughty brow,
 Flush'd with the purple stream, in angry mood,
 Rob'd in his soldier's garb, he stood
 Prepar'd the loose placard to throw.
 With haggard eyes, surcharg'd with blood,
 Shatter'd his garments, torn his hair,
 His arms wide sprawling to the air,
 With hurried voice and accent loud,
 Thus bellow'd to the rebel crowd :
 " Hark how each private box's desert cave
 Sighs to the torrent's voice beneath—
 Our fierce battalions deafening clamours breathe,
 And high in air their hundred arms they wave,
 Swearing they'll not an added ducat pay,
 For *high-born* Shakspeare's harp, or *softer* Otway's lay.
 Stopp'd is the *Bank clerk's* prattling tongue
 That rous'd the stormy scene,
 Brave Cowlam sleeps upon a craggy bed,
 O. P.'s, ye mourn in vain ;
 Clifford, whose lawless bold harangue
 Made lofty Graham bow his crested head :
 In dreary *Rufus' Hall* they lie,
 Struck with dismay, and ghastly pale,
 Far, far aloof, the promis'd witness fail,
 The *Attorney General* screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of the noisy art,
 Dear as the *ruddy drops* that glad my eyes ;
 Dear as the hopes that lately fed my heart,
 When first I saw the daring conflict rise,
 No more I weep, they do not sleep ;
 In yonder hall, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 And only wait a rallying hand—
 With me in dreadful harmony to join,
 And howl destruction to the *Kemble line*."

Peering high, and near the roof,
 Pale Confusion show'd her face;
 In accents wild, and sharp reproof,
 Thus address'd her fallen race:—
 "Mark the hour, and mark the night,
 When Thames shall echo with delight;
 And to your ears the dreadful verdict bring:
 When *Henry's antique* towers will ring
 With shouts that strike *Thames Ditton* with affright.
 The wolf of law, with unrelenting fangs,
 Tearing the bowels of our mangled mate;
 Fell Conviction hovering o'er us, hangs:
 The scourge of Justice, ah! what ills await;
 Amazement in the van, and fear combin'd,
 And poverty and cold imprisonment behind.
 What though Clifford, daring chief,
 Has gain'd *by chance* a short-liv'd fame,
 That will to us bring no relief,
 Who fed the fire and fann'd the flame;
 From us the gallant hero's dead,
 And *Weinholt* too has *veil'd his head* *.
 The swarms that in the Statesman's beams were born
 The public taste has laugh'd to scorn,
 And all our efforts overwhelm;
 In easy sail their *new-built vessel* goes,
 Shakspeare the prow, and Kemble at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hurl'd in dread repose, has lost its evening prey:
 Lo! they fill the tragic bowl,
 A rich repast prepare;
 Reason's feast and flow of soul
 Again will triumph here;
 While punishment and vengeance scowl
 A baleful frown upon our baffled host.
 Late we heard their battle bray,
 Arm to arm, and force to force;
 Through hours of havoc urg'd the course,
 And through all Bow Street's squadrons mow'd their way.
 These hours are gone, and gone our fame,
 And nearly sunk is O. P.'s name.

* In a nightcap.

Judgment suspended o'er their head,
 Above, below, they deal the blow,
 And o'er the plain our flying squadrons spread;
 The *brothers*, smiling at our dismal doom,
 Deep stamp their vengeance strong, and dark'ning terrors
 gloom.

But stay, ah! stay, nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unaided here to mourn.
 In yon dark cloud that skirts the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes;
 But, ah! what dazzling scenes on Kemble wait!
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll:
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
 Ye *crowded houses*, ~~rush~~ not on my soul:
 No more their long-lost Shakspeare they bewail,
 The flash of his far-beaming eye they hail,
 And with him Otway, Southerne, Rowe,
 Sublime their starry frontlets rear.
 And gorgeous dames in gallant show
 In mimic majesty appear;
 In the midst a form divine †,
 Her port proclaims her of the Kemble line;
 Her light'ning eye, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to every grace.
 What sounds of acclamation fill the air!
 What strains of trembling rapture round her play!
 Hear from thy grave, immortal Shakspeare, hear;
 She breathes a soul to animate thy clay;
 Bright Nature calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.
 Lo! they adorn again
 Fierce war and faithful love,
 And truth, in fairy fiction dress'd.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 And, hark, a cherub choir ‡;
 Gales of harmony that bear,
 Sounds that my very heart-strings tear;

† Mrs. Siddons.
 Bolton, &c. &c. &c.

‡ Cherub choir—Diskons, Mountain, Liston,

Their horrid warblings pain my startled ear,
 That, lost in Melody's soft notes, expire.
 Vain was our hope that deem'd the sanguine cloud
 Rais'd by my breath would quench the orb of day;
 To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
 And warms the nation with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me, with dread I see
 The different doom our fates assign;
 Yours is despair and legal care,
 Sorrow and defeat are mine."
 She spoke, and headlong from the gall'ry's height,
 Deep in the roaring pit she plung'd to *endless night*.

FALKLAND.

EXTEMPORE

ON OUR LATE CAPTURE OF ITHACA, THE KINGDOM
 OF ULYSSES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

OF yore did fam'd Ulysses' island yield
 Wisdom in council, conduct in the field:
 Under our sway this classic land is brought;
 But, ah! too late we have Ulysses sought;
 Else had a nation's tears not wept, in vain,
 Our *gain* of Walcheren, and our loss of Spain.

SPELMAN.

EPIGRAM.

[From the *same*, Dec. 9.]

Ἀνδρα μοι ἔννεπε—

WHO now shall fill the vacant chair of Sheldon?
 Shall Beaufort, god of wisdom, speak—or Eldon?
 Says Phœbus, "Grenville;"—say the Muses, "Well done!"

AN ADDRESS

FROM ALMA MATER TO THE FELLOWS OF OXFORD, ON
HER EXISTING EMBARRASMENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JUBILEE, OR JOHN BULL
IN HIS DUTAGE."

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 9.]

WHEN death took Bentinck from his peers,
And left the nation's council *headless*,
(Yet mark me, I don't mean to say,
That his demise took *all* their wit away,)

Sickening Britannia hung her ears !
And William Curtis fed less !
Though no salt tears ran down my face,
As signals of my woe,
I groan'd as much to lose **His Grace**,
As modish relicts do.

When the winds wafted here the dismal tale,
The mighty *Tom* was muffled ;
And *Pegasus* unsaddled, stripp'd, and manger'd :
My favourite *Braxen Nose* turn'd pale ;
All Souls pour'd rivers from their eyes,
Forming a bath for Sorrow's race to swim in !
Magdalen bade huge Erudition rise !

Queens were alarm'd !
The intriguers charm'd,
And *Christ's Church* was endanger'd ;
The bachelors ran after married women,
And, clogg'd with *mucus* vile, each rhetorician snuffed !

Yet ere my weeds have known decay,
Or Kemble's arm can fell O. P.
Alas ! I find both night and day,
More suitors than Penelope !

Two noble lords, both potent chiefs,
A Grenville, and an Eldon,
Claim my regards, and breathe their griefs,
(Are they not both ironic ?)

Though each is married, each will woo !
Though each has got enough to do !

Yet each his real *penchant* masks,
 And swears, ~~when~~er his lady asks,
 His love is quite platonic!
 Oxonians, is this well done?

Each gallant pompously advances,
 They raise their crests, and shake their lances,
 As bold as Mustapha Bairactor!
 While the sweet Muses, from their forky hill,
 With concentrated song, and heavenly skill,
 Urge me to visit Hymen's fane

Again,
 If it were only to sustain my character!

Should I let either have his will,
 May not the Baron use me ill,
 Or sulkily be dumb to me,
 And think, like many a chevalier,
 He's done enough, if, once a year,
 He condescends to come to me?

A maid may heedlessly become a wife;
 But widow'd dames, who 've more illumin'd souls,
 Should ~~throw the lead~~, and ascertain the shoals,
 Before they make another voyage for life.

What will my sister Cantab say?

Will not the nymph be clamorous,
 To find me, now my hairs are gray,
 Apparently so amorous?

When ardent knights assail the fair,
 Circling the feet of beauty,

Though stern Discretion roars "Beware!"

~~We make our will our duty!~~

What strange irrational pretences.

We all assume,

At London, Paris, or at Rome,

To further the dominion of the senses!

Yet, should the nuptial rites take place,

And Discord make some breaches

In the outworks of matrimonial manners,

While my good man unfolds her blood-red banners,

May not one beat me with his mace,

And t'other with his speeches?

But

But when I take a spouse once more,
 (As Roxburgh and fair Massfield did before,)
 And give him my affection,
 I vow to Joye, my radiant Sol's own sire,
 'Tis not to sate a cureless warm desire,
 But merely for protection!

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE *versus* SHAKSPEARE.*

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

POOR Shakspeare is hardly beset,
 In this most tyrannical age;
 His wig is turn'd out of the pit;
 And his wit is turn'd off from the stage.

WIGSBY.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

ON THE CONDUCT OF A CERTAIN BARRISTER, IN THE
 PIT OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, ON FRIDAY
 NIGHT.

[From the British Press, Dec. 13.]

TWO centuries ago a Shakspeare rose,
 'T' improve mankind and to adorn the stage;
 Another Shakspeare modern times disclose,
 The stage disgracing by fell strife and rage. N. P.

PLAYGOING WIGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Dec. 14.]

SIR,

I AM a lady who, no matter whether from illness or
 age, have lost the flowing ringlets that once played
 in graceful negligence around my neck. I have lost

* Mr. Shakspeare, a barrister, was taken to Bow Street for wearing
 his professional wig in the pit.

them in reality, but only in reality—for, thanks to the perfection to which our peruke-makers have carried their delightful art, I can still in *appearance* vie with the flaunting misses who have not met so unkind a fortune in this respect as myself. I entreat your permission to ask, through the medium of the Morning Chronicle, the advice of some of your correspondents on the dilemma in which a late circumstance has placed us. You are to know, Sir, that I am come to town but for a few days, and am dying to see the inside of Covent Garden theatre; but before I venture there, I must beg to be informed in wigs of what colour, how many curls, &c. &c. a lady may risk her presence at that place, without danger of being taken out by these horrid Bow Street people. That I may not be in such jeopardy from wearing an *illegal wig*, or be debarred the pleasure of giving my friends in the country a description of the *splendid edifice*, I entreat an early answer from some of your polite correspondents; and trust that you will excuse this intrusion, which proceeds from the extreme anxiety of

Your obedient servant,

KATE CAXON.

THE NEW-BUILT PLAYHOUSE, O!

[From the same.]

Tune—" *The Bay of Biscay, O!* "

L OUD roar'd the watchman's rattle,
Dust-bells began the din,
Announc'd the hour of battle!

'T was half price rushing in;
Whilst o'er the rascal crew
Vast consternation flew

At the sight
On that night,

In the new-built playhouse, O!

The

KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

347

The catcalls next shrill sounding
 'Midst O. P.'s vocal strain;
The magic dance, resounding,
 Near rent the walls in twain!
 Our victors strengthen'd grew,
 O'erturn'd the Bow Street crew,
 At the fight,
 On that night,
In the new-built playhouse, O!
Then, must'ring up our forces,
 Attack'd the thieves again;
But number'd in our losses
 A few brave O. P. men.
 The victory was ours,
 Brave O. P. loudly roars,
 At the fight,
 On that night,
In the new-built playhouse, O!

KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

[From the same, Dec. 15.]

Air—"Barney, leave the Girls alone."

JOHNNY, leave the pit alone,
 Let 'em crack their wit alone;
Can't you let 'em sit alone,
 Let 'em sing O. P.?
Why with lawyers fagging 'em,
Up to Bow Street dragging 'em,
Brandon aims at gagging 'em,
 More the blockhead he.
Johnny, leave, &c.
Other measures try at, O!
Let the house be quiet, O!
Coughing is not riot, O!
 Valiant boys are we.
Johnny, &c.
Despotism French is, O!
O. P. lads and wenches, O!
Gallop o'er the benches, O!
 Trip it merrily.
Johnny, &c.

Q 6

Now

THE O. P. VICTORY.

Now lead down the middle, O!

Foot it to the fiddle, O!

Fo! de dol de diddle, O!

Shout, my boys, O. P.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,

Let 'em crack their wit alone;

Can't you let 'em sit alone,

Let 'em him sing O. P. A

THE O. P. VICTORY.

[From the same, Dec. 16.]

Tune—"Old Towler."

A GAIN the vocal tumult roars,
The O. R.'s take their ground,
On all sides reinforcement pours,
At rattles' well-known sound;
Then shouting forth their fav'rite songs,
They beat time as they sing,
Britons strike home! avenge your wrongs,
And then—God save the King.
With a hey ho rattle,
Hark forward to battle.

While as the battle fierce did glow,
John Kemble stood in view,
Begg'd silence—making then his bow—
"O. P.'s, I yield to you.
Brandon shall quit us in a trice,
No private box shall be,
And, pittites—you shall have old price,
You've gain'd the victory.
With your hey ho dancing,
Hark forward and prancing."

C. B.

DEATH OF O. P.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 19.]

DIED suddenly, last Thursday, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, as he was entertaining a large party of friends, the celebrated O. P., at the advanced age of 66.

To

To this extraordinary character we may apply what Whitelocke has said of Lord Strafford—"Certainly never man acted *such a part, on such a theatre, with so much wisdom, constancy, and eloquence.*"—His birth was accompanied by many portentous circumstances. Like Bacchus—whom, as his enemies would maliciously insinuate, he not a little resembled—he was born at the moment his mother was consumed by the flames. In his infancy, he was noisy, fretful, and violent; but this proceeded from *bad management*; for in general he was remarkably good-tempered, and maintained to the hour of his death the character of a *rattling roaring fellow*.—Sometimes, it must be admitted, he was rough, and even terrible in his manner; but those who were best acquainted with him, say that this was *half play*.—Although a good pugilist, he had a particular aversion to *private boxing*. In literary talents he was by no means deficient, and is suspected to have been author of many humorous pieces, in prose and verse. Like Sir Roger De Coverley, he has given name to a dance. The hats made according to his direction are much approved of; but his principles made him an enemy to *patents*. We fear that his matrimonial connexions were not very fortunate, as his enemies have often reproached him with *his horns*. That O. P. was a zealous Christian, we may judge from his hatred of the Jews; but his political principles have given rise to very various and opposite opinions. That he loved the King, there is no doubt; nay, it is well known that he chanted *God save the King* every night before he went to bed. To foreigners he had an uncontrollable aversion. The liberty of the subject and the trial by jury were his constant themes. He was engaged in many law-suits, and always proved too strong for his antagonists; nor was this surprising, as his advocates were always the *Best*. The deceased has been frequently accused of
too

too great a regard for gold, nor can we entirely exculpate him from this charge; certain it is that he would struggle hard before he would part with a *seven shilling piece*, and he generally offered *half price* to those with whom he dealt.

Of his funeral we shall say little: it was better attended than that of any public character we remember, except Lord Nelson's: a *pit* was prepared to receive the body in Covent Garden; Clifford was the *grave-digger*; the *funeral service* was read with much humility and pathos by Mr. Kemble; the chief mourners were Messrs. Brandon and Harris.—A few indecent attempts were made to seize the body for debt; as it turned out, however, to be for a paltry shilling, the bailiffs were not suffered to proceed. Some idle reports have been circulated of the appearance of his ghost, and some pretend to have heard a scratching similar to that which attended the Cock Lane apparition. All such superstitious imaginations should be treated with the contempt they deserve, and scouted as injurious to the memory of this excellent person. He has "fretted his little hour upon the stage," and made his exit. His merits and frailties are deposited in the grave, nor will he *rise* till Doomsday.

EXTRAORDINARY CRUISE.

[From the British Press, Dec. 14.]

EXTRACT from the Log-book of the *Mary Ann* Clarke Privateer, of London, Capt. Dowler.

1st May, 1806.—Sailed in company with the *Duke of York* man of war, on a voyage to the island of Cythera. Wind and tide propitious.

11th.—Parted company in a squall—Mother Carey's chickens flocking about and almost darkening the horizon.—Cast off, and fell to leeward upon a strange shore.

12th,

12th, and up to the 10th December.—Experienced almost continually adverse winds, sometimes approaching to a hurricane.—From that period, until the summer of 1807, dreadful blowing weather—scarcely a rag of sail left—ship often aground, got off with great difficulty.

July, 1808.—Missed stays, and stranded off Hampstead, between the shoals of Poverty and Cape Desire. Crew deserted. Not a stick standing.

July 10.—Examined the vessel; timbers good; bottom sound; fished up a jury-mast, with a rag of sail, and worked off along shore, *Wright* a-head, for Bedford Place.

Nov. 18.—Some pirates hove in sight—kept a sharp look-out. The *Taffy* Welch privateer, Capt. Wardle, of and from Oakhampton, came alongside. Being apprised of our distress, sent some cheese and leeks on board, with a few bottles of brandy, found on overhauling his lockers.

Nov. 27.—Put into Westbourne Place.

Dec. 1.—Weighed anchor—and sailed in company with the *Taffy* privateer, the *Dodd* and the *Glennie*, two armed transports, laden with ordnance stores.—At half-past 2 p. m. fell in with two merchantmen, the *Francis Wright* and *Daniel Wright*, with large cargoes of mirrors, Turkey carpets, sofas, and other stores on board.

Dec. 2.—Received a supply of necessaries and other stores, from the merchantmen, for which the Captain of the *Taffy* gave bond.

Dec. 26.—Ship quite new rigged, and in excellent trim; pressed, with all her crew on board, by the *Taffy*, for a cruise, in company with the *Dodd* and the *Glennie*, on the Kentish coast, to reconnoitre the Martello towers.

Dec. 27.—Hailed at sea by the *Taffy*, and informed that the *Duke of York* man of war was engaged in an illicit

illicit trade, and that it would be a glorious work if the squadron were to attempt to cut her out from her station.

Dec. 28.—Shaped our course accordingly.

Feb. 1, 1809.—Came in sight of the *Duke of York*. She was lying like a ship in ordinary, with her ports down, in fancied security, under the great guns of Rotten Row. The *Taffy* led the van; but a shot from the *Sheridan*, which hove in sight, induced her to haul her wind, and slacken her fire.—The *Mary Ann*, which was close astern, now came up and raked the *Duke of York*; then ranging alongside, she kept up a galling fire, which obliged him to cut and run among the breakers, where that gallant vessel was wrecked and deserted by her crew.

August 18.—Received 10,000*l.* prize-money for the destruction of the *Duke of York*—fitted out the vessel in capital style, with new rigging complete, and entire new copper sheathing to the bottom—cabin beautifully furnished with Turkey carpet, bronze and gold mirrors, extending the whole length between decks, in which to see your face, and sofas to loll upon.

August 19.—Fell in with the two merchantmen commanded by Francis and Daniel Wright, who hailed the *Taffy*, and demanded payment of the bond. Captain of the *Taffy* hauled his wind, and fired a stern-chaser, in token of defiance. The *Mary Ann*, enraged at this piratical procedure, ranged alongside the merchantmen, and fired a shot at the *Taffy*, which brought him to, and he struck his colours.

August 20.—Parted company, and moored safe off Westbourne, with the two merchantmen.

Dec. 11.—At daylight, descried some strange sail in the offing. On nearing, they proved to be an enemy's squadron, in order of battle, consisting of the *Taffy* flag-ship; Capt. Wardle; the *Dodd* and the *Glennie*; with the *Prince of Orange*, Sir Philip Richards, astern, a dirty

a dirty Dutch barge, filled with cabbage, potatoes, and stink-pots, for the use of the squadron.

Ten, a. m.—Prepared to weigh anchor, and bring our broadside to bear upon the enemy, but in vain. Had not a breath of wind, and could not point a single gun, while the *Taffy* and her consorts came down with a swelling sail, thundering upon us. In this extremity, the crew of the *Mary Ann Clarke*, all gallant souls, formed a desperate resolution. They manned her boats, and having boarded the *Taffy* and her companions, pointed their own guns into their holds, and sunk them with their own weapons, with the exception of the *Taffy*, which blew up with a terrible explosion, and, what is most singular, upon the very ground on which the *Duke of York* was lost*.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

[From the same, Dec. 15.]

MR. Stokes.—*Secrets worth knowing—Just in Time—and Truth will out.*

Miss Taylor's Trustees.—*The Men of Feeling—Point of Honour—and The Register Office.*

The Common Council.—*The Orators—Know your own Mind—and Long Stories.*

Miss Taylor.—*The Prisoner at Large—It is a wise Child knows its own Father.*

Mrs. Clarke.—*Neck or Nothing—The Escapes—The Revenge—and Who's the Dupe?*

Major Dodd.—*The Midnight Hour—The Patriot—and Two Faces under a Hood.*

Colonel Wardle.—*The Last Shift—The Road to Ruin—The Bank Note—and the Poor Gentleman.*

* His Royal Highness the Duke of York was lost by neglecting to pay Mrs. Clarke her annuity; and Mr. Wardle has been since lost by refusing to pay her up-olsterer's bill.

Major

Major Glennie.—*Out of Place*—and *The Three and the Deuce*.

THE OFFENDING ATLAS.

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 18.]

A FIGURE of a naked Atlas having been erected in a very public situation in Pall Mall, over the entrance to the Gas Light Office, and that figure comprehending in its anatomy such indecent points, that a general murmur of disgust was excited in the neighbourhood, and eventually a remonstrance was presented to a Right Reverend Prelate, in order that the figure might be removed—in consequence of this measure, a wag has sent us the following *jeu d'esprit* on the occasion.

PALL MALL UPROARIOUS!

OR, ANY MONEY FOR A PAIR OF SMALL CLOTHES.

A GRAND TRAGICAL SERENATA.

The Music by Mr. KELLY.

“ Questo non e del tutto decente.”

Vide Moral Axioms, by ARISTOTEL.

INVOCATION BY ST. JAMES'S VIRGINS.

SWEET Decency! if yet you are in town,
 Checking some bridegroom on his bridal night,
 And dark'ning all the alleys to delight;
 Or blushing Venus when the fit's upon her;
 Or in the green-room chaining Nonsense down;
 Or 'mong the maids of honour!
 Leave thy abode, and condescend
 To come where unchaste spirits dwell,
 And be the spinster's friend,
 By hiding straight what you'll discern,
 A naked wretch, who shows his stern,
 In elegant Pall Mall!!!

THE

THE WIDOW S——T AND HER MAID BETTY.

Now opposite this naughty sight, there liv'd in the same street,
Sir,

As cold as ice, and iron-bound, both gentle and discreet, Sir,
Eschewing sin, and wicked men, the pious widow S——t, Sir,
Who goes to meeting thrice a day, and lectures, and what
not, Sir.

Now when this widow saw the naked monster 'cross the way,
Sir,

She rav'd, she roar'd, she tore her hair, in very great dismay,
Sir!

Said she, "How base a deed it is, to show such things as
those," Sir;

And then she look'd again, and sigh'd, as her maid Betty
knows, Sir.

"Betty," said she, "pray stop the Jew, who goes about to
call clothes,

And buy the largest pair he has of strong elastic small clothes;
Then go, before the neighbours rise, or sweeps or milk-maids
bellow,

And stride across the iron lamp, and draw them on that
fellow."

Now as it was a Saturday, no Hebrew walk'd to cry, Sir;
And as no breeches were for sale, poor Betty could not buy,
Sir.

"What shall we do?" moan'd Mistress S——t, "I vow I'm
in a fidget;"

And then she look'd again and sobb'd, as modest as Saint
Bridget.

"Go to Mr. Harris straight, or else to Mr. Moody,
And beg a bit of paduasoy, and say it's for Miss Judy;
Then make a leaf at least as big as is our kitchen riddle,
And clamber up the gas light posts, and tie it round his
middle."

Now while poor Atlas slept one night, reliev'd from the
world's pressure,

Betty purloin'd a massy shell of an enormous measure;
She stole a hod of mortar, next, from Roderick O'Connor's,
And clapt it on the *naked wretch*, and hid his blushing honours!

* * * * *

THE

THE MORAL.

All you who 'd live with credit, if you 're wise,
 Pray keep the fear of shame before your eyes;
 Let no licentious dolts vex Grace, or cramp her,
 Read Man's Whole Duty as a morning damper:
 Nor sully Virtue's fane with spots or patches,
 But keep the ruder passions under hatches.
 Shall wooden nudities usurp a stand,
 And scare our ladies in a Christian land?
 Forbid it Reason—let no varlet seek
 To crimson o'er with blushes *Chloe's* cheek.
 Should any soil the garments of Propriety,
 Send him, in fetters, to the Vice Society.—
 You who would spit at Prudence and despise her,
 Think of the fate of Atlas, and be wiser.
 Ye statuarys, who may dread our rigour,
 Er'ythce be decent, when you'd—*cut a figure!*

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE LADY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 20.]

ON Thursday last, at about ten o'clock in the evening, died at Oxford, in strong convulsions, and after a hard struggle for existence, that capricious and whimsical old lady, Mrs. Bigotry. Though grown very feeble, she was irritable beyond measure; and though her eye-sight had so entirely failed her, that she was unable to distinguish the objects before her, yet she would allow nobody to set her right, but raved like a mad woman if any one ventured to inform her of the mistakes which her imperfect vision and wandering intellect continually led her to make. As her teeth had almost all dropped out before her death, she could take no solid food, but was kept alive by strong drinks and the profuse application of inflammable gas. And as in her delirium she talked wildly about the Pope, and fancied she saw him coming into the room, she was only to be appeased by the repetition of the words "No Popery,"

Popery," which seemed to have a charm to relieve her pain and prolong her existence. Her friends are inconsolable, not merely for her loss; but for the disappointment they have sustained; as they made great advantage of her during her life, but derive little or nothing from her death, as her property was merely lifehold. She claimed relationship to certain great families who promoted the Revolution and Hanoverian succession; but there could be no foundation for such a claim; as her birth was known to be spurious, originating from an intrigue at Court. Her funeral will take place in a few days.

ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE NOBLEMAN.

[From the same, Dec. 21.]

SIR,

THE idea of the following Elegy was, as you may perceive, suggested by the perusal of that exquisite one upon Jean Bon St. André, which adorned the pages of the Anti-Jacobin, and did so much credit to the taste and feeling of that paper. If, through the medium of your paper, it can soothe for a moment the grief of any one friend of the unfortunate Nobleman whose fate it deploras, that will be an ample recompense to yours,

HUMANITAS.

ALL in the town of Oxford,
That seat of learned glory,
On a lawyer of rank
Was play'd such a prank,
As must shock each High Church Tory.

No fictions about popery,
No stories howe'er well done,
Caus'd the courtiers such dread,
As this true one hath spread,
Of good John Baron E——n.

Good

Good John he was Lord Chancellor,
For doubts fam'd, and mis-givings—
 He swore by his heels,
 He'd not give up the seals,
That the parsons might hope for livings.
"Of Oxford to be Chancellor,
My wish, though you may scoff, is;
 And by Jove," says he,
 "If you don't choose me,
The Pope will pop into the office.
"Of old you us'd him scurvily,
Don't now be of his party;
 His friends, spite of fuss,
 Are kept out by us,
And himself by Bonaparte.
"Of old by your addresses,
You help'd my friends to lug in,
 If you scout me now,
 You'll plainly avow,
That that was all mere hum-bugging."
The Oxonians, being learned,
First ask'd about his knowledge;
 They found that scant:
 Law, economy, and cant,
Were all he had learnt since college.
Then he form'd a Committee,
And publish'd many a placard;
 And told stories so thick,
 Of the Pope and Old Nick,
That the people thought it blackguard.
"In spite of this," says Grenville,
"I'm sure quite orthodox for't;
 One man shouldn't be
 Two Chancellors, d'ye see,
So Chancellor I'll be of Oxford."
Upon the day in Chancery
Lord E——n sat uneasy;
 Downcast was his look,
 And he quoted Lord Coke,
When he meant to have quoted Vezey.

It mov'd the lawyers' bowels,
 To see him vex'd and heated;
 But the Oxford whigs
 Did not care three figs,
 And so John was quite defeated.
 In Chancery next morning,
 Solicitors and lawyers
 Sat ready each,
 With a brief or a speech,
 And all in a fright their employers.
 Sometime they all sat silent,
 Then all began debating;
 A King's counsel said, "Hum!
 If my Lord won't come,
 There can be no use in waiting."
 Then sent they to inquire
 Why he his stay protracted;
 And the Oxford bout
 Made him fear "going out,"
 And he kept his bed distracted.
 All night upon his bosom
 (His woe so monstrous large is)
 A nightmare sat
 With a Cardinal's hat,
 And a bottom like a barge's.
 "Oh! he lies," then said the lawyers,
 In bed, we understand it;
 To lie down 't is fit,
 Since he will not sit,
 And is quite unable to stand it."

 ON AN ASSERTION IN THE COURIER,

OF FRIDAY, DEC. 15,

 THAT LORD G——LE HAD MUZZLED THE UNIVERSITY
 OF O—F—D.

[From the same, Dec. 25.]

WHEN Tories, to answer political ends,
 Set ev'ry invention to work,
 With "No Papery" cries all their wiseacre friends
 Curs'd Infidel, Papist, and Turk.

Some

360 BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. TWADDLE.

Some pretended alarm lest poor Pins should come,
And hurl our good King from his seat;
But our eyes are now open'd—this Per—al hum
Has met with its final defeat.

At Oxford and Cambridge though knowledge preside,
Yet knowledge is apt to puff up;
Let Charity then be an Englishman's guide,
And pour its lov'd sweets in our cup.

To Gr—lle has O—f—d allotted the prize,
A place which consists of two classes;
Thus freedom has Gren—lle bestow'd on the wise,
He only has *muzzled* the asses.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. TWADDLE.

[From the same, Dec. 26.]

SIR,

AS you have expressed a wish to be favoured with a biographical sketch of Mrs. Twaddle, lately deceased at Oxford, you may be assured that the following is a most faithful and correct account; the truth of which I can vouch for, having lived in her service since Holy Thursday, 1780. I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant to command,
Maggie Lane, Oxford, HANNAH CARDINAL.
Dec. 22, 1809.

Her family name was Bigot; she was born at Rome, and christened Babylonia. Her great-grandfather and great-grandmother were Irish Roman Catholics, and left that country with King James II. She came to England about twenty years ago; and when His Grace the Duke of P—d was first made Secr—y of St—e, he wanted a governess; and *Babylonia Candour* (for she then dropped the name of Bigot) was strongly recommended to him as a person having been brought up in a genteel manner, and of a liberal education. As His Grace, at this time, had violently espoused the cause of the Roman Catholics in Ireland

Ireland (which may be seen by referring to his political correspondence), from her excellent conduct and behaviour, she was not only patronized by the Duke of P——d, but admitted into the good graces of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, who, contrary to his usual habits, took her under his *immediate protection*; and it was said, that she even had permission to enter into the presence of the S-v——n. Other noble Lords were extremely attentive to her, particularly the Viscount C——h, who, at the time of the Union with Ireland, was so enraptured with her, that he made her the most solemn promises of ameliorating her condition, and of giving her every indulgence that she could wish for; and this would unavoidably have taken place, had not some artful and designing persons, at that moment, thought fit to interfere, showing a considerable degree of jealousy lest she should become a favourite at C——t. She now became the marked victim of two notorious characters—the one named *Blear-eyed Filch*, the other *Black John*, a lawyer, both North country men, the former of Cumberland, the latter of Durham; and she incurred the displeasure of her *Great Protector*, whose support she most looked to and wished for. In the year 1801, reports were circulated of a very scandalous nature, intimating, that an improper connexion subsisted between her and the Right Honourable William Pitt, so much so as to alarm his best friends, Messrs. W——e, T——ns, and others, some persons positively asserting that he was *wedded* to her; which the courtiers vehemently denied, but loaded him with abuse for his *incontinency*, and still more so for his folly in giving up (which he then did) his high and commanding situation, to pursue the fortunes of such a *baggage*, as they called her. Others of her friends were equally steady, and determined to support her; among those were Lords Spencer, Grenville, &c. &c. The voice of slander prevailed, and she was

forbid the C—t. When the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt resumed his situation in the year 1804, she once more looked forward to the enjoyment of those advantages which had been so solemnly promised to her. She was, nevertheless, again disappointed; and whether from the weak and declining state of his health, or from some unknown cause, he again became Premier, and absolutely decided to be separated from her. This was the commencement of her real misfortunes. However, on the death of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, in 1806, she again received offers of the strongest and most honourable support from Earl Spencer, Lord Grenville, Howick, and the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, whom His Majesty had thought fit to place at the head of his Government. She now looked forward to the attainment of her wishes, and thought her cause would be taken into consideration by the United Parliament, where she had already presented petitions at various times, containing no unreasonable demands: common justice was all she required, and was all she hoped to gain: she had near and dear relations in the church, the army, the navy, and the law; they were faithful and attached subjects, loyal soldiers, courageous men, and entitled to an equal participation in the rights and privileges which belong to those individuals who are born in a free country, many of whom dashed their blood in its defence, whilst others contributed towards the protection of its laws and liberties. Similar arts were again practised by *Blear-eyed Filch* and *Black John*; for at this moment they were so fortunate as to engage in their service an acute attorney who had practised at N—h—mp—n, and afterwards came to London; getting little on in business, he took to attending the spouting clubs and debating societies, and was followed by a set of persons who assumed the title of saints. They furnished him with a horn and some money, and he was sent over the town, blowing

about

about, that the Pope and the W—e of B——n were arrived, chalking No Popery upon the walls, so as to frighten all the old women in the parishes; and nothing but the howl of bigotry was heard for some months, from one end of the country to the other, and His M——y dismissed his Ministers; an address was presented also from the university of O——d by the Rev. Dr. Tory, the vice-chancellor, highly approving of what His M——y had done in turning out those Ministers who had endeavoured to promote the interests and welfare of my poor dear mistress; and with a view of preventing her doing further mischief, as they called it, she was by an order of the P——y C——l placed under the immediate care of the H——h S——d of the university, and one of the M——rs, and in their absence *Dr. Twaddle, Regius Professor of D——y* was nominated *Visitor*. A neat house was taken for her in Magpie Lane, with a door into Un——y Gardens, of which the Doctor kept the key. Dr. Twaddle was of a gouty habit, and famed for being of an amorous disposition. As soon as he entered upon his honourable situation, he did not fail to assume a degree of importance suited to such a charge. His visits were frequent, and their consequences were interesting. True love till this moment had been a stranger to the Doctor's breast; and, like all first passions, it absolutely scorched it. He never failed to attend her at the hour of tea—sometimes it was bohea, sometimes green, and occasionally mixed. Her muffin, her crumpet, or her cross bun, was sure to be placed upon his own toasting-fork, and buttered by himself. He called her *his Eloise*, and talked of

“———a cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss, and doctors too adore.”

The more he conversed with her, the more he was convinced of the folly that arose from supposing her opinions could be dangerous to the religious establish-

ment of the country, but this he did not dare avow. She now began to assume *a different shape*, and the scandalous *Chronicle* of Oxford dealt forth its most sarcastic remarks, and from this instant she was known by no other name than that of *Mrs. Twaddle*. To marry her at this particular juncture was impossible; the Chancellorship of the University had just become vacant by the death of her former patron. The agonies of the Doctor's mind cannot be described. He was now Vice C——r. The Court determined to set up *Black John*, and Dr. Twaddle was ordered to pronounce publicly the most severe anathemas against his opponent. A mitre was to be his reward, and he exclaimed *Acheronta movebo* against this arch-pupil of Satan. On the morning of December 13th, evident marks of approaching dissolution appeared in Mrs. Twaddle's countenance: her disorder was no longer a secret. Two midwives were ordered to be in attendance. Dr. Twaddle himself seemed totally to have lost his head, by the extraordinary manner in which he performed the duties of his office on this important occasion. In his delirium he sent round to all the common rooms, earnestly requesting that every one would attend to give Mrs. Twaddle their assistance. On the morning of the 14th she revived a little, but her pains increased towards middle-day. At eight in the evening she was speechless, and at ten precisely the *fatal miscarriage* took place; and with the same deep and mournful groan that brought forth into the world the lifeless and abortive *Master Twaddle*, did she cease to breathe.—*Requiescat in pace!*

N. B. Accounts were immediately forwarded to *Blair-eyed Filch* and *Black John*, who were waiting at the King's Head public-house, some distance off, little expecting to hear of so melancholy an event.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Dec. 28.]

SIR,

I HAVE waited impatiently ever since the invitation you held out, to see what bard (they are all bards or minstrels now, I hear) the present age could produce, competent to celebrate in an elegy the virtues of the departed Mrs. Twaddle. While I was mortal I never suffered such a lady to sink into the grave unhonoured by the Muse; and since the world is in possession of my Elegy on Mrs. Twaddle's great prototype, Mrs. Mary Blaize, I feel it incumbent upon me, dead as I am, still to do justice to the memory of the latter lady, and snatch from the degenerate minstrels of your times a subject so deserving of poetical commemoration.

Elysium, I remain yours, till resurrection,
Dec. 23, 1809. THE SHADE OF GOLDSMITH.

P. S. I am happy to be able to say, that Mrs. Twaddle, though very much fretted and hipped for the first day or two after her descent, is now so well reconciled to her present situation, that she employs all her thoughts upon the means of remaining in it, and in preparing evidence against her trial, which will come on, before Pluto himself, towards the end of January.

Good Tories all, with one accord,
For Madam Twaddle cry !
Who never wanted a good word,
Where she herself was by.

Some female minds caprices thrall,
Cool caution still rul'd *her* mind,
And never known to doubt at all,
Whene'er she was determin'd.

Her hospitality ne'er balk'd
The hopes of a starv'd sinner,
And much of it abroad was talk'd,
Whene'er she gave a dinner.

For charity was she renown'd,
By many a kinsman pray'd for ;
She freely gave to all around,
Whate'er the nation paid for.

Her candour none too much commend,
Her courage all men know ;
She dauntless stood the church's friend,
When no one was its foe.

Religious feuds her greatest care,
In them her only hope ;
She never yet was known to swear,
But when she damn'd the Pope.

By Falsehood's arts she ne'er deceiv'd
E'en unsuspicious youth ;
And always was by all believ'd,
Whene'er she told the truth.

She Reformation much approv'd,
About it never falter'd,
And wish'd all things to be improv'd,
But in no tittle alter'd.

Her conscience was a tender thing,
Which oft repentance pricked,
Nor was she careless of its sting,
Except when she was wicked.

Hope's heav'nly comfort hush'd her sighs
While Death delay'd his blow.
She said, on high she wish'd to rise,
But still to stay below.

Some Oxford doctors sought relief,
More ridicul'd her moan,
She died of "*universal*" grief,
But felt by her alone.

CHRISTMAS WEEK.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 26.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the hitherto acknowledged superiority of the French nation in the article of *politeness*, it is allowed that the English are not much behind them; but while this allowance is made, we are at the same time told that it belongs only to the *upper* and *well-educated* classes in society; and that the *lower*, the *plebeians*, the *domestics*, and the people "whom nobody knows," are made rebellious and unaccommodating.

It is difficult to characterize a whole nation. Whoever looks round him during the present season, will have some reason to doubt whether the *upper* or the *under* ranks are most *civil*. Certain it is, that all the outward signs and symptoms of civility and submission are now wonderfully apparent. Never surely was precept better kept than—"Servants, obey your masters in all things"—*for eight or ten days*.

During this happy and good-humoured season, even the very *churches* exhibit a politeness, which nothing but Christmas could inspire. No persons are allowed to fatigue themselves by standing in the *aisles*, while the pew-openers increase the solemnity of the service by appearing in the humblest attitude of supplication, and the delicate *extension of hand* shows that next Sunday ought to be called *Palm-Sunday*.

But the full effect of the season is perhaps most visible at home—no occasion to ring the bell above once, and no disputes are heard as to *whose business* it is to answer it; the distance betwixt kitchen and parlour appears to be shortened, and no one *supposes* what is wanted before they go to inquire.

Early rising, considering how cold and dark the mornings are, is practised with wonderful alacrity and cheerfulness

cheerfulness—a cheerfulness which is imparted to the very fire, which blazes most comfortably as soon as it is wanted.

The breakfast is got ready *all together*. There is no waiting for our toast when our tea is ready, and no deficiency of water when our pot is exhausted. If a friend or two drop in, it is not thought *too much* to go for a supplemental roll, prepare some coffee, or boil an egg.

Not a saucy word in reply to a command, nor a *humph*, nor a *hum*, to be heard. No *half-oaths* are crumbled between the teeth, and none ready to be *swallowed whole*.

Dinner served up to a *minute*, and *done* to a *tittle*.—Nothing is forgot—none of that lamentable want of memory complained of at other times; and the usual plea, “I did not think of it,” is discontinued.

Cobwebs of three or four months standing are carefully removed, and our *grates* begin to look as mirrors. Scouring, cleaning, washing, scrubbing, and dusting—all performed by *anticipation*—Every thing done *before* it is ordered, instead of a month or six weeks *after*.

No delay in errands—graceful bows at the door, which is opened and shut, as if it could not express any passion!

Watchmen *twirl the window-pins* with most anxious care, and can't bear the sight of a suspicious person; besides being perfectly awake every hour and half-hour.

In a word, such an universal politeness and civility prevails among the unprivileged orders, that it would appear they had studied the system of Chesterfield, and practised in the school of Vestris.

About a week after the holidays, indeed, it must be confessed there is ***** (*hiatus valde deflendus*).

MUM.

INTELLIGENCE

INTELLIGENCE FOR THE COUNTRY:

IN A LETTER FROM MR. GABRIEL GUBBINS (BEING
THE CLOSE OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE) IN LONDON,
TO HIS COUSIN, THE MAYOR OF *****, IN THE
COUNTRY †.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 26.]

DEAR COUSIN,

YOU have seen a King's ship on a jubilee day,
As it danc'd o'er the waves, its proud banners display;
One spark—and this vessel, so gallant, so fair,
In smoke, death, and terror, is blown in the air!
One spark, and to atoms its timbers are hurl'd—
A wreck, to dismay and astonish the world.

This ship so blown up, is that *excellent youth*,
Whom once you admir'd as the pillar of truth;
Who with face most undaunted each hazard would brave,
And promis'd (Heav'n bless him!) his country to save.
While to show how the land with corruption was curst—
Gave proof by—corrupting his evidence first.
But time over tricks and deceptions prevails,
And the *Law* is a wonderful teller of tales;
For the Judges and Juries have finish'd his pranks,
So adieu to toasts, dinners, long speeches, and thanks.
And if in the Commons again he should venture,
That House, so impos'd on, triumphant should enter—
What novel expression of praise can they hit on?
Will they call him the *juggler*, or—*patriot of Britain*;
The quack of all quacks, for removing our ills,
Who took our *gold boxes*, and gave us—*dirt pills*?
Yet still may his friends in the mobs of St. Giles
Their leader salute in appropriate styles,
And while they the Colonel's disasters discuss,
Exclaim—" *Vy, you sees he's the gemman for us,*
Case vy—he speaks plain as ve Englishmen must,
And gives it them tightly, and kicks up a dust."
Besides, his new mode of discharging a debt,
Arithmetic never discover'd as yet:

† See pp. 133, 135, 144, 336.

The word is *conspiracy*: that is the way
 To liquidate sums which you never can pay;
 For when you're a little afraid of the gaoler,
 Begin by indicting your draper or tailor;
 And why 'gainst this mode do they make such a pother?
 'T is *Best with one bill to get rid of another.*

But he's gone—the good Colonel! (though not to the
 skies,)

He's gone to that bourne whence he never will rise,
 His gibes and his jokings, like Yorick's of yore,
 And his good-humour'd tricks, will be heard of no more.
 While o'er his low *grave-turf*, unmark'd by a stone,
 Sits the Goddess of *Humbug*, and calls it her own.

But, Cousin, one word, ere I lay down my pen,
 One word—on the commoner feelings of men.
 We have seen, till we sicken, these *patriot elves*
 Boast of saving the public when ruin'd themselves;
 To direct for the country, most mightily prone,
 When nothing is left to direct of their own.
 'T is the *cant of the times*; but one serious thing,
 Most foul has been slander'd the son of our King;
 That King—who, when prostrate all thrones upon earth,
 As a *sea-mark* has stood and supported his birth!
 Can the Commons of England, so vilely deceiv'd,
 Fail to see in their own—the Duke's honour retriev'd;
 Due right has been done by the laws of the land,—
 'T is *theirs to go further—restore his command.*

P. S.—The paper came in as this note I was closing,
 And the Colonel, I find, has new plans for imposing;
 For having been pluck'd like a goose by his bribes,
 He declares “he will thank any friend who *subscribes.*”
 So now would you cut a *republican dash*,
 Here's an op'ning at once to get rid of your cash;
 But give us your name, “One — may ~~make~~ many,”—
 And we're *at the whole board*—from a pound to a penny.

A PUN,

ON A DEACON'S WRITING EPIGRAMS.

[From the Morning-Chronicle, Dec. 26.]

“ A DEACON write epigrams ! ” — why should he not ?
 A great name in the church may thereby be got ;
 With innoceent wit let his verses be fraught,
 And a deacon shall then an *arch* deacon be thought.

THE NEW-INVENTED MODE OF PROMOTION *.

[From the Times, Dec. 26.]

WHILST there's life there is hope, some grave scholars
 maintain,

But we now must the proverb amend ;
 For beyond the dark confines of Death's gloomy reign
 The bright beams of hope now extend.

For 't is true, I assure ye, though strange it may seem,
 Since talents on earth are so rare,
 Our wise ones at length have discover'd a scheme
 To make use of the phantoms of air.

To supply want of brains in departments of state,
 They've recourse to the bands of the slain ;
 And retort upon Death for his ravage of late,
 By enlisting his subjects again.

By *Dame Goose's* assistance, these conjuring knaves
 To *dead sailors* fresh honours proclaim ;
 They can raise up *old admirals* out of their graves,
 To endue them with posthumous fame.

Thus to title dead merit, with infinite pains,
 Our wise ones have found out the way ;
 And one trifling obstacle only remains,
 'T is — *how to transmit them their pay.*

Oh ! that they had follow'd this excellent plan,
 In th' attack on the fatal Dutch shore ;
 And instead of appointing a certain brisk man,
 They had sent out the ghost of poor Moore !

* See p. 315.

Would to God they had sent out the heroes of old,
 Who immortaliz'd Agincourt's field;
They can stand the effects of damps, agues, and cold;
They are troops that can never be kill'd.

But, alas! 't was decreed that the brave British host
 At the shrine of mis-rule should be slain;
 And their bones upon Walcheren's pestilent coast,
 As an altar to folly, remain.

Gray's Inn, Dec. 1809.

J. H. E.

THE EXPEDITION TO WALCHEREN:

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LORD C——M AND A
 FRIEND.

[From the same, Dec. 29.]

F.—**W**HEN sent fresh wreaths on Flushing's shores to
 reap,

What didst thou do, illustrious C——m?—C. *Sleep!*

F.—To men fatigu'd with war, repose is sweet;

But, when awake, didst thou do nothing?—C. *Eat.*

ON THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

[From the same.]

WHAT chief with Wellington can vie,
 Who flies to fight, and fights to fly?

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. MOUNTAIN'S FIRST APPEARANCE AFTER HER
 RETURN FROM DUBLIN.

[From the British Press, Dec. 27.]

SWEET is the perfume of the *Mountain* rose,
 And pure the stream that from the *Mountain* flows;
 The sun's first beams with gold the *Mountain* spread,
 And its last rays are on the *Mountain* shed;
 Vainly the tempests shake the *Mountain's* brow,
 From storms the *Mountain* guards the dale below;
 Nature has this pre-eminence to *Mountains* given,
 Of all her works, the *Mountain's* nearest heaven.

M—


ON MITRE COURT, FLEET STREET.

[From the same.]

“ Principibus placuisse viris haud ultima laus est.”—HOR.

PROPER terms here are met—for, whatever our *forte*,
There's no way to the Mitre, except *through the Court*.

ON A SUNBEAM PLAYING ON A MASS OF
SNOW; OR, ART AND INNOCENCE.

[From the same.]

—“ Ad populum phaleras.”—PERS.

MARK, in yon beam, the world's destructive guile!
It *melts* us into *ruin*—with a *smile*!

PARODY OF HORACE. ODE 29, BOOK 1.

ADDRESSED TO THE F—T L—D OF THE T—

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 29.]

“ Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis,” &c.

BOLD P——! you now aspire
To place and pow'r; than which no higher
Great Pitt himself could bold.
To gull the Commons you prepare,
Who, if they now are gull'd, will ne'er
Have been so gull'd of old *.
Your embryos of defence you hateh,
Garbled return, and sham dispatch.
Whatever foe looks at 'em,
You will not balk inquiry's whim;
Unless you're as prepar'd for him
As Antwerp was for Chatham.

* Non ante devictis.

What

What maid can you, what dauntless fair,
(Whose husband's gone the Lord knows where,)

Procure to aid your plan * ;
By telling for you some such tale,
As that which made you all turn pale
Before glib Mary Anne?

What youth have you, from Cambridge hot †,
(By Tory parents well begot,

And tutor'd how to press
His pious dread, his zealous hope
That still the House will watch the Pope)
To move the next Address?

Who will deny that rivers now,
Isis or Cam, may upwards flow ;

Thames, reflux, with it haul ‡
Nine lawyers, (who have clubb'd their fare
From Westminster to Temple Stair ;)
And float them to Vauxhall?

Since you at all your law-books laugh §,
Your fitting library of calf,

Your love of legal story ;
And quit them all, to fight again
At home Iberia's sad campaign ||,
And prove retreat is glory :

Since you, by Nature form'd to shine
In Law's low pettifogging line,

With luck that line to hit on ¶ ;
Have left the squabbles of the bar,
To guide the storm of real war,
And rule Imperial Britain.

* ———— Quæ tibi virginum,
Sponso necato, barbara serviet ?

† Puer quis ex aula ?

‡ ———— Quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, et Tiberim reverti ?

§ Cum tu cœmptos undique nobiles
Libros.

|| ———— Socraticam et domum
Mutare locis Iberis.

¶ Pollicitus meliora.

ON THE LATE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S REMOVAL TO MAL MAISON.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 30.]

POOOR Josephine now may run *mad—avec raison—*
To be freed from *mal homme*, she's sent to *Mal Maison*.
M.

IMPERIAL REASONING.

[From the British Press, Dec. 30.]

"**T**HE public good," said Bonaparté,
Requires, my love, that I should part ye."
"Why part with me?" said Josephine.—
"The public good requires a queen:"—
"Its greatest call is for a son,
The heir of Great Napoleon;
Whom I may educate and fashion,
To rule this great and mighty nation.
Yes: educate; for I intend
Some thirty years on earth to spend.—
By you, my Josephine, 't is plain,
A son I shall not likely gain.
But plain it is, that, on another,
I shall confer the state of mother—
'T is only rational I shou'd,
Because on you I never cou'd !"

A reason so convincing, sure,
The Empress could not long endure—
So Kings and Queens were brought to say,
They thought it clear, as was the day.
They met—they said so—'t was agreed,
Another wife must surely breed.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

[From the same.]

AMONGST the amusements of the season, the following dramatic pieces have been performed, or are in preparation, at the seats of the nobility:—

The Margravine of Anspach—*The Rites of Hospitality—A Day in Turkey—The Man of Fashion—and Who Wins? or, The Widow's Choice.*

Alnwick Castle—*The Hero of the North—English Hospitality—with The Roast Beef of Old England—Conscious Lovers—and The Expected Wedding.*

Lord Leveson Gower—*The World in a Village—Matrimony—The Day after the Wedding—and The Honey Moon.*

Countess Dowager of Kingston—*The Refusal; or, Lady's Philosophy—The Unexpected Visit—and Not at Home.*

Tullamore Park—*The Vicegerent—The Connoisseur—Modern Antiques—and The Interlude of Taste; or, Lady Pentweazle.*

Lady Cahir—*The Romance of an Hour—and All in good Humour.*

EPISTLE

FROM AN IRISH BLEACHER TO A LONDON LINEN-
DRAPER.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 3, 1810.]

GREAT orator of famous London city!
Thou more than Cicero in a Common Hall!
Bold as Lloyd Wardle—as Frank Burdett witty,
The prince, the pride of linen-drapers all!

Oh! how I long to open a connexion,
A correspondence cultivate with thee,
Whose speeches fire my soul with *disaffection*,
To break her bonds, and set my country free!

I deal in *dowlas*, and all kinds of linen,
The best that Irish looms produce, I swear;
Send me an order—make but a beginning,
And thy commission I'll fulfil with care.

Thy principles I estimate so dearly,
(A prodigy of virtue sure art thou!)
That on each *invoice* I a *bonus* clearly
Of six per cent, my fav'rite will allow.

By

By Commerce I've been pamper'd, and I thank her;
To me indeed she has been very kind.

Oh! could I bellow at the *Crown and Anchor*,
Like *thee* and Gale, how I would raise the wind!

For who can bear Corruption's taunt and fardel,
That has the spirit of a free-born mouse!

Give me such men as Waithman, Gale, and Wardle,
And soon I'll purify her tainted *House*!

Threadneedle Street, and every senseless ninny,

That pins his faith upon its *printed rags*,
Should learn, like Gale, the value of a *guinea*,
While Wardle's merited subscription lags!

Then, worthy Waithman! send thy order quickly;

Make trial of my goods, though trade be flat;

As "hope deferr'd" is apt to make one sickly,

Haste, gratify a brother democrat.

Banks of Bann, Dec. 26, 1809.

SAM. SHIRTING.

THE VIGOROUS ADMINISTRATION.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 4, 1810.]

Tune—"Abraham Newland."

WHEN Billy went out on his duelling bout,
Says John Bull, "If you're popt, who'll succeed you?"
Quoth he, "Never mind—little Percy you'll find,
As well able to blister and bleed you.

Like me he'll bamboozle the nation,

And stick like a leech to his station,

Like me form a vigorous,

Rigorous, vigorous,

Vigorous Administration!"

Oh, what an Administration!

What a wonderful Administration!

What a wonderful, vigorous,

Able and rigorous,

Vigorous Administration!

When —— thought it right with the Talents to fight,

For admitting of sects to their manger,

This little pale man crept into the divan,

Bawling out, that the Church was in danger;

That

That nothing on earth could defend her,
 From Grenville, the Pope, and Pretender;
 From the chorus diabolón,
 And the old Miss of Babylon,
 Unless he were call'd to defend her.
 So he came with his Administration,
 His wonderful Administration!
 What a prodigious,
 And truly religious,
 Vigorous Administration!

When in they had slid, the first thing they did—
 As a proof of their terrible vigour,
 Was to fit out a fleet so prodigiously great,
 That England had ne'er seen a bigger.
 They said, "We will make a cominotion,
 We swaggering lords of the ocean;
 And what this little island
 Can do upon dry land,
 We'll give Bonaparte a notion."
 So said this bold Administration,
 This wonderful Administration!
 This thundering, plundering,
 (Not at all blundering)
 Vigorous Administration!

Now, when they went out, and were looking about,
 They cried, "Where the devil can we land?
 We may chance come to blows, if we light on our *foes*,
 So we'll burn out our *friends* upon Zealand."
 They thought 'twas uncivil to harass
 Bonaparte by marching to Paris;
 So example they took
 From the Prince in the book,
 Who stabb'd his old friend in the arras.
 What a thought for an Administration!
 Such a generous Administration!
 What "a victorious,
 Happy, and glorious,"
 Vigorous Administration!

When Mary Ann Clarke set to work in the dark,
 To prove her dear Prince a defaulter,
 The good little man to defend him began,
 And at last left his neck in the halter.

He

He swore he was calumniated,
Challeng'd Wardle to prove what he prated;
So he courteously did
As the Minister bid,
And prov'd rather more than he stated.
Oh, what an Administration!
What a good-natur'd Administration!
What a kind and officious,
Wise and judicious,
Vigorous Administration!

The next thing to mention is Cintra's Convention,
Where bravery by folly was undone;
But their credit they save, by daring to have
Their own Common Council of London.
Then they persecute General Moore, oh!
And make Wellington Baron of Douro;
Because one told the truth—
And the other, brave youth,
Stuck at nothing their necks to secure, oh!
Oh, what an Administration,
To quell the proud Gallican nation!
Oh, what a martial,
Just and impartial,
Vigorous Administration!

Then a project they fix, in their sage politics,
In hopes the French navy of crushing;
Most bravely to slaughter, by land and by water,
Ten thousand brave Britons at Flushing.
Their menaces vanish in smoke, Sir;
Their schemes are Napoleon's joke, Sir;
While England deplores
Her desolate shores,
And with anguish is ready to choke, Sir;
Chatham's the head of the nation—
Heaven-born Administration!
Oh, justly jubileed,
Neither rascal—nor—booby led—
Vigorous Administration!

Hear the last tale of mystery, that closes their history,
With no battles abroad to be heeded:
They fire bullets of lead at each other's head—
Oh! would they *for once* had succeeded!

But their challenging, cursing, and banning,
 Is heal'd by a *Statement* from Canning ;
 While his Lordship retains
 His small portion of brains,
 And thanks God there 's no need of trepanning !
 Oh ! what a *clear* explanation
 For a *luminous* Administration !
 For a valorous, military,
 Civil, conciliatory,
 Vigorous Administration !

O. P.—THE GRAND RECONCILIATION DINNER.

A DRAMATIC VISION.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 4.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING remarkable for the mildness of my disposition, and my love of harmony, a friend of mine, who knows one, who knows another, who knows one of the stewards of this memorable feast, sent me a ticket for the dinner. I was, in consequence, so much absorbed with the probable events, and being somewhat heavy-headed, that I fell into a reverie, and from that into a sound sleep ; when the following images presented themselves to my distracted fancy.

Methought the great room at the Crown and Anchor tavern was filled with company, almost to a point of suffocation.—Mr. Clifford was the President ; and on each side of him were arranged Messrs. Kemble, Harris, Powell, and Savage, and who could scarcely eat, from the endless courtesies which they were paying to each other.—They leered and simpered in commutual civility, until complaisance was exhausted.

On the removal of the cloth, the *fraternal hug* went round ; when Mr. Clifford rose, and, after giving the healths of the Sovereign and his august Family, he thus addressed the meeting :—

“ Gentlemen—We are met here this day to celebrate the restoration of theatrical harmony ; and sure I am, that

that there is not a Muse on Parnassus who does not sympathize with us in this very extraordinary issue.—Give me permission to present my learned and worthy friend Mr. Kemble to your consideration, that he may exact as much of your esteem in private, as he does of your applause in public: he is not only a buttress to the Drama, but an illustrator of our vernacular tongue, as he can add feet to a verb, and castrate a noun substantive, with the facility of a Bolognese operator."

At this instant a clamour arose at one of the side-tables for more wine; and which was not silenced until Messieurs Flaxman and Rossi (both R. A.'s) were loudly announced. This incomparable twain, and types of *Praxiteles*, entered the room with dignity, and each grappled the handle of a large washing-tub, filled with Parisian plaster, to take a model of the united hands of Messieurs Clifford, Kemble, Harris, and Townsend.—They certainly invited John Bull to a participation of the honour, but he growlingly declined the partnership. When the cast had been perfectly made, Mr. Kemble gracefully proposed that the following words be engraved on every thumb-nail:

Ne m'egratignez pas, camarade;

to commemorate the unexpected and public nuptials between oil and vinegar.—During the ceremonies of the coalition, Mr. Harris complained that Mr. Kemble had squeezed him too hard.

In order to give a more mirthful turn to the conversation, the facetious Mr. Munden was called upon to sing; when he favoured the company with the ensuing merry adventure, which he ably sang in the shape and measure of a *canzonette*.

THE GHOST OF O. P.

The Tune—"Mary's Dream."

The moon was madd'ning half mankind,
While desolation thinn'd life's tree,
When 'mid night's damps, at Kentish town,
I met the spectre of O. P.!

"O. P."

"O. P." said I, "why thus so wæn?"

Then, snivelling, thus quoth he to me :

"Go, mend your galligaskins, Joe,
And think no more of poor O. P. !

"Rattles and catcalls now must sleep,
Placards be wrapp'd round bad bohea,
Bugles be scoff'd, and horns of tin,
For Fate hath crippled poor O. P. !

Now I'm *Whereas'd* in Death's Gazette,
And soon a mass of dust must be ;
Pray do not leak upon my tomb,
Nor soil the sod that hides O. P. !

"May Discord rage behind your scenes,
And flash her brands at John and thee ;
May all your wives have triple tongues,
And then you 'll think of poor O. P. !

On Saturdays may forfeits dire
Vex Fawcett, Young, and Emery ;
May Claremont cease to murder belles :
That will be bliss to poor O. P. !"

Mr. Munden was vociferously applauded for this descriptive ditty, which is assuredly crammed full of lyric beauties ; but it gave particular delight to the company, inasmuch as they knew, upon the open authority of Mr. Munden, that O. P. was not only driven from the precincts of the Theatre, but that he was disquieted even in extinction.

Mr. Cooke was next summoned to sing ; and, after a few apologies, he chanted this Parody, which he delivered with wonderful address, when we consider that the matter of the subject is so utterly foreign to his habits.

Let the Sultan, sable John,
Act the rake and play the don :
Well, well, every man must have his way !
But, to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking !

Could I have *Merlin's* art, 'clep'd black,
I'd change the Thames to *Cogniac* :

Well, well, every man must have his way !
 But, to my poor way of thinking,
 True joy is drinking !

Mr. John Bull was now desired to entertain the party with a ballad, or madrigal, in his own way ; when honest John had thrown a satirical glance or two at the President and his *quondam* antagonist, he hemmed, adjusted his cravat, and bawled out the following libellous nonsense, with the powers of a Stentor.

Tune—" *The Frog in the Opera Hat.*"

Hal Clifford would once a reforming go,

Heigho ! says Clifford ;

He swore by the mass that he 'd nonsuit his foe,
 And under his jerkin he hid his flambeau ;

With his rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,

" I 'll do it," roar'd patriot Clifford.

He went to the Pit, where he saw a great fray,

Heigho ! says Clifford ;

" We want," cried O. P. " those vile boxes away,
 For if they don't sin there, I 'm sure that they may ;"

With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,

" They shall vanish," said patriot Clifford.

Then he toil'd day and night to take vice by surprise,

Heigho ! said Clifford ;

Till Policy came and threw dust in his eyes ;

Now he can't find his way, though the sun burnt the skies ;

With his rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,

" I must halt here," said patriot Clifford.

" Though suspicion may think that my zeal was a flam,

Heigho !" said Clifford ;

" The vulgar no more shall antipathy cram,

For the lion is going to hed with the lamb :

With his rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage ;

I 've done it," said patriot Clifford.

" See John and I swim in the Manager's boat ;

Heigho !" said Clifford ;

" Though integrity smiles while we both are afloat,

Yet he 's a d——d fool who can't turn an old coat ;

With his rowley, powley, gammon, and spinnage,

A 'nt I clever ?" said patriot Clifford.

Now

Now he swears reformation has got a new tune ;

Heigho ! said Clifford ;

Lo ! he and John Kemble, like loon scratching loon,

Sip their dramatic broth with the very same spoon ;

With his rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,

It's over, said patriot Clifford.

While a murmur of dissatisfaction was vibrating on every ear, at the tendency of some points in John Bull's song, the candles began to burn blue, and the company to look aghast ; when the ghost of O. P. rose, with an evident intention of defending himself from the influence of calumny.—When he came opposite to Mr. James Brandon, he suddenly stopped, and, shaking his rough head in fearful guise, most pathetically exclaimed :

Oh, Jemmy Brandon ! Jemmy Brandon, oh !

On this intimation the worthy Boxkeeper incontinently rose from his seat, and assuming a tragical attitude, in the manner of the new school, thus menaced his immaterial, but immortal enemy :

“ Avaunt ! perturbed, ghastly, vile O. P.

Shake not thy gory locks at me ; thou canst

Not surely say 't was I that did it !

Dare me to Bow Street, or tumultuous Pit,

And look as grimly as the old Brown Bear ;

If trembling I inhibit, proclaim me for

The baby of a Boxkeeper.

Accurs'd O. P. take any shape but that,

And my firm nerves shall never tremble.”

As the influence of terror was becoming contagious, the following extemporaneous catch was sung by Messrs. Incledon, Bellamy, and Taylor :

Mr. Incledon—O. P. is threatening, c—se his soul ;

Hit him o'er his grisly jowl.

Mr. Bellamy—Lick him !

Mr. Taylor—Kick him !

Omnes—Drown him in the negus bowl !

On this decided invitation, the enraged company seized *la anima de morti*, and threw it into a vast bowl of red wine negus. For some minutes O. P. contrived

contrived to keep his head above water, by sticking his teeth in a large slice of lemon that was lightly floating, like Lord Fanny's honour, upon the surface; until Mr. Henry H——s struck him over the scound with a file of Morning Posts; when, feeling his dissolution approach, he lifted up both his hands, and wofully exclaimed, Remember O!—he would have said P. also; but the angry Fates denied his spirit that privilege, and he sunk to the bottom of the Red Sea, like *Hecate's* first cousin, never to rise again! Alas! poor ghost!

A consultation was now held among the principals as to an appropriate inscription for O. P.'s tomb: when Mr. Dibdin produced the following pithy lines:

Here lies O. P.
Who was nothing.
Not even a *Critic*!

But as this was a palpable plagiarism from *Piron's* mausoleum at Paris, it was *una voce* rejected, and Mr. Townsend (who has been already noticed as one of the high contracting parties in the consolidation of a dramatic peace) was entreated to solicit his well-bred Muse to furnish them with an apt epitaph for this defunct rebel. It may be needless to aver, that this gentleman-usher to Justice condescendingly consented; and his invocation had scarcely time to reach the confines of Parnassus, when the *Pierian* grace descended upon his imagination. Idea engendered with idea, until eventually, in nine seconds, the ensuing classical monumental *morceau* was delivered from his bright and teeming brain :

O. P. is dish'd !
His glass is run !
He's tipp'd all nine !
He's cut and run !

It is unnecessary to say, that Mr. Townsend's superior poetry was most rapturously adopted : in truth, VOL. XIII. 5 when

when we consider the brevity, beauty, and imagery of this sepulchral composition, it must be acknowledged to be a *unique* thing, and as admirable as it is original.

A subscription was immediately raised to inter O. P.; but a warm dispute arose as to the place of burial, as he had occasionally, when in existence, assumed the semblance of Christian, Jew, and Infidel: but these points of conscientious delicacy were over-ruled by Mr. Kemble, who suggested that his ashes should be deposited in *Knave's Acre*.

But the time had now arrived, Mr. Editor, when it was destined that all this visionary inapplicable nonsense should vanish; as I was roughly awakened by my washerwoman, who broke the bonds of sleep asunder, by tapping me on the shoulder (a very sensitive part of my anatomy), to present her bill for blanching one shirt per week, and which, unhappily, had not been liquidated since Candlemas.

THE MORAL.

Thus, while a mortal varlet's breast

Ideal transports feels,

The reck'ning comes, and then his heart

Sinks downwards to his heels.

Inflated man is arrogant and gay,

Till Fate has scratch'd him—then he finds he's clay!

Alack a day!

Yours, &c.

MARMADUKE MUZZY.

LATET IN HERBA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 5.]

MY love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—

"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!

Who

Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did moral thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For, oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake; but she,
In pity, pray'd it might not be.

"No;" said the nymph, and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelids as she said it—

"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it:
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one:—don't you think so?"

WALCHEREN EXPEDITION;

OR, THE ENGLISHMAN'S LAMENTATION FOR THE
LOSS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

[From the same, Jan. 8.]

YE brave, enduring Englishmen,
Who dash through fire and flood,
And spend, with equal thoughtlessness,
Your money and your blood,
I sing of that black season,
Which all true hearts deplore,
When ye lay,
Night and day,
Upon Walcheren's swampy shore.
'T was in the summer's sunshine
Your mighty host set sail,
With valour in each longing heart,
And vigour in the gale;
The Frenchman dropp'd his laughter,
The Fleming's thoughts grew sore,
As ye came
In your fame
To the dark and swampy shore.

But foul delays encompass'd ye,
 More dang'rous than the foe,
 As Antwerp's town and its guarded fleet,
 Too well for Britons know ;
 One spot alone ye conquer'd
 With hosts unknown of yore ;
 And your might,
 Day and night,
 Lay still on the swampy shore.
 In vain your dauntless mariners
 Mourn'd ev'ry moment lost,
 In vain your soldiers threw their eyes
 In flame to th' hostile coast ;
 The fire of gallant aspects
 Was doom'd to be no more,
 And your fame
 Sunk with shame
 On the dark and swampy shore.
 Ye died not in the triumphing
 Of the battle-shaken flood,
 Ye died not on the charging field
 In the mingle of brave blood ;
 But 't was in wasting fevers
 Full three months and more,
 Britons born,
 Pierc'd with scorn,
 Lay at rot on the swampy shore.
 No ship came o'er to bring relief,
 No orders came to save ;
 But Death stood there, and never stirr'd,
 Still counting for the grave.
 They lay down, and they linger'd,
 And died with feelings sore,
 And the waves
 Pierc'd their graves
 Through the dark and the swampy shore.
 Oh, England ! oh, my countrymen !
 Ye ne'er shall thrive again,
 Till freed from councils obstinate
 Of mercenary men.

DUST, HO! DUST! DOWN WITH YOUR DUST! 309

So toll for the six thousand
Whose miseries are o'er,
Where the deep,
To their sleep,
Bemoans on the swampy shore.

DUST, HO! DUST! DOWN WITH YOUR
DUST!!!

[The following *jeu d'esprit* was sent to the Bath papers, in consequence of their having authoritatively announced, under the paragraphic form, or *puff insinulative*, that—"a penalty, of ten shillings for each offence, would be incurred by all inhabitants, who *made any other disposal* of their dirt and ashes, than that of delivering them to the men and carts appointed to collect the same." The satire, upon such an absurd notice, is, we think, very fair.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BATH JOURNAL.

EARNED SIR,

BEING an humble but faithful subject of the British Government, I naturally turn with horror from any deviation from acts of Parliament; but the purchase of these being of great expense, I am much pleased when I can attain to the purport and true meaning of the laws of my country, through the channel of common publications, such as newspapers; and my pleasure is increased, when those informants are those oracles of *brilliancy*, *antivenality*, and *disinterestedness*, the Bath weekly sheets: I am therefore obediently embracing as my rule of conduct those most excellent and sapient *paragraphs*—observe, Mr. Editor, voluntary *paragraphs*! which have lately appeared in all of them; informing all good people of an act of Parliament for the regulation of the *dust-holes*, &c. of this *sweet city*; containing a *sweeping* clause, (literally!) by which a penalty of *ten shillings for each offence* is denounced against, not only *giving away* one's cinder ashes to wrong persons, but also for *with-*
s 3. holding

holding them for the benefit of one's garden or field! Now as unintentional error may accrue to those of far deeper intelligence than myself, even to persons who, though, like the authors of this much-admired paragraph, they may be able to see clearly through a mill-stone, yet perhaps may their optics be deficient, when applied to the opacity of—a *dust-cart*! I would therefore, Mr. Editor, through the channel of your excellent paper, humbly propose to the *lords of the cinder council*, to cause such distinctive badges of prerogative to be affixed to their *treasurers of muck* and *chancellors of dunghills*, that well-meaning men, like myself, may not inadvertently *give* the tribute of the precious weekly harvest to law-breaking impostors, and thereby adding to this compulsory loss of manure a fine of *ten shillings*, as we are now so *luminously* informed that such is the jeopardy in which we stand! I would, therefore, hint to the *high and mighty lords* the expediency of giving BADGES to their itinerant plaustrarian officers; and among the number suggested to my idea, I will just mention the appropriateness of that ancient head-covering—a *fool's cap*, which would be in admirable *unison* with the summoning tribute-calling bell! Or else the crest of *an owl with asses ears*, painted on their backs (although the asses ears may be clearly supposed to belong to the readers and auditors of the promulgated penal law). Or, *three geese heads couchant*, with the terse poetic motto of "*We three*," &c. Or any thing sufficiently designative to guard us *ignoramus* from statute-breaking!

I must also, Mr. Editor, use this opportunity, to ask of you, and your correspondents, what other parts of one's property it would be dangerous to *give away* to any person unauthorized by law to receive it. I live in a female neighbourhood, and I do assure you the paragraph alluded to has occasioned much serious apprehension and tremulation:—for example, my two aunts, Judith and Tabitha Fidget, wish very much to know

know if they can, henceforth, safely give away their cast-off clothes to whom they please. My worthy friend, *Sir Rubicond Redphiz*, is also terribly dubious if he may still continue to *give away* the Madeira and Claret of his excellent cellar, without the license of the legislature and incurring penalties. Another neighbour, who is thinning his garden, is forcefully expressed that he has incurred the forfeitures of the *sweeping* statute, by having *given away* a considerable quantity of trees and shrubs, to persons not only uncommissioned by Parliament to receive them, but who did not even enforce payment for fetching them away. The *wise* promulgation of this restrictive law will, I judge, be a death-blow to all fire insurance companies; as, who will now dare to *give away* such an article as soot; and in the interim of elucidating information, how many conflagrations may we not expect from the consequences of foul chimnies? As for the presenters of new-year's gifts, or Christmas-boxes, all their cases must be dangerous indeed, if no permissive law is in existence for their protection and indemnification.

Farther, as, I dare say, this displayed *sweeping* act applies to gifts in general; I should think that an abbreviated edition would have a most profitable sale, if you would oblige the *good old ladies* of Bath with its publication.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Quix Place, Bath,

Your constant Reader,

Jan. 12, 1810.

TIMOTHY TWIG'EM.

[ORIGINAL.]

DEATH EXTRAORDINARY!

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 12.]

ON Sunday night, the 31st ult. expired the year *eighteen hundred and nine*, at sixty minutes past eleven o'clock, after a lingering consumption of three hundred sixty-five days; during which he had witnessed the overthrow of armies, the subjugation of kingdoms

kingdoms, the failure of the negotiations, and the dissolution of the most sacred ties of nature; accompanied by the destruction of fleets, the disclosure of important transactions, and the discovery of intrigues; of all of which he remained a passive spectator; exercising the whole time that most philosophical of virtues, patience.—He is succeeded by his son, ~~only~~ twelve days old, who has commenced his career with singular mildness. We hope it is a presage of change in the political world, which seventeen of his predecessors have agitated by the most extraordinary events that ever stained the page of history.

CABINET COUNCIL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 17.]

A DUN cloud darken'd Downing Street,
 One day the new Cabinet happen'd to meet:
 On matters of weight
 Concerning the state,
 That day they had met to determine;
 When P-r-e—l, white as a sheet,
 Calls aloud to beware
 Of the Pope in the air,
 With a host of his Catholic vermin.
 Some took to their heels,
 E——n caught at the seals,
 And cried out he 'd off straight to Oxford:
 A messenger came to the door,
 Saying, Oxford would greet him no more;
 For they 'd voted "No Popery" a bore;
 And to rally round Grenville they swore:
 E——n's heart heav'd a hiccup,
 To think where to kick up
 The cry of "No Popery" next;
 And raging with rage—with vexation vext;
 Wish'd the parsons were all in the stocks for 't
 Now W-ll——y, meanwhile,
 Was smiling a smile,
 And at last in a horse-laugh burst out.

Cries

Cries P——I, out of his wits,
 "His Lordship is gone into fits,
 Bring some Protestant water, and splash in his face.
 Says W——y, "My sides had near split,
 To see that you've so little wit,
 To be by such balderdash fears put to rout;
 I never take fright, while I fill a good place,
 And never cry 'Thief!' when I'd go my own pace."

P——I grinn'd a ghastly grin,
 And said, "My Lord, you may think it no sin,
 To laugh when the Pope hovers near;
 But pray recollect,
 That when you were out—'t was I took you in;
 And therefore expect

You would not make sport of our fear.
 If you will not talk big of a plot 'gainst the church,
 You'll find yourself very soon left in the lurch—
 If you are not alarm'd—at least do pretend,
 Or very soon packing your Lordship I'll send."

The Marquis, bristling up with pride,
 To the little Lawyer thus replied:—
 "I came not here to submit to thy scoff,
 And laugh at thy menace to turn me off:
 I'll tell thee what, thou insolent lown—
 You'd better put on your cast-off gown,
 And fly to the courts, in whose purlicus alone
 Your poor pettifogging should ever be known.
 In India so long have I rul'd the roast,
 To yield it now to a vestry ghost!"

"Order! order!" E——n cries,
 "Or else our tottering Cabinet dies;
 Let not these silly contentions prove
 The loss of our places, though bane of our love.

I have hit on a plan to make your peace:
 My Lord of W——y shall feign a swoon,
 Whenever the name of the Pope is heard;
 But P——I must not too oft say the word;
 And then to His Lordship we'll grant a boon,
 That will make his pride its rebellion cease.
 A riband as broad as were sashes of old,
 Shall grace the breast of Lord W——y the bold;
 And every levee his riband shall shine,
 And R——hm——d shall say, 'I wish it were mine'." Thus

Thus they all did rejoice that (their quarrels forgot)
 The country might still in good time go to pot;
 And they vow'd and swore,
 That never no more
 They would pop at each other;
 But, as brother and brother,
 They would all lay their heads in the plot.
 But some still look'd sickly,
 Lest Parliament quickly
 Should bid them account for their crimes;
 So a motion was made,
 And "Ay," they all said,
 "That the only resource for the times
 Is, at first strong to muster,
 And bully and bluster,
 Cry God and our King,
 (Though we mean no such thing,)
 And thus to put down the people's loud voice,
 That groans for the sorrows in which we rejoice."

PHILO-WATTYOS.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 20.]

GENERAL ORDERS.

Parole, STEADY.—COUNTERSIGN, PENSION.

*Head-quarters, Camp, D—n—g S—t,
 Jan. 19, 1810.*

FIELD Marshal P——l, commander in chief of His
 M——y's forces, directs the army to hold itself
 in readiness to march on Tuesday the 23d instant,
 having received certain intelligence that the enemy,
 who are in great force, and possessed of considerable
 stores, ammunition, &c. from the Island of Wal-
 cheren, Spain, and Portugal, meditate an attack
 upon his lines at Fort Tre—ry; it will therefore be
 necessary that His Majesty's troops should forthwith
 gain possession of the same. This being accomplish-
 ed, the *outer gates* will be intrusted to the care of the
 commander in chief's two aid-du-camps, Captains
 Wh——n and Arb—h—t, under the more immediate
 direction

direction of that able officer Colonel Charles L—g, the commander in chief will head the troops on the first sally, which will be made by the *young levies*, and he expects that the following arrangements will be most strictly attended to by the several commanders of brigades, &c. Field-Marshal the Marquis of T—perary (should his health permit) will command the household troops, and the Irish brigade, attended by the K—g's own body-guard; every eye will be directed towards him, as he will give the word of command from his *high horse*. The Marquis will not fail to caution the Colonel of the *Limerick Volunteers* (or *Potatoe Rangers*) to avoid talking in the ranks, which they are so apt to do; it would be advisable that they should *not speak at all*, as the attack will probably be made in the night. The body-guard should attend to the out-post avenues, suttling coffee-houses about the fort; and seize all those whom they may think likely to desert. Lieutenant-general the E—l of Ch——m will not be in the field *early*; therefore, if he takes a command, it will be *very late* in the day. His post will be near *the royal standard*. Major-general the E—l C——n will, as usual, remain with the *heavy* artillery, or *heavy* baggage. General E—l B—h—t will have the care of the *forage*, provisions, &c. and no doubt is entertained of *his preventing the men* from getting at the spirituous liquors, as drunkenness would be highly disgraceful at such a moment. Brigadier-general the E—l of W——d, from his experience, attention, and elegant manners, will have under his charge the soldiers' wives, and all other women belonging to the camp. General E—l of L—r—l, General L—d H—r—by, and Colonel R——d R——r, who are usually *invalids*, will attend the medical staff. That indefatigable officer, General L—d M—lg—ve, is always ready to take any post that is offered him. Should the Vis—t M——ve accept of the rank of field-marshal, *which*
he

has been offered to him, he will in that case command the *Scotch Brigade*. His Grace the D—e of M—e has volunteered, in case of a parley with the enemy, to remain mounted on his charger during the battle; and will of course be attended by *his trumpeter, on a white horse*. Captains Sir V—y G-bbs and Pl—r will act as aid-de-camps to Lieutenant-general El—n, and not to quit him, but *decide* when he ought to bring up his regiment of black hussars, who must be cautioned against plundering. The *mayor of the city* is supposed not to be well affected to the K—g's troops; he must be kept in irons and under a strong guard, and the keys of the citadel taken from him, lest he deliver them to the enemy, who are reported to be in high spirits after the late victory at the battle of Ox—d. It is of the utmost importance that the commanding officers of regiments should impress their men with the idea of the greatest dissension prevailing amongst the enemies' troops. The *Chaplain General* will look to those persons under his control, and see that they administer every possible relief and comfort to the sick, wounded, and dying, who are known to be *sound Protestants*—Catholic priests found in the garrison will be hanged. Generals C—le—h and C—g, from their rashness, cannot be employed with safety, and will probably show themselves with a small force on neutral ground, till they see how the battle is likely to turn—should they make a forward movement, they will be checked and narrowly watched at all times. The military chest will be confided to that experienced veteran, Adjutant-general George R—e, who will furnish *one pound notes* (there being no guineas) to all *young recruits*, and will afford *every assistance to deserters*, who may surrender themselves previous to, or on, the 23d inst.—Stragglers on the road will be forwarded up by commissaries stationed in the different towns.

THE END OF VOLUME XIII.

This Book is Due

